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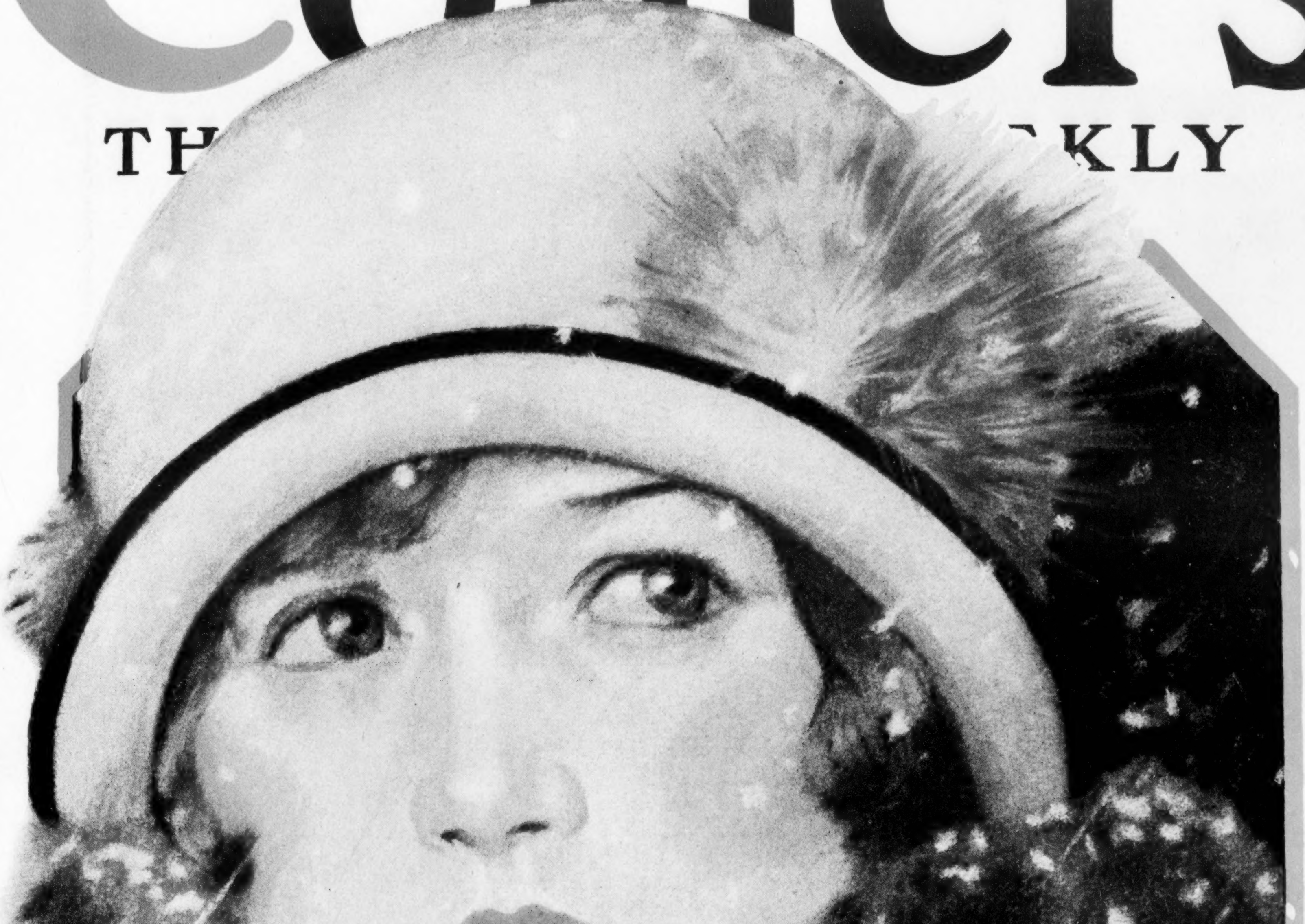
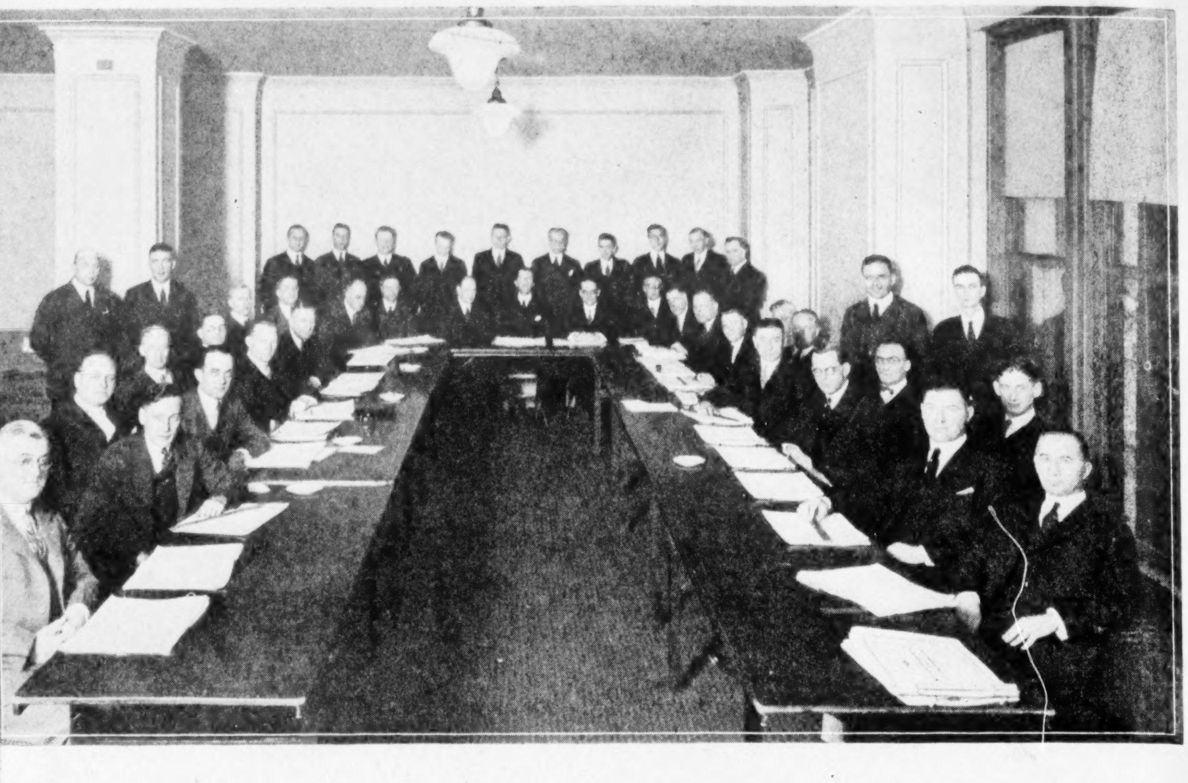

FLORIDA
PALM BEA

Cover by
Walter
Beach

Beginning

CALVIN COOLIDGE *by Willia*



Mobiloil
Gargoyle M
The Chart
The Correct
Lubricate Your
Transmission
VACUUM O
Mobiloil Arctic

Back of every Mobiloil Dealer

Why the dealer with 38 lubrication engineers is best equipped to protect your car

IMAGINE that you have 38 lubrication engineers to advise you—and to make sure that you get the right oil for your car.

In effect that is exactly what happens when you first buy Mobiloil.

For the car you drive has been studied in every detail by the Mobiloil Board of Engineers. The piston assembly, bearing fits and design, lubricating system and every factor that may influence lubricating results, has been gone over by these men individually and as a committee before they set down in the Chart the grade of Mobiloil which you should use.

The dealer who sells Mobiloil makes this Chart his guide because it wins steady customers. He keeps the Chart handy on his wall because through it the 38 engineers tell him exactly which oil should be used for every make of car that stops in front of his door.

At this time of the year every car should have its crankcase drained and refilled with the correct grade of Mobiloil. Many cars require heavier oil in summer than in winter. Where such a change is required it is plainly indicated in the Chart.

Your season's requirements

The Mobiloil dealer has Mobiloil in whatever package is best suited to your requirements. For your home garage a 5-gallon can or 15- or 30-gallon steel drum provides an ample handy supply. This is the time to equip your garage with a season's supply.

The dealer also has Mobiloil in bulk, and in 1-gallon cans. Especially convenient for touring needs is the sealed 1-quart can. Two or three of these quart cans can be easily carried under the seat of your car.

The Mobiloil dealer is at your service! —with his 38 lubrication engineers!

Fair retail price 30c a quart from bulk

When the dealer sells a quart of Gargoyle Mobiloil for less than 30c, he does not make his fair, reasonable profit. Lower prices often accompany substitution of low-quality oil for genuine Gargoyle Mobiloil. Prices are slightly higher in Canada, the Southwest, and the Far West.

MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below. If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic."

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32°F (freezing) to 0° F (zero) prevail. Below zero use Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars).

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1925		1924		1923		1922	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cadillac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet FB	..	..	..	..	..	..	A	Arc
" (*other mod's.*)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler	A	A	A	A	..	..		.
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Durant 4	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson Super 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile 4	..	..	..	..	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	.	.	A	A
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rickenbacker 6	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Rickenbacker 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	..	..	..	..
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Star	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		..
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys Knight 4	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	A	B	A
Willys Knight 6	A	Arc	..	..	..	..	..	..

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Mobiloil

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—Younger Set Magazine, Chicago.

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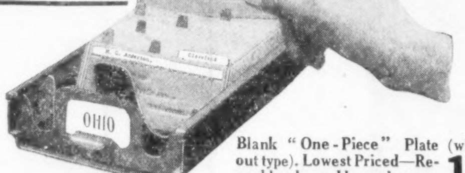

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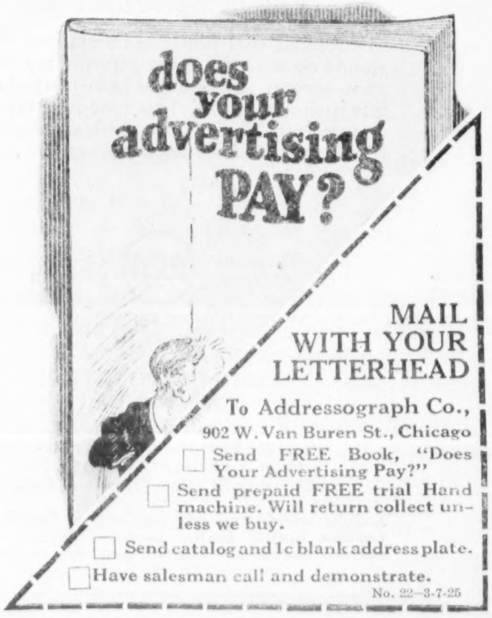
*TELLS how 26 successful firms **increased** advertising and sales results and reduced costs. Details their advertising plan, results, etc.*

Simply Mail Coupon


does your advertising PAY?

MAIL WITH YOUR LETTERHEAD

To Addressograph Co.,
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☐ Send FREE Book, "Does Your Advertising Pay?"
☐ Send prepaid FREE trial Hand machine. Will return collect unless we buy.
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Far away in a spacious hall, a great orchestra unrolls the rich melody-pattern of a master symphony. Far away in a vast cathedral, an organ pours forth the theme of an age-old hymn. Far away in a world-famed opera house, a drama is revealed in song.

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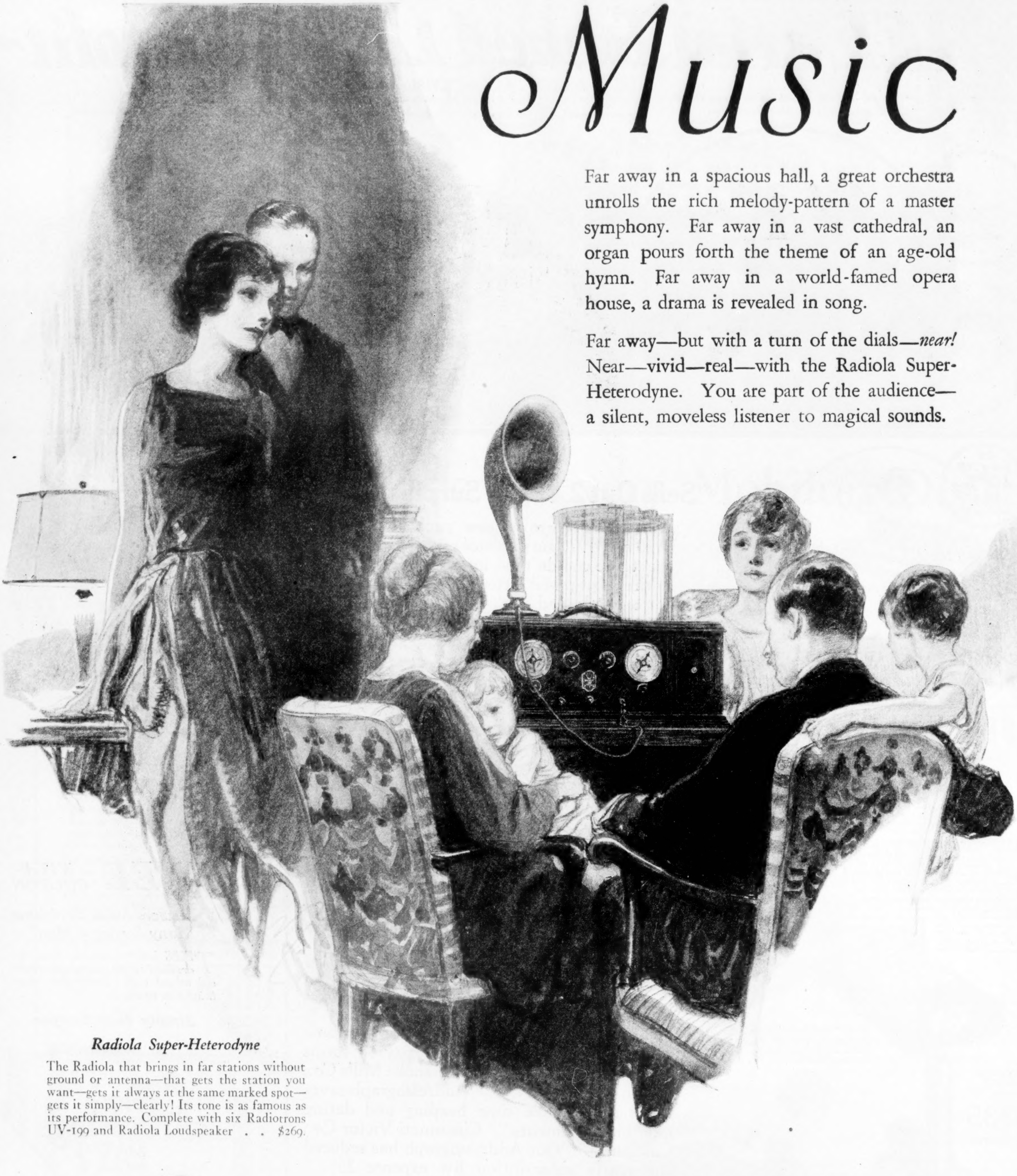

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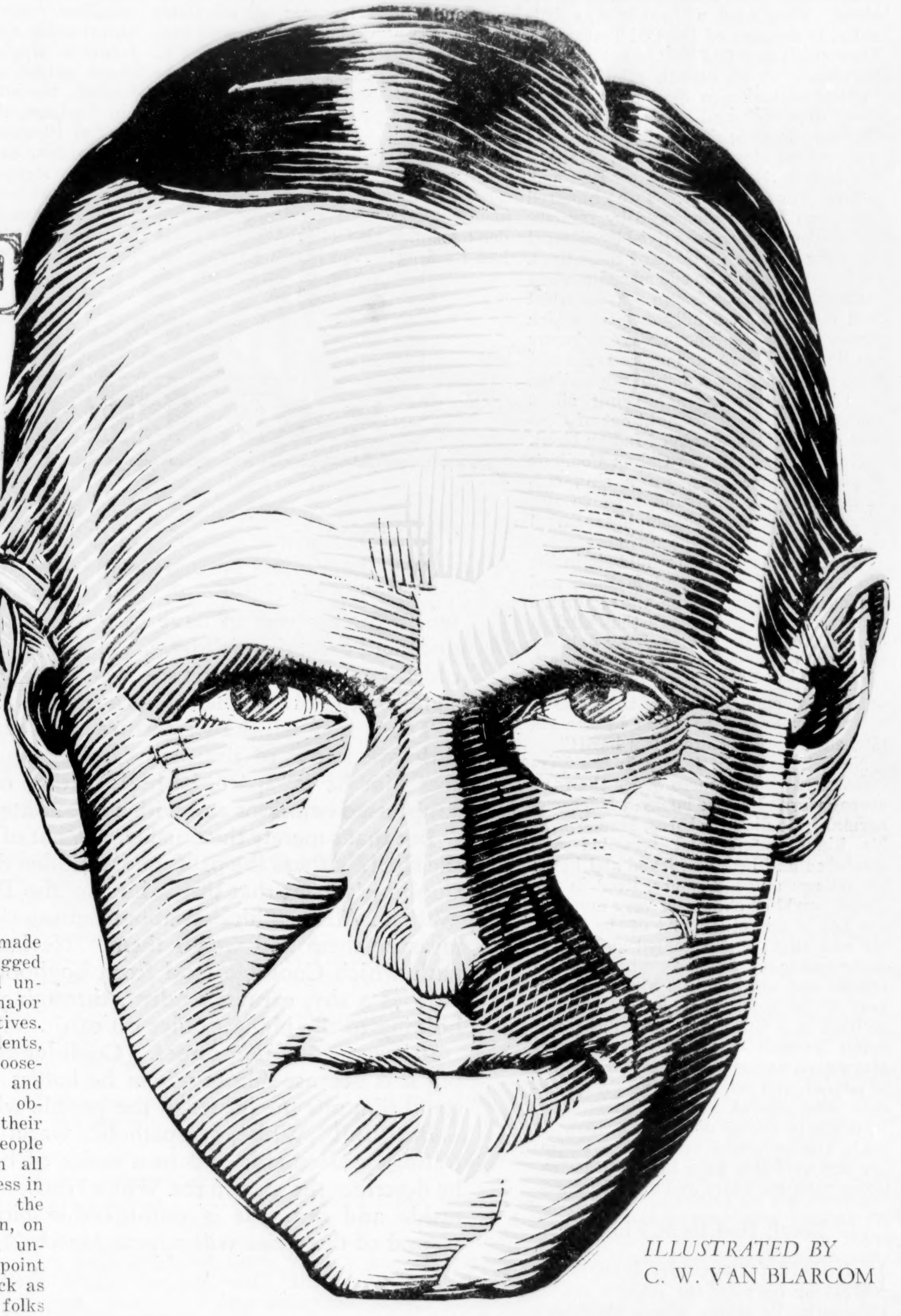
CALVIN COOLIDGE

This is the first of a series that will help you to know the man who, of all our Presidents, is hardest to understand

By
WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE



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C. W. VAN BLARCOM

Chapter I

The Presidential Crossword Puzzle

CALVIN COOLIDGE is an enigma, not an accident.

In every career chance enters. But in no career that takes a man gradually to the world's place of greatest power does chance govern. Twenty times has Calvin Coolidge's name gone into the ballot box. Nineteen times the people have given him their approval. And the twentieth time he was away on his honeymoon and did not have time to make a canvass. Harding stood seven times and lost once; Wilson stood and won three times; Taft won thrice and lost once; Roosevelt won six out of eight; McKinley eleven out of fourteen; Cleveland five out of seven; Harrison two out of three, and so back to antiquity. The people are not fooled when they have a chance to test a man time after time. There is no better gauge of a man's capacity for public service than the direct vote of the people. This does not guarantee character entirely, nor ability along many important lines of activity. But surely the people sense a man's worth to them; surely they know their own moods, their own hearts' desires, which change with the years, and surely the men our people pick for servants do represent this passing phase of American aspiration. And when a man has gone into twenty elections and has won nineteen times, he has something in him which compels confidence and which represents the popular will.

Now, Calvin Coolidge is an enigma largely because those whom he baffles do not understand him nor the hearts of the people who chose him. For a quarter century American politics has been dominated by men who made some pretense at rugged candor, or of graceful unconcealment of their major plans and minor motives. In that time our Presidents, Cleveland, McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, and Harding, have been obviously ashamed of their reserve. And the people have been anxious in all those years for frankness in public men; because the popular heart has been, on the whole, expansive, unafraid, generous to the point of justice. As far back as Cleveland's day the folks hoped not so much for prosperity as for an equitable distribution of the fruits of prosperity.

A tremor came; the gold standard was menaced. McKinley, the least candid of our modern Presidents, was picked in a day of anxiety when the people considered self-preservation rather than altruism. McKinley passed. Roosevelt came. America was interested in problems of distribution, problems of equitable allotment of the increment of industry and agriculture rather than in problems of mere accumulation of wealth.

So Roosevelt, the roaring, robust, frank and contentious, went about applying the Golden Rule to capitalism in a loud tone of voice. Taft, representing those who disliked the contentious attitude of popular righteousness, appeared every morning on the front porch of the White House to quarrel with the United States. Then he faded quickly to give way to Wilson, who only deepened the Roosevelt tone of voice. He went right on aspiring—which meant more justice, quicker turnovers and smaller profits. Harding came—a kindly, candid, babbling man, who talked plausibly in the front of the house while the thieves worked in the larder.

Then the people, who rejected Wilson and his kind, and forgot Roosevelt and his kind, turned instinctively to Coolidge. He is the apotheosis of America to-day—the rich man slipping through the dark wilderness of this world, with one hand on his purse and the other on his gun, caring little for justice and hoping chiefly to save his hide.

Coolidge, tried by twenty juries and found honest, industrious, capable and not so vain of his courage as to be dangerous, became, by the precise working of the law of spiritual and political affinities, the man of the hour. The miracle of it is as inexplicable as gravitation or the processes of life—and as inexorable.

That is the enigma of Coolidge—not his character, which is fairly simple, nor his luck, which is our indolent word for the ancient process of political selection. The enigma of Coolidge is a crossword puzzle, wherein we must find only the traits of the man and the tendencies of the times that fit the squares.

So let us begin with Silence—find its root cause in Coolidge, and its deep need in leadership. Silent Cal or Cautious Cal, if we must be exact in his pseudonym at home, is a product of New England. His type—taciturn, monosyllabic, crabbed, dry, weaned on a clothespin—is probably no more common in New England than in any other section of America, no more common in other parts of New England than in Vermont, but in New England it is understood better than elsewhere. In Vermont crabbed taciturnity is accounted a virtue. New England was settled by a race that wanted to be let alone. They were a throwback, spiritually, to the men of the Old Testament. They cultivated Old Testament virtues, parsimony in all human relations. A Yankee can skin a Jew. Moses was "slow of speech and of a slow tongue." Coolidge, looking down his nose, seems "as meek as Moses." He isn't. Neither was Moses. So much for New England.

Now for Vermont. Two hundred years ago it was pioneered by hunters and trappers—men who lived by silence! Farming was an incident of their lives, the by-product of the odd moments when the ground was not frozen. A beautiful land is Vermont, a hilly country which passes for mountainous until one knows the Rockies. Here among the rocks and wooded hills grew up five generations of Coolidges, who, not being silent enough themselves, brought out of Connecticut a remote strain of Indian blood.

Here fifty years ago Calvin Coolidge was born. He grew up a shy, old-fashioned little boy who used to run away and hide when the neighbors came! Said he in recalling those times:

"Most of the visitors would sit in the kitchen with Father and Mother, and the hardest thing in the world for me was to have to go through that kitchen door and greet the visitors. By fighting hard I used to manage to get through that kitchen door. I'm all right now with old friends, but every time I meet a stranger I have to stand by the old kitchen door a minute. It's hard!"

Now, this shy little boy in the Vermont town was no more queer than the average boy. He was husky, wholesome, normal. He did his chores, herded with his kind, fought and wrestled and scratched and lied, and loved and hated his fellows and his elders, lived in the dream world of childhood very much as any boy in any other part of the world. He was silent and freckled and home-made and hand-spanked. The hills and brooks and woods about him became a part of the boy, and somewhat because he lived in a little dot of a village in a notch between two hills and had few playmates, except an older sister whom he adored, and certain doting grandparents who adored him, the hereditary tendency to silence deepened in him. It made him awkward rather than visionary and probably gave him a duller exterior than his heart and mind justified.

Youth Had Its 3c Fling

IT IS hard for a reader born in the West or born in the city to realize Plymouth, Vermont, where Coolidge's father was born. President Coolidge's second New Year in the White House found his father, a man in his eighties, celebrating New Year's Eve in the home town. The entire village, thirty-five in number, was gathered in the country store, the only store in Plymouth. For fifty years Father Coolidge had run that store. He sold it a few years ago for $800 to his clerk. In his fifty years as a merchant he has saved something like $10,000. The whole commerce of Plymouth has trickled through that store in that half century; and profits have been filtered out by the penny—profits on the excess produce of the meager farms going to the world beyond, profits on the few needs of a frugal people for goods coming out of a complicated civilization.

Colonel George Harvey, himself a Vermonter, tells this Coolidge story: When Calvin was six years old he had managed by working for the promoter of a local entertainment to get a ticket of admission but needed some incidental spending money, and asked for it. Freely and generously he got a silver three-cent piece from his father—wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. But shortly before the day of the performance his father called the boy to him and said, "Now, son, we are liable to get into hard times, and I need that three-cent piece. We mustn't spend it. We must save every penny. For if the election goes wrong and General Hancock wins, we're going to have hard times."

The boy gave up the silver piece; the election passed. General Garfield won. The father came around, returned the identical three-cent piece, saying, "Now don't spend it all foolishly." And youth had its fling! And here we create the second word needed in the crossword puzzle, "Economy!"

The Coolidges were prosperous people—people of consequence, in Plymouth. Grandfather Coolidge had inherited something like $10,000 from his father, who in his turn was a man of parts on an inheritance of probably $5,000. And when the fitful fever of his Presidential term has closed, even if Calvin Coolidge spends every penny of his princely salary, he can retire to Plymouth upon his patrimony, a man of large means. This is Vermont. Its politics is honest because statecraft is chiefly concerned with schools and roads; and every penny that comes into the state treasury is marked and numbered so that it would be impossible to steal it. No Vermonter has ever been daring enough to enter a career of corruption on those numbered pennies. Honesty in Vermont is not merely the best policy. It is a necessary virtue from which there is no alternative.

And Calvin Coolidge, son of the village squire, the constable of forty years' standing, sometimes deputy sheriff, and occasionally member of the state legislature in one house or another, a merchant prince and a bank director in Ludlow, the village in the valley; Calvin Coolidge, the pampered son of the calif of Plymouth, split his wood, worked his garden, curried his horse, milked his cow, slopped his pig, and fed his chickens, as became the scion of a noble house in those latitudes.

Life pressed in upon the silent boy its varied experiences. To him came early the knowledge of death. His grandfather, who had been the boy's idol, went first, and when the awe of that death had faded somewhat from the child's heart, his mother went. It must have cut a deep gash that left a never-healing scar in his heart—that death of his mother—and then his sister, who had been his playmate through the years of his childhood and early youth, was called. And the little graveyard near the country store where he was born holds much that was dear to him. So, because he was silent, because he was inarticulate, he grew spiritually a bit gawky, and never recovered the nice social poise that makes one easy in the presence of his fellows.

Coolidge was always a Cal as boy and man. Your Yankee allows no neighbor to heroize himself. Your Yankee nicknames everyone to keep him humble. Even though he was repressed, and though in play the other boys and girls sensed his isolation, yet they knew it was not the isolation of pride nor the aloofness of a dull mind. He took his place and did his part in a boy world; went through his school course at Plymouth with no distinction, good or bad, and went down into the valley, to the academy of Ludlow, aged twelve, with his elder sister.

At the academy he did the day's work, went from childhood into adolescence, played the game, mingled with boys and girls of his age, and tradition in the village says that Nature took her course with him, and that in his later teens he fell gently but insecurely in love, and backed out again, after the manner of his kind. He made few friends and held them fast and loved them dearly and never forgot them; read few books and knew them well—old-fashioned center-table books: Shakespeare and the Bible and Bunyan, and standard eighteenth-century authors, and the Red-Line poets of a later day and generation. He was as normal and hardy and undistinguished an American as a red apple.

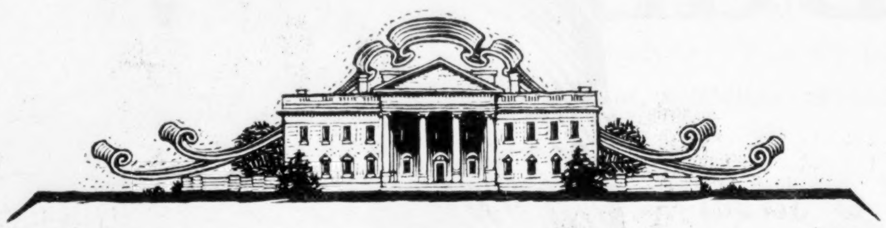
A Typical Puritan Throwback

AFTER graduation at the academy of Ludlow, and after a year's further preparation at another academy, he appeared at Amherst College, in Amherst, Mass., a freshman, utterly unmarked, even by his taciturnity, which was common enough, his quacking Vermont drawl, which was the common speech of scores of his fellows, nor by his Ludlow store clothes, with his trousers just a little bit too short and his coat just a trifle too long, and his ready-made tie. His freckles were fading, and his hair, which had been red enough to give him the name of "Red" as well as "Cal," did not distinguish him; nor did the long nose and strong jaw of the Yankee youth mark his physiognomy among his fellows. He looked as Uncle Sam must have looked in his youth, before he grew his goatee and strapped his trousers under his boots—a typical Yankee with a face that seemed to throw back two centuries and restore the Puritan face of a vanishing race.

And with the Puritan face came the Puritan faith. Coolidge is a Congregationalist—a Yankee mystic. Enthroned but veiled, far back in his cosmic consciousness, in some Holy of Holies, there reigns despotically the symbol of Coolidge's deep belief in the moral government of the universe. Like the Emersonian credo, his belief came out of the Yankee soil, but it is none the less powerful because its roots are entwined in rocks. Now, this interpretation of life which men call faith thrust itself up from the depths of Coolidge's life inheritance while he was a student in Amherst.

Briefly let us consider Amherst. Thirty years ago a college of five hundred students with a faculty consecrated to the joy of service that comes from inoculating youth with the high passions that dominate the lives of men who have stepped apart from the world into the scholastic cloister. In Amherst two men wrestled with young Calvin Coolidge, according to the story of his contemporaries. The two men were Professor Morse in history and Professor Garman in philosophy. Morse made history a part of the story of God's intention for the progress of the world. According to Morse, democracy was the climax of human institutions, because, forsooth, the

(*Continued on page 38*)



"MOST of the visitors would sit in the kitchen with Father and Mother," says Calvin Coolidge, recalling his childhood, "and the hardest thing in the world for me was to have to go through that kitchen door and greet the visitors. . . . I'm all right now with old friends; but every time I meet a stranger I have to stand by the old kitchen door a minute. It's hard!"

There is a self-drawn picture that conforms to the little we know of the man Coolidge. As Mr. White sees him he is "spare, bashful, halting of speech, with suppressed emotions and with a frost-bitten personality."

But that's merely the outside. What of the man inside the shell? It was the profoundly hidden things in Calvin Coolidge's heart that thrust him to the Presidency, and William Allen White set about finding those things, to measure them and weigh them. He has followed the path which Coolidge trod from boyhood, through his days as a shy, earnest student, through years of office-holding to the highest office on earth.

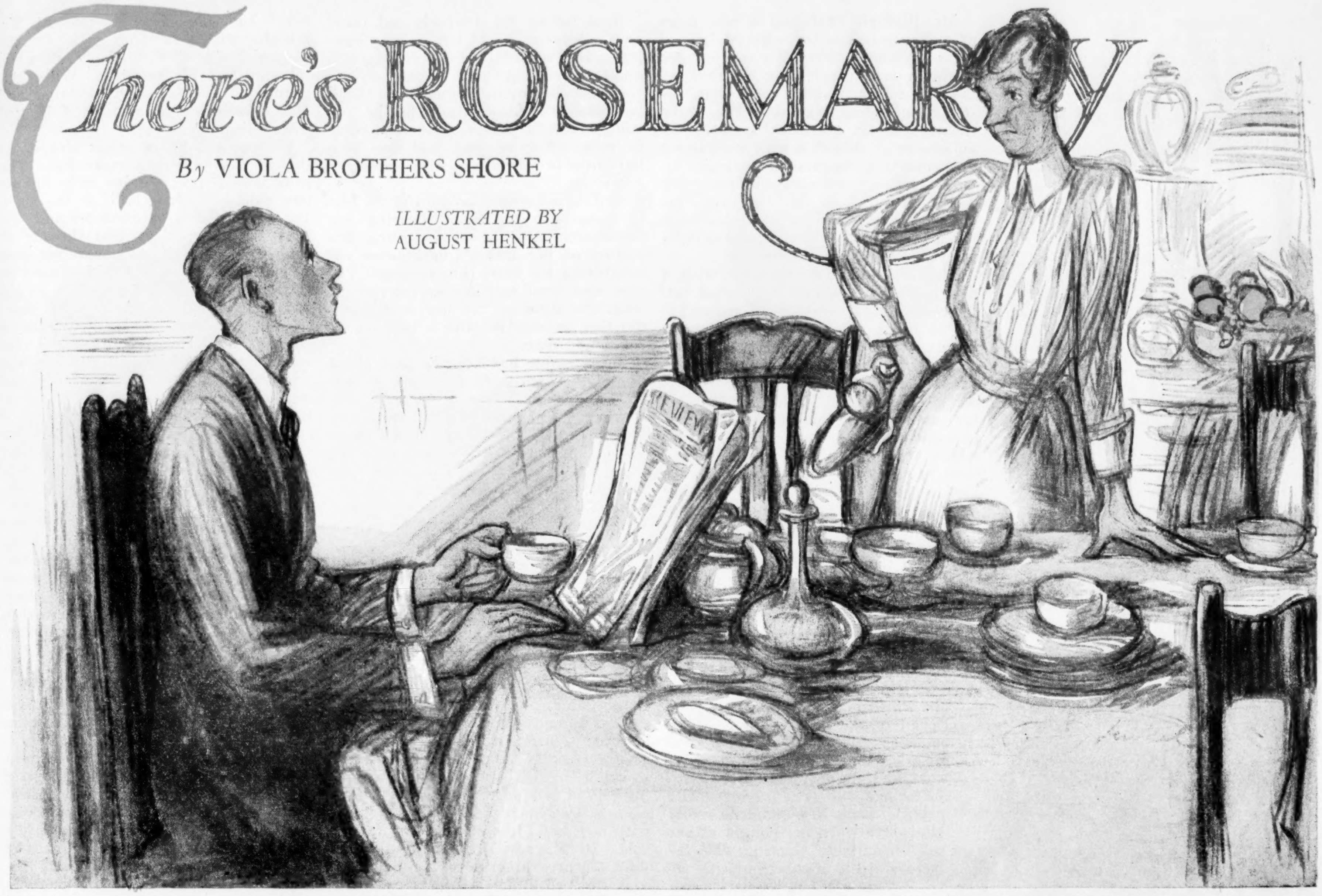
It is an astounding career. Coolidge is an enigma—but it is because "those whom he baffles do not understand him nor the hearts of the people who chose him."

But "Bill" White, sympathetic, warm-hearted, penetrating, understands and in a series of brilliant articles he describes the man in the White House—describes him inside and out. It is unforgetable biography. The second of the series will appear March 21st.

There's ROSEMARY

By VIOLA BROTHERS SHORE

ILLUSTRATED BY
AUGUST HENKEL



"I've tried to give you a good home," the landlady observed with a questioning inflection which challenged Mr. Pinfoyle

"BUT I can't understand, Mr. Pinfoyle," said Mrs. Green, poising the dish with his empty egg cup and shells against the hip bone which jutted angularly from her striped gingham dress—"after being here fifteen years!" As though each of those fifteen years were a link in a chain forged to keep him there forever, instead of an additional reason for his going!

Mr. Pinfoyle regarded the tablecloth. Gone was the casualness with which, a moment since, he had looked up from his paper, propped against the sugar bowl, to hurl his thunderbolt after the lean, retreating form of his landlady. He had had no idea she would make the issue a personal one.

"I've tried to give you a good home," she observed with a questioning inflection which challenged him to deny it. It seemed to him there were two Pinfoyles—one of them ashamed of what he was doing, the other a reckless devil, unmindful of the bleeding susceptibilities of Mrs. Green. Yes, this had been his home for fifteen years, but it had never been home to him. Home meant a white farmhouse with dormer windows and green shutters. And the owning of it had been his dream for as far back as he could remember.

Well, that was the way with dreams. The hope of them kept you going for months and years. And then, when you could realize them, you just didn't care about them any more. Once the reality of the white farmhouse lay within his grasp, it had lost its power to charm him. He was afraid it would be lonely. Somehow, in the back of his mind had always been the idea of the farmhouse *with* somebody. And there had never been anybody.

And then, as a further irony, now that money had no longer any meaning for him, a sister he hardly remembered had died, out West, leaving him quite a fortune. He did not know what to do with all that money until the day it suddenly occurred to him it would now be possible to see the world. And the idea had taken such hold on him that it became a fire, burning through his veins, altering the very chemistry of his placid blood cells.

"Haven't I?" reiterated Mrs. Green, setting the empty egg dish belligerently on the maple sideboard.

"You have indeed, Mrs. Green," he agreed heartily, but with the strange sensation of acting a part, "but a man can't stay home all his life."

"But where is it you want to go?"

A series of words—colors, fragments of impressions—flashed across the screen of Mr. Pinfoyle's mind. Cairo: snake charmers—women veiled to the eyes—incense burners—colored turbans—dark-skinned water carriers stooping under the weight of full goatskins—mosaics, minarets, mosques—pyramids in whose shadow basked the Sphinx, gazing across the Libyan desert with the pensive half smile that has watched the world for centuries. . . .

What he said was, "Egypt, for one—"

"Egypt!" Mrs. Green was aghast. "I heard the fleas there are something terrible! And you know how you go on if one mosquito gets in your room!"

Mr. Pinfoyle shuddered slightly and amended—a trifle apologetically—"or perhaps India."

"India!" cried Mrs. Green, an even greater sense of outrage edging her voice. "I read a story where a snake crawled up the spigot in a man's bathroom and came in his bed when he was asleep. You don't really want to go to India!"

"Well, maybe not," admitted Mr. Pinfoyle, or rather the one of him who seemed anxious to placate his landlady. "Maybe I'll take in the Land of the Midnight Sun—Norway," he explained, with a guilty air—"or perhaps the winter sports at St. Moritz."

"Winter sports!" Mrs. Green exploded. "When you wouldn't even join the toboggan party from the church last Christmas!" And she shook her head, implying there was more in this than met the eye; adding, "I'm sure *I* don't know what makes you want to leave."

"It's not anything I can exactly explain," he began, somewhat sheepishly, and laid a bony hand, covered with reddish down, vaguely over the region of his chest. "It's something—in here."

"Your indigestion again!" diagnosed Mrs. Green triumphantly, "and do you think traveling around is going to help that?"

HE GAVE up trying to make Mrs. Green understand. There still remained Mr. Moler of the First National Bank of Great Petersdale.

"Whatever's put this travel idea in your head?" demanded Mr. Moler, toying with his impressive watch chain, and he too appeared to scent a personal slight. "You never seemed the restless sort—"

When he spoke he ducked his head to exhibit its shiny, circular dome, and looked up over his glasses, his jowls spreading themselves ponderously against the wings of his collar. Every word was a missile charged with the importance of getting its man. Sometimes, however, they were tipped with molasses, when that seemed more serviceable, as now.

"No," said Mr. Pinfoyle, feeling like a schoolboy up for examination, "I'm not exactly restless, but fifteen years in Great Petersdale—"

"And what," inquired Mr. Moler, "is the matter with Great Petersdale?"

"Nothing," Mr. Pinfoyle assured him hastily, "but it's not exactly seeing the world, is it?"

Mr. Moler grunted disdainfully. "You think you'll be seeing the world, but all you'll see will be the inside of the American Express offices, and we've got the best of those right here in America." He dismissed the whole matter with a gesture. "You can take my word for it, Pinfoyle, there's nothing to that stuff. I've been in every big city in Europe, and you can't get a meal anywhere that can touch Mrs. Green's cooking."

Mr. Pinfoyle regarded his feet uneasily, and Mr. Moler pressed his advantage. "Just between you and me, Pinfoyle, what *do* you expect to find over there that we haven't got right here in Great Petersdale?"

How could Mr. Pinfoyle mention words like romance—adventure—the Great Unknown—to Mr. Moler? So he merely coughed, and Mr. Moler drove home his point with an impressive forefinger: "You're just the kind they're lying in wait for over there—the Great American sucker!"

Mr. Pinfoyle seldom took a stand about anything. But when he did, it was difficult to deflect him.

"Maybe you're right," he said, "but a man needs a change now and then."

"Certainly," agreed Mr. Moler, with a magnanimous upward inflection. "Why don't you run over to Boston and see a couple of shows?"

Mr. Pinfoyle explained it was more of a change he wanted. Mr. Moler had an inspiration. "I'll tell you what you ought to do, Pinfoyle—get married."

How easily people said that, as though marrying were like a trip to the theatre—to be taken at a moment's notice—or as though a wife were like a new suit, to be ordered to measure.

Mr. Moler concluded the interview by offering to keep Mr. Pinfoyle's job open for him. "You'll be back—mark my words—and you'll have had nothing for your money but experience."

Well, reflected Mr. Pinfoyle with a delightful little stab of guilt, what better could a man buy with his money?

Passing through the directors' room he glanced in the long mirror. What he saw was a man of medium height, lean, with a thin neck and a prominent Adam's apple from which his low collar stood away apprehensively. His face had never lost a certain ruddiness which, together with his hair, cropped close to offset a tendency to curl, gave him in spite of his forty years, rather a boyish look. And there was a suggestion of vitality and tone about the clear blue and white of his eyes and teeth and the red of his clipped mustache. But, on the whole, a narrow and uninspired sort of face, Mr. Pinfoyle thought with a little sigh. Not a face from which one would expect anything unusual. Like a trip around the world!

But he was going, none the less. Mr. Pinfoyle knew just the way he looked to the practical Mr. Moler and the literal Mrs. Green. A prosaic, middle-aged man. But what had one's outside to do with the things one *felt? They* really made up one's life. And he really felt things when he thought of far countries showing the indelible finger prints of Time—Mount Carmel, from which Elijah challenged the priests of Baal—Galilee—Pompeii—Vesuvius brooding over the Bay of Naples—Lesbos, where burning Sappho loved and sang—the Orient—mosques; bazaars; dark faces moving mysteriously through a dazzling setting of silks and rugs; red shoes and fezzes—carved ivory; luxurious divans, scimitars, and daggers. . . . The glory that was Greece—colossal temples and statues of forgotten kings—drums of fallen columns whispering the names of the illustrious dead who marched or worshiped there—the red splotch on the pillar of a church where an infidel king had wiped his dripping hand. . . .

He could not make up his mind which he wanted to see first. But no matter. The great thing was to be off. And nothing stood in his way but disposing of the few meager possessions that remained in Mrs. Green's front room, now that he had broken the news to Mr. Moler.

Once before Mr. Pinfoyle had faced an employer and told him he was leaving. He was only twenty-five then, and the marks of favor he had received for ten years at the hands of Mr. Silvaine made it hard to tell that he was going. But it had became impossible to stay. For he had had the foolhardiness to fall in love with Rosemary Silvaine.

And it had grown too painful for him to remain in the office, hearing her name mentioned casually—seeing her picture on her father's desk—even encountering her from time to time. The very city itself had become too painful after the night he saw her, in a splendid blue automobile with a tall, laughing young man. . . .

Mr. Silvaine had been so kind about it all. Never a word of rebuke or censure.

"I'm sorry, Henry," he had said, "you know what I think of you. But I guess you're right about Rosemary. Young girls want somebody heroic. . . . I hate to lose you. But I'm sure you'll get over it and come back to us. And in the meanwhile, let us hear from you—"

He had done neither.

He had once spent a vacation in Great Petersdale, and he fled there, finding work at the bank. And before he knew it he had passed fifteen years there. Or, rather, they had passed him. Meanwhile the town had become a bustling little city. Mr. Pinfoyle did not like cities. He had no regrets about leaving Great Petersdale.

That is, he thought he had none until he came to dismantle the front bedroom at Mrs. Green's. And then it seemed not so much Great Petersdale he was leaving behind as a part of himself. It had always been such a nice, sunny room, with a view of the elms, now turning gold. He was afraid he would miss the elms. Other things too—pictures and books—which a man would not want to take with him round the world, and yet hated to renounce forever. Suppose he did not care to spend the rest of his life in strange countries?

He decided to leave a small box at Mrs. Green's with just those books and things which an old man would want to have about him on long winter evenings. He took a handful of his boyhood favorites from the bottom shelf and blew the dust gingerly from the edges. He had always thought there might be a boy, some day, to find in them what he had found. . . .

In the pages of "Peter Simple" he came across an old snapshot, terribly faded, which brought a dull flush to his cheeks: a group picture taken on the grounds of the Silvaine summer home, one Sunday when a delegation of "the boys" had gone down to present Mr. Silvaine with a birthday gift. On the picture, besides the four boys, were Mr. Silvaine and his secretary, Willy Dakoun, and, seated, Mrs. Silvaine and Miss Rosemary—a slender, fair girl with delicate features.

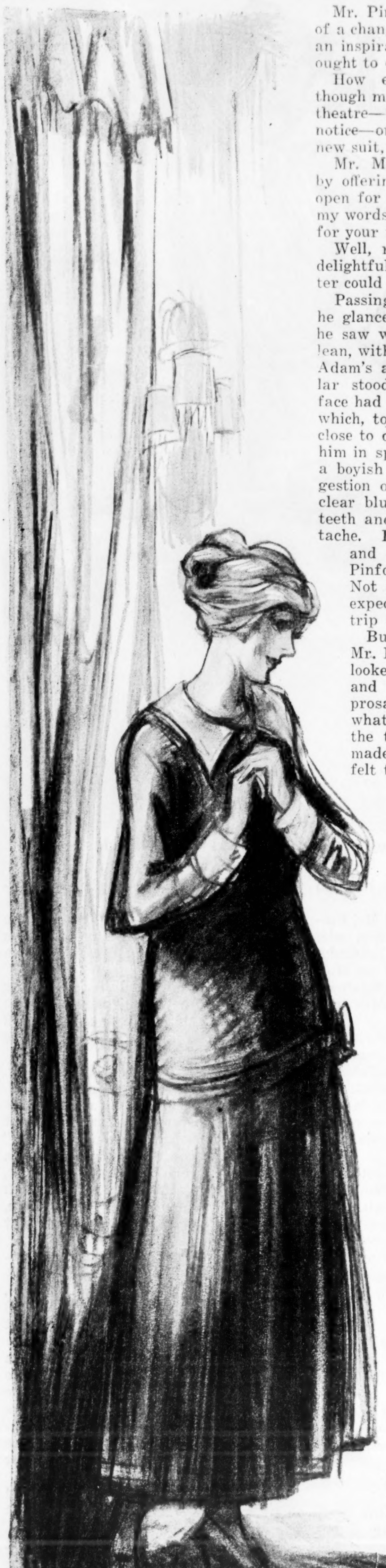
He recalled her face as clearly as though he had seen it yesterday. The gray transparency of her eyes lighted two candles in the hall of the past. The sheen of her hair ran through the warp of his memory like threads of spun gold. No, he had never "got over it;" although the sight of her face no longer wrung his heart with a poignant stab of pain, as in the old days. She did not seem a person to him so much as an ideal. Doubtless the reason he had never thought of marriage was because, unconsciously, he had measured all women beside his image of Rosemary Silvaine.

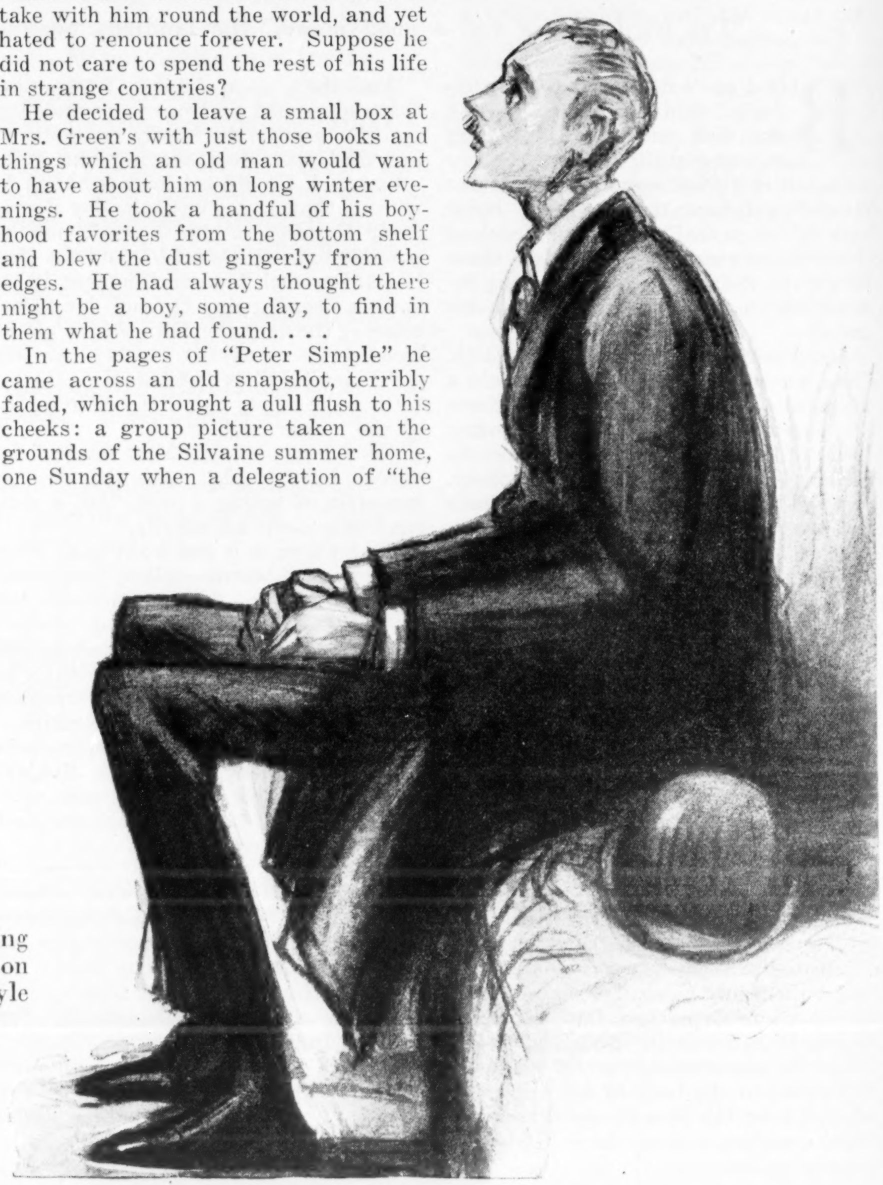
He wondered, for the first time in years, what had become of her, and whether she had found her heroic man. . . .

MR. PINFOYLE left his hotel and walked, with a buoyant step, along the sunlit avenue. He was sorry he had worn his light overcoat. It was more like spring than October, and there was a feeling of May in Mr. Pinfoyle's soul. New York gave one such a marvelous sense of youthful vitality. Why had he always carried in his mind so crushing a picture of New York?

It seemed to Mr. Pinfoyle the first time in his whole life that he had been conscious of feeling alive.

It really *was* warm. He would have to carry his overcoat. He had a pang of regret that his suit was not stylish. He ought to have something more distinguished. Clothes mattered. They were what made the people in New York so sure (*Continued on page 28*)





She shook her head, looking straight into his eyes. Emotion was paralyzing Mr. Pinfoyle

My GREATEST MAN in the World

By
HUGH FULLERTON

HE'S just a quiet, brave fighter — Mr. Fullerton's "greatest man." He isn't famous; not as some men are famous. But ask the South about him. It knows. Years ago he started a crusade. His enemies were Ignorance and Prejudice. Says Mr. Fullerton of that crusade: "It has reduced the rate of illiteracy in eleven states from 36 per cent in 1890 to less than 11 per cent in 1900 and approximately 5 per cent in 1924." Great work, that; and certainly the man who did it is a great man.

EVERY person, I suppose, has his own greatest man in the world. It is probable his greatest man changes as he grows older, from the policeman of his early boyhood to his Lincoln or Napoleon. But a long, long time ago, before I had ever met or seen him, I chose mine.

Have you ever heard of Ed Alderman? Neither had I until one winter when we lived down in North Carolina, out in a log cabin near Hominy Creek. There, among the real Tarheels of the West Counties, the hillites and the hill billies of the "mountings" I heard the name, always spoken reverently.

Years later I met him and talked with him in the tradition-garlanded and wistaria-draped buildings of the University of Virginia where he is president; and then I heard him tell something of his lifelong fight.

His story? Here it is:

One commencement night at Chapel Hill, N. C., two young men sat in a shabby bedroom of a little hotel near the neglected buildings of the state university, which was one of the first universities built in America. The boys were Alderman and his friend Charlie McIvor, back for commencement to visit the old school. They were talking of their state and its desperate plight.

All night, in that shabby little room, they talked. While they talked some divine torch was lighted, and as daylight came they clasped hands and consecrated themselves to a crusade the like of which the world had never before seen. They pledged themselves to lead the South out of the bondage of ignorance, after its forty years of wandering in the wilderness without finding the promised land of Education.

The picture of the two raw, untrained school teachers pledging themselves to such an undertaking appealed to my imagination. McIvor (who, Alderman says, was the leader) was dead when I heard the tale, so I adopted Alderman.

I have learned since then something of what this crusade, started by those two boys, has accomplished. It reduced the rate of illiteracy in eleven states from thirty-six per cent in 1890 to less than eleven per cent in 1900 and approximately five per cent in 1924. It has built thousands of schoolhouses, educated and trained tens of thousands of teachers and given millions of Southern boys and girls educational advantages. It has revived the universities of the South, stamped out the hookworm and restored the South industrially.

These two young men who clung to their graduation-day ideals have had assistance and tremendous backing in the work. They earned it. Scores of very wealthy and famous men have helped them, and have poured millions of dollars into their work. But the victory itself is Alderman's and McIvor's.

Consider the condition these two boys faced when they pledged themselves to redeem their state. The South had lost more than half its wealth. Before the war it had five and a half billions and the North six billions of treasure. After the war the South had less than three billions. Cotton was selling at five to six cents a pound.

Of 17,000,000 persons more than one quarter could not read or write. Twenty-six per cent of the whites were illiterate and more than eighty-five per cent of the blacks.

They Were Outcasts

THE common school system was a joke. A few overworked and underpaid teachers were struggling bravely. The average term of school in North Carolina was twenty days in a year. Teachers received forty dollars or less a month, six months in the year. The whites who possessed money considered it a disgrace to send a child to a public school. It was, to them, like sending their children to a poorhouse. The poor, unable to pay for private teaching, did not send their children to school at all.

Alderman and McIvor vowed a new crusade to rescue the uninstructed masses; but the fight was a harder one than a battle against mere ignorance, prejudice and poverty: it meant a war to overthrow class and dethrone aristocracy.

The South had lost more than one tenth of its total population. It never had accepted taxation. Alderman and McIvor knew that free public schools were impossible while Individualism controlled communal slavery. They planned to preach heavy taxes to a people embittered by war and groaning under the burden of reconstruction.

For more than three years these young men, abandoning everything, neglecting families, neglecting themselves, traveled over North Carolina preaching their new doctrine of education for all.

They were hissed, spat at, reviled and abused. There were times when they were in want, cold, weary, hungry. They were turned from the doors of men of their own class and excoriated as anarchists, as radicals, as "nigger lovers." They found the people apathetic; hungry and longing for education, but too weary and hopeless to fight. They lighted the spark of hope.

One of their earliest converts was Walter Hines Page, himself a Southerner, who later became a world leader and a great force. Strangely it was Page who later, in one night, turned the tide and insured the victory.

Whether they ever would have won a complete victory is doubtful had it not been for a strange and perhaps providential turn in politics. North Carolina elected Charles B. Aycock governor. He did a brave thing. He advocated the cause Alderman and McIvor were preaching and carried the issue into practical politics. Five years before that time any man who advocated taxation for the purposes of general education would have been politically damned forever.

The crusade was won right there—although the crusaders did not know it.

The great need was trained teachers. The state had virtually suspended education from 1860 to the time McIvor and Alderman started their crusade. Wretched pay had driven many from the work, even from the state. From 1886 McIvor had battled for a State Normal school to train teachers for the work. When Aycock made a political issue of their campaign for education the dream began to materialize. In the early nineties McIvor and Alderman, aided by Major Sidney M. Finger, wrote the law creating the now famous school at Greensboro. Trained teachers were being recruited, the price of cotton moved up; the aristocracy commenced to realize the benefits of educating the whole people. Schoolhouses were being erected in the lonely coves, manned (mostly womaned) by trained instructors. The world never has seen such an awakening of hope among the hopeless.

North Carolina commenced to revive and to advance more rapidly than its neighboring states and they, inquiring the reason, found the answer and the crusade spread. The Southern Educational Conference was organized and later the General Association. Wealthy Northern men, interested in the experiment, advanced money. The South began to recover from its educational lethargy.

Alderman, meantime, had become president of the University of North Carolina, and McIvor was busy building up the State Normal, both bending efforts to developing teachers to serve on the firing line while they directed the campaign against ignorance from headquarters. Yet the fight was not entirely won. The brief period of enthusiasm was followed by discouraging reaction—because the old aristocracy still opposed taxation.

It was one of the earliest disciples of McIvor and Alderman who in a night turned the tide and made education the popular shibboleth of the entire South. This disciple was "Wat" Page, afterward United States Minister at the Court of St. James'. Page had gone North and become famous as writer, editor, publisher. Alderman pleaded with him to return and aid in the fight against reaction.

Cured of Laziness

PICTURE now another commencement at Chapel Hill. Page returned at the request of his old friend, to find a school, still struggling, but advancing. They had half forgotten "Wat" Page, but on that day he arose and delivered a talk on "The Forgotten Man," a talk pregnant with the hope and the hopelessness of the South.

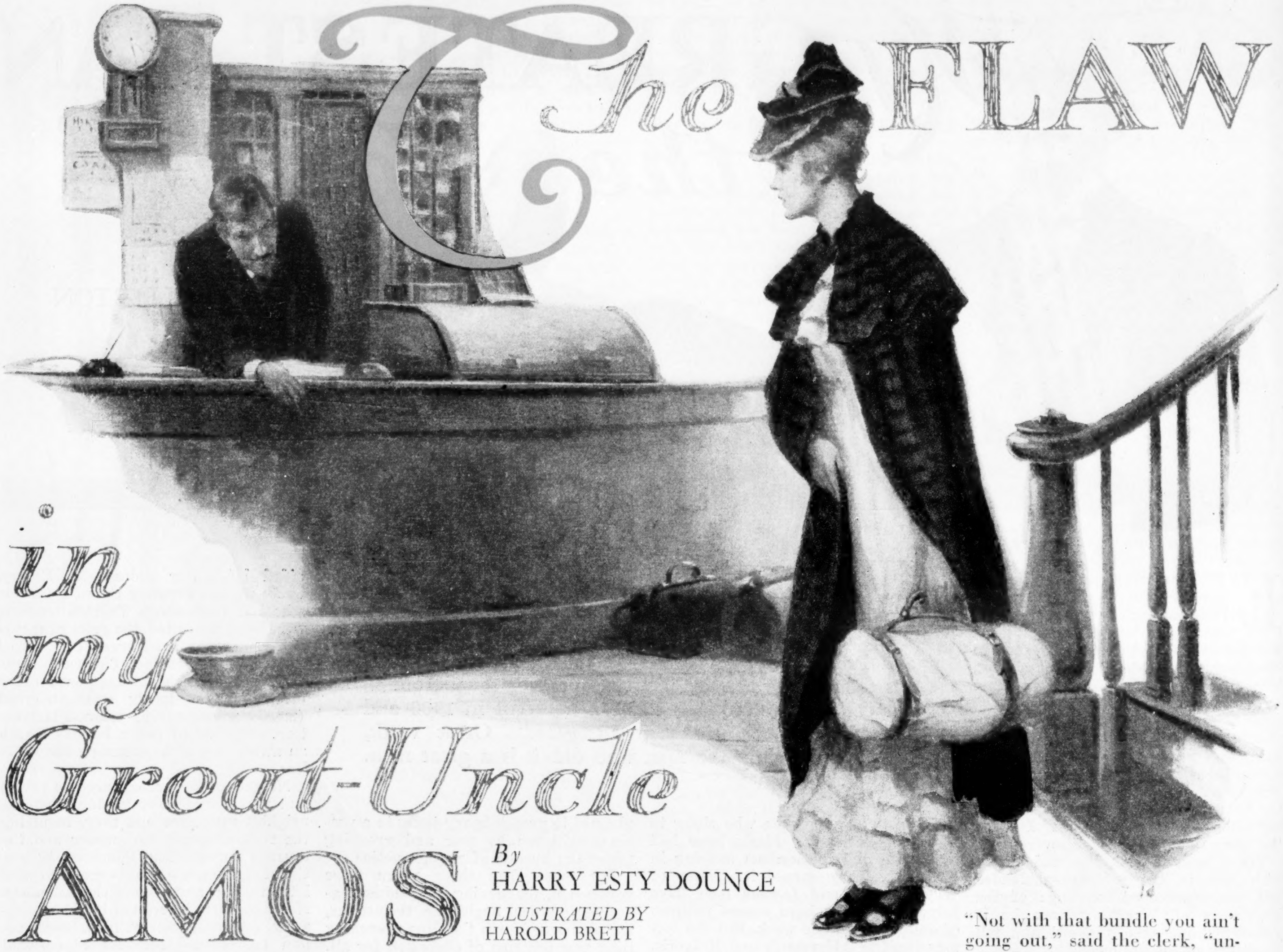
Page was abused, reviled, threatened, praised and applauded—but his message sank home. Better than that, it attracted afresh attention of the rich men of the North, who poured down money to help tide over the situation until the South

(*Continued on page 45*)

The FLAW in my Great-Uncle AMOS

By
HARRY ESTY DOUNCE

ILLUSTRATED BY
HAROLD BRETT



"Not with that bundle you ain't going out," said the clerk, "until you paid your bill"

HE DIED, at eighty-one, in the hottest spell of a hot summer, which Charley Atlee Abbott said showed judgment—his getting acclimated would be easier. Ordinarily the joke was too almanac-worn to have made me want to laugh, but we were taking our places in the dining-room with the mourners when Charley Atlee sprang it in my ear, and that and its sudden disclosure that the young Chicago Atlees had heard the same things about our Uncle Amos that I had heard—that his wickedness was a tradition in their branch of the family too—made keeping a suitable countenance pretty difficult.

I liked Charley Atlee. I had expected not to, not having come across him before since we had been babies, and mistrusting that the Chicago Atlees were, as Aunt Naomi might have said, big-feeling. He turned out to be all right and in the same boat I was; he had been ordered by telegram to Mycenæ from a house party in the Adirondacks, to attend on Aunt Naomi's account as proxy for his parents. On sight he had understood about my, or rather my father's, frock coat, which, in addition to the horror of its being a frock coat, was inches too short in the sleeves. He hadn't even grinned. He had supposed he ought to be wearing one himself, and asked if it wasn't hotter than the hinges. To the best of my knowledge of temperatures, it was.

I liked him, but during the service I did wish he would behave, especially when the minister (a youngish and complacently lofty one with a voice like camphor ice) was enlarging upon "our departed friend's" pure life and Christian virtues; he then fixed soulful eyes on me until I dared not look at him. For moral support I looked oftenest toward the armchair in the depths of which Aunt Naomi's weeds were stirred by feeble sobs. I hoped her crape was cooler than my coat.

She had lived with Uncle Amos to within a few months of their diamond anniversary. For years he had been all she had left in Mycenæ, whence the other Atlees were gone before and their children were dispersed. And she was nearing eighty and had been ill. Even so, I was young enough to be puzzled by her sobbing. In the past, if half the tradition was truth, she had been one of the most extensively wronged of wives.

Between the minister and Charley Atlee, my mind left her side of the wronging and ran on his side. The thoughts of strictly reared shy youth on these matters are long thoughts, mixed. Implanted habit of thinking about Uncle Amos in particular kept me withdrawing the hem of my innocence from him; at the same time I tried freely to imagine him (as I would have said with a leer to Charley Atlee) getting away with it, and could only imagine the fat, bald Uncle Amos with the gouty temper who had let me, in my small-boyhood, play with his Chinese ivory chessmen and taken me sleighing behind his pair of blacks. The yellowed, shrunken stranger in his coffin was no help to me, but no more was his portrait in the parlor, now presiding over friends and flowers, although it would have been painted at about the time of his transgressions. It was like the eulogy, and chiefly showed the artist striving to please and achieving curly hair, a superb mustache, and the peculiarly blameless mien of a clothing-store dummy. I couldn't see him fascinating anyone if he had looked like that.

What *were* such powers of fascination?... You needn't exercise them....

I TRIED to figure out how he could have exercised his so much, in Mycenæ and being Aunt Naomi's husband. I had heard enough about the old Mycenæ and been petted by enough of its relicts to think I had a good idea of it: a town of early families and three reputable churches, with a background of such riffraff as the (in those days) hell-bent Universalists; a town where everybody knew and regulated everybody else, and all sorts of moral thumbscrews could be used on a transgressor. Then the Atlees had been the Atlees, strong men, leaders and pillars. I couldn't see them suffering their sister to be wronged.

I couldn't, for that matter, see Aunt Naomi suffering herself to be. Within my memory she had been quite a person, chipper and brisk, with a quaint, rusty voice that could creak through the babble of church suppers, saying droll, critical things that had to be listened to. I had always been fond of her and more or less afraid of her. It had been she, not Uncle Amos, who had spanked me out of hand for breaking off his red king's pinnacle—and given me a currant cake and some wooden chessmen afterward. If the portrait showed a quality it was pompousness, and she had been death on that and irrepressible in pricking it; a young Robinson nephew had once strutted and orated before her in some dispute, till she peppered him with, "Big-I! Big-I! Oh, Bug-Eye Smellidge!" She ought to have been a match for the Uncle Amos I remembered.

But instead he had led her a life and she had put up with him. So had the other Atlees, as far as I ever had heard, and so had Mycenæ. Indeed, Mycenæ had prospered him; he had flourished like the bay tree, asking no odds of his brothers-in-law but thriving by himself, doing well in business, doing well with his side lines—the opera house and an interest in the hotel; and sitting as straight as the best of them every Sunday in his pew. Mycenæans who wouldn't speak to him hadn't been many. On the contrary, he had been kept busy returning the bows of the censorious, and they had been glad of his presents of theatre tickets. This much I had ascertained long since by asking questions, but nobody had seemed able to explain how such a state of affairs could be.

I supposed I had asked lots of questions about Uncle Amos' wickedness, after the bare fact of it had been imparted to me—in connection with injunctions to be nice to Aunt Naomi because she had no little boy of her own and was unhappy otherwise. My juvenile thirst for particulars had gone unslaked at home. But there had been an old lady from Mycenæ who was dying to tell me more and would, in mysterious fragments; and there had been a roguish old codger with the theory that boys were hellions: "You'll be shavin' soon and takin' notice of the gals. Mind you don't grow up to be like your Uncle Amos Robinson. He used to be handy with 'em, yessirree!"

From these two and what I had learned legitimately since, it summed up to much smoke and only one definite flame. But the smoke was thick enough. The opera house. Actresses. If the old hotel could talk. And had everybody known of it? Oh, mercy, yes—public property. Unquestionably his conduct had been a valued institution, a town pump of themes for gossip. Such institutionalizing I failed at twenty to understand; and I knew all about human nature, according to me.

It was not altogether forgotten after forty or thirty years. At least, from among the eldest in the parlor I caught faint sniffy sounds that were as much like Charley Atlee's gaze as like grief or distress from the heat. But the new Mycenæ had forgotten it; the Robinsons present had, solidly—you could tell; Aunt Naomi herself had evidently, and we two as the Atlees present ought to look above remembering. And the minister was lengthy, and a quavering soprano lamented at length with a harp, and the dark old dining-room was sticky with flowers and musty with the leather of its dado, and motes swam down a crack of sun and settled on my broadcloth, and it was hot—oh, ginger, it was hot!

It was better in the carriages when we finally got into them, and in the cemetery up on a hillside better still. During the prayer Charley Atlee stepped on my toe. I followed his eyes toward some woodland close to the knoll where Uncle Amos' lot was, but saw nothing more remarkable than a plump little woman in a pongee-colored suit, idling along with some roses in her hands. Trees hid her, and I couldn't think what he had meant.

WHEN it came to leaving, Aunt Naomi, instead of breaking down, spunked up. They wanted her to come and she wouldn't; she would have them go, the doctor who was taking care of her, and everyone, and let her stay all by herself. They compromised on staying till the grave was filled and the flowers rearranged on it, and then they tried again, and again she wouldn't. She lifted her head and sounded like the Aunt Naomi of old. They had been so good, she appreciated everything they'd done, but she was all right and she was going to stay. "Oh," said the doctor, interposing, "I think I'd let her. It won't hurt her. She won't mind someone staying to help her down to the carriage—will you? You say whom you'd like to have."

She rejected the Robinson volunteers. "Where's Jessie's boy and Penelope's boy? They'll look after their aunty, I guess. The rest go on."

There was murmur over leaving her with us. The doctor whispered that some of them could wait below and he would, and we were enjoined to call if they were needed. A rug was spread close to the grave and she was gently settled on it. She looked like a little fragile brooding hen with loose black feathers.

WHEN she heard the carriages going away she spoke to us: "Now you two trot off and do what you like. I know these things don't mean much when you're young. Wouldn't asked you, but if somebody'd got to stay I did want some of my own—and I won't be long and there's cookies and milk at the house when we get back." She blinked her dry eyes up at us and her wrinkles meant to smile. "You're too grown up for cookies now, though, aren't you?"

It was I who said promptly, "Oh, no!" I mention that because from then on the honors were Charley Atlee's. We moved off as far as the other side of the knoll, where she couldn't see us, and I asked him what it was about the woman in the woods.

"Why, didn't you notice? She was there all the time, hanging around and watching."

His expression was as it had been during the service. With its help I made out his idea. "You don't think—?"

"Oh, probably not. Some friend that came late, or just a stranger rubbering. I don't suppose her name's Annersdale or anything like that."

I was glad I was up in Sunday paper scandal. "Annersdale" signified none of Uncle Amos' storied past, but a woman who, if the scandal was correct, had come face to face with a widowed queen across a dead king's bier. I said, as much like a connoisseur as I could, "She didn't look it."

"Can't always go by looks." His air of worldly wisdom was such a success that I dropped mine. It was no use to try to compete, in that frock coat.

Whatever her name was, she hadn't reappeared. I let imagination have its thrill. "If she had been some such person," I was beginning, "and had come—" when steps on the path behind us whirled us. She was coming.

IF I was upset, Charley Atlee was the man for the emergency. He presented himself in the path and asked if he could be of service.

"Was that Mr. Amos Robinson that was buried?"

Her voice was as disappointingly proper as everything else about her. Her black hat was watered-silk ribbon and straw in decorous combination, her pongee suit was tailor-made if I was any judge, her eyeglasses and their chain and pin alone would have certified character, her age was frank sixty, her hair was sedate, and she could have sat for a composite bust of all the buxom elder matrons among the King's Daughters in all the Methodist churches in the land.

Charley Atlee said, "It was."

"I thought it might be. I'm Mrs. Frederick G. Ostrander of Taber's Falls. That wouldn't mean anything to anyone here and wouldn't have to him. He only saw me once. He did me a kindness when I was a girl."

Charley Atlee said, "Indeed?" His inflections were just right. But she wasn't explaining in a hurry. She was quiet, amiable and assured without assurance, as though her turning up was the most natural thing in the world. She went on, "I was visiting in Reedville and saw the notice in the paper, and it didn't say if it was to be private, but I was going home to-day, and I thought I'd stop off and bring these."

They were garden roses, a handful of fine white ones with long stems.

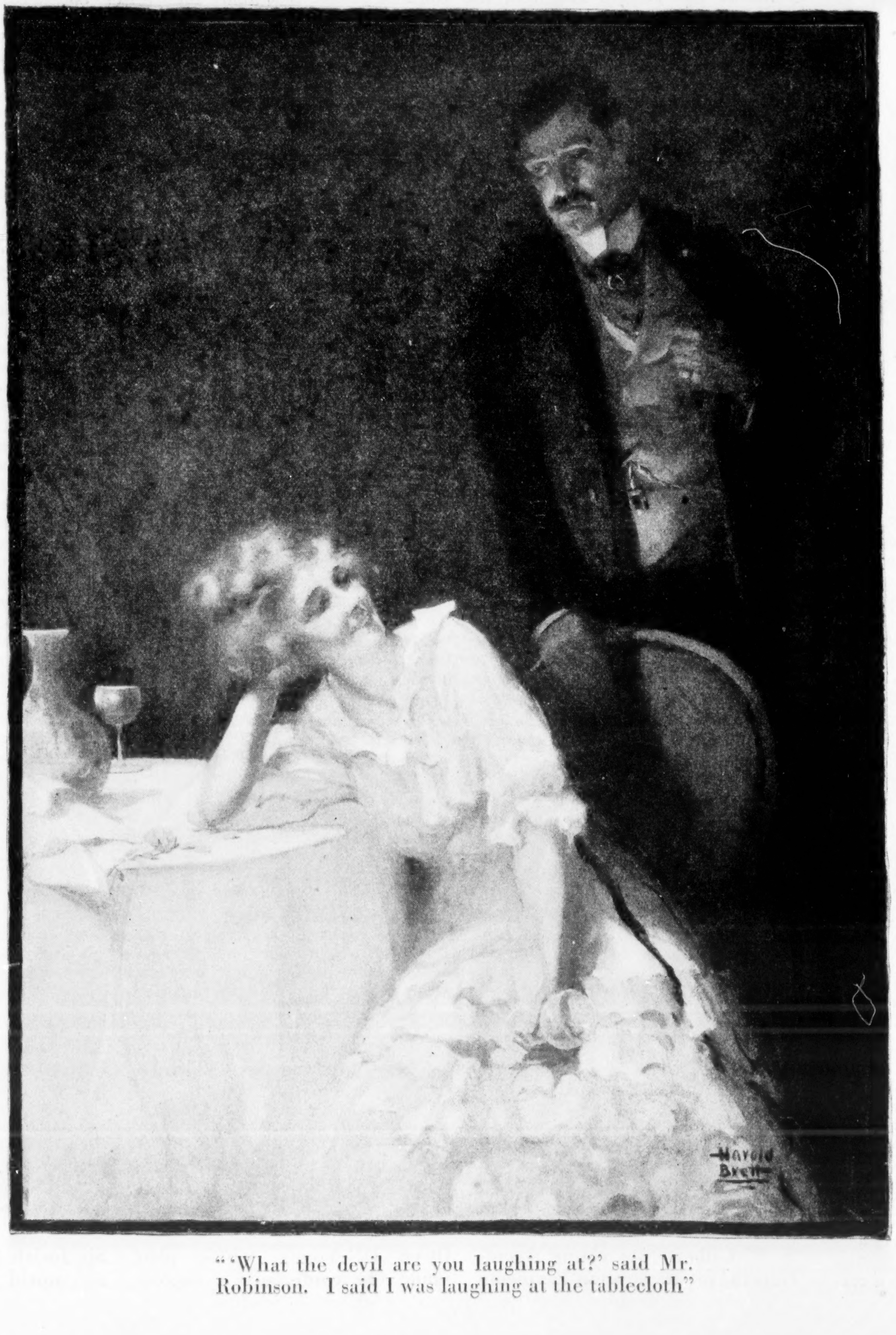
"Do you think it would be all right for me to put them on the grave?"

Charley Atlee thought perhaps she had better let him; Mrs. Robinson wasn't well and was still there.

Her pink face came open with friendly concern. She exclaimed, "Oh! I see!" in a whisper and it struck me that she did see—and not merely the mound of flowers that hid Aunt Naomi from her. "I didn't know; thought they'd all gone. It's hard for her, isn't it? Must be. So hot." She handed him the roses and was going.

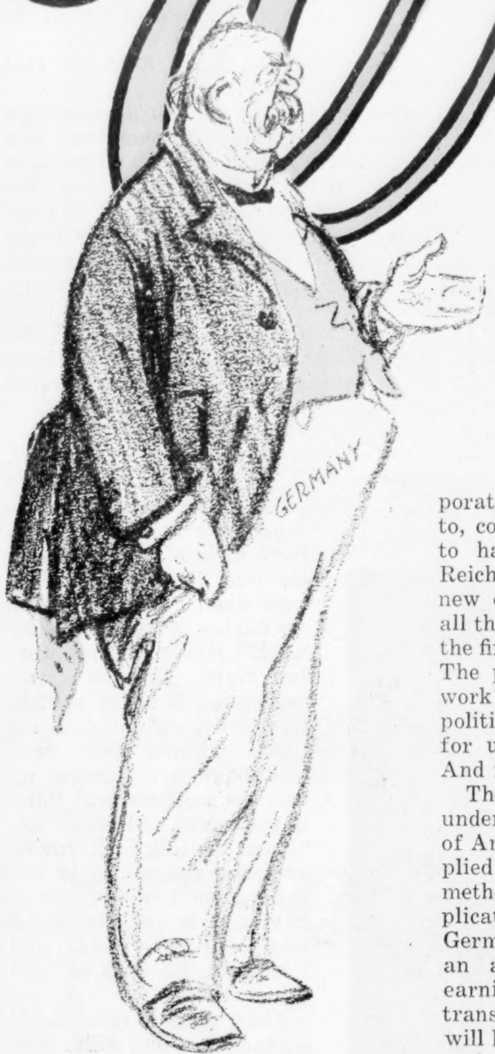
But Aunt Naomi, having heard the voices, lifted herself and looked across and sighed, "What is it, Charley?" She repeated it. Again with aplomb he did the right thing instantly; he captured the stranger's elbow, overcame her reluctance, and drew her forward. "Mrs. Ostrander says you won't remember her and Uncle Amos wouldn't, but he was kind to her years ago, and she's brought these. They're beautiful, aren't they?"

Aunt Naomi looked up dimly. "Kind to you? That was like him. Kind to everyone, always was. Beautiful, yes. I don't remember. Thank you." She put up her tremulous hands and (Continued on page 32)



"'What the devil are you laughing at?' said Mr. Robinson. I said I was laughing at the tablecloth"

Will the DAWES



THE future of the plan is in the hands of the men who operate it. No man can surely say either that it will succeed or that it will fail. It won't work on the record of the past, but the committee pins its faith on the promise of the future. At any rate, it is the first instance of American business methods being applied, by Americans who know those methods, to a vast international complication. And the plan is simple—Dawes, Young and Robinson saw to that in spite of the "help" of the diplomats. If the Dawes Plan works, will it involve us in European politics? Will it butter any parsnips for us? Whether it does or does not, what of it? Mr. Crowther here presents a clear view of the plan and its possibilities, and tells some of the intimate details of its evolution.

THE Dawes Committee, sitting as a committee of the whole with all the members present, had for two hours been listening to an able but highly technical financial report by an expert. Some of the committee followed the speaker for fifteen minutes; a few kept with him an hour; no one was with him at the finish.

Plainly, it was up to some member to say something of an intelligent nature, and more particularly it seemed to be up to General Dawes, the chairman, to make at least a few remarks. He—*thought heavily*. Then one of the Continental delegates rose gravely.

"Gentlemen," he began slowly, "this proposition reminds me of a ship. This ship, it has a captain. It has a crew—twelve men. This ship, it goes to sea. It is three hundred and eighty meters long. Question: How old is the captain?" He paused for a moment and beamed. "You do not know the answer? I'm surprised. The answer is so simple—it is two thousand miles."

And the committee, the tension broken, sat back and laughed. By unanimous consent the members agreed to hold over any discussion of that report until somebody had found out what it was about. It is not of record that anyone ever did.

The report of that committee embodied what is now called the "Dawes Plan," on the successful operation of which hangs much of the peace and prosperity of the world. The plan is now in full operation. Before Owen D. Young (who was chiefly responsible for the making of the plan and who remained abroad to launch it) left Germany last November, the enormous details involved in putting mortgages upon basic industries and in reorganizing the railroads from a state to a corporate ownership had all been attended to, collection agents had been installed to handle the pledged revenues, the Reichsbank had been revamped, and a new currency set up. What is more, all the payments due from Germany for the first year of the plan had been made. The plan is now being tried. Will it work? Will it involve us in European politics? Will it butter any parsnips for us? And if it does, what of it? And if it does not, what of it?

The Dawes Plan is something new under the sun. It is the first instance of American business methods being applied by Americans who know those methods to a vast international complication. It is an arrangement by which Germany will, during each year, pay an amount consonant with national earnings, and on a calculated scale to a transfer agent—S. Parker Gilbert—who will hold the money through a bank and make actual transfer of such amounts as may be paid without breaking German exchange. The moneys are to be raised in Germany in a variety of ways—through the earnings of the railways, through mortgages on industry and through taxes. The chief beneficiary of any transfers will be France on account of reparations.

The United States will share to a small extent on account of the cost of maintaining our troops at the Coblenz base as an army of occupation. Germany under the plan is expected to accumulate sums for payment on a gradually ascending annual scale until 1928, when the yearly quota will reach about a quarter of a billion dollars and continue around that figure for the life of the agreement, which is forty years. Those are the bare facts of the plan.

Enthusiasts have hailed the plan as an inspired thing, which would at once put the world to rights. The defeatists have assailed the plan as bunk. They declare, first, that Germany cannot pay the sums required; and, second, that, if the payments are made, they cannot be transferred to France, and that the net result of the plan will be only further to confound confusion. If Germany is to pay, then she must produce a surplus equal to the payments—and sell that surplus outside of Germany. Paying in gold is out of the question. The payments will have to be made in goods. And so the alarmists see a Germany flooding the world with goods and taking the bread out of the mouths of all other workers.

The committee, I happen to know, does not think of the plan as an inspired and perfect bit of machinery which will work without human aid. In fact, it thinks of the plan only as a reorganization project whose success depends entirely upon the skill of the administrators and the coöperation of the creditors with the debtor. The committee fully recognizes that, on the statistics of the past, the plan will not work; but (and this is where American spirit comes in) it refuses to believe that the statistics of the past are also the statistics of the future.

The problem of reparations, so it seemed to the Americans, was to create new production and new consumption and so raise the level of living throughout Europe that the payments would not bulk so large. It requires some imagination and resource even to understand the plan—which is why it is not understood.

This is a human plan and its success depends wholly on how the human beings involved carry it out. No man can surely say either that it will succeed or that it will fail. The future of the plan is in the hands of the men who operate it.

That is the essence of the plan. I know many of the intimate details of its evolution. Because they show something of how the men worked and what they were working for, they seem worth telling.

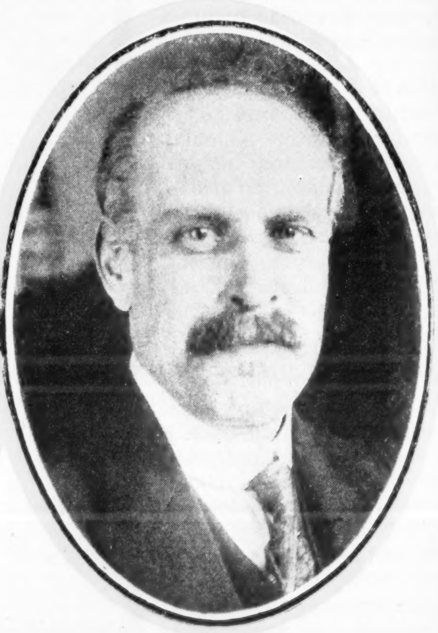
The Dawes Committee was the first body of men to drive a wedge of solid common sense through the treacherous morass of reparations into the solid ground beneath. It performed the first constructive act in Europe since the war, and did it because able and courageous business men of Europe were supported from start to finish by three capable Americans who refused to believe that common honesty and common sense could not bring about an agreement in any situation. They were able to get out into the open where things could be called by their real names; and this made an agreement on reasonable lines possible.

First sketch in the background. Dur-

©U. & U.

S. P. Gilbert, the young Agent-General for Reparation Payments

Owen D. Young, whose plan made the conference a success

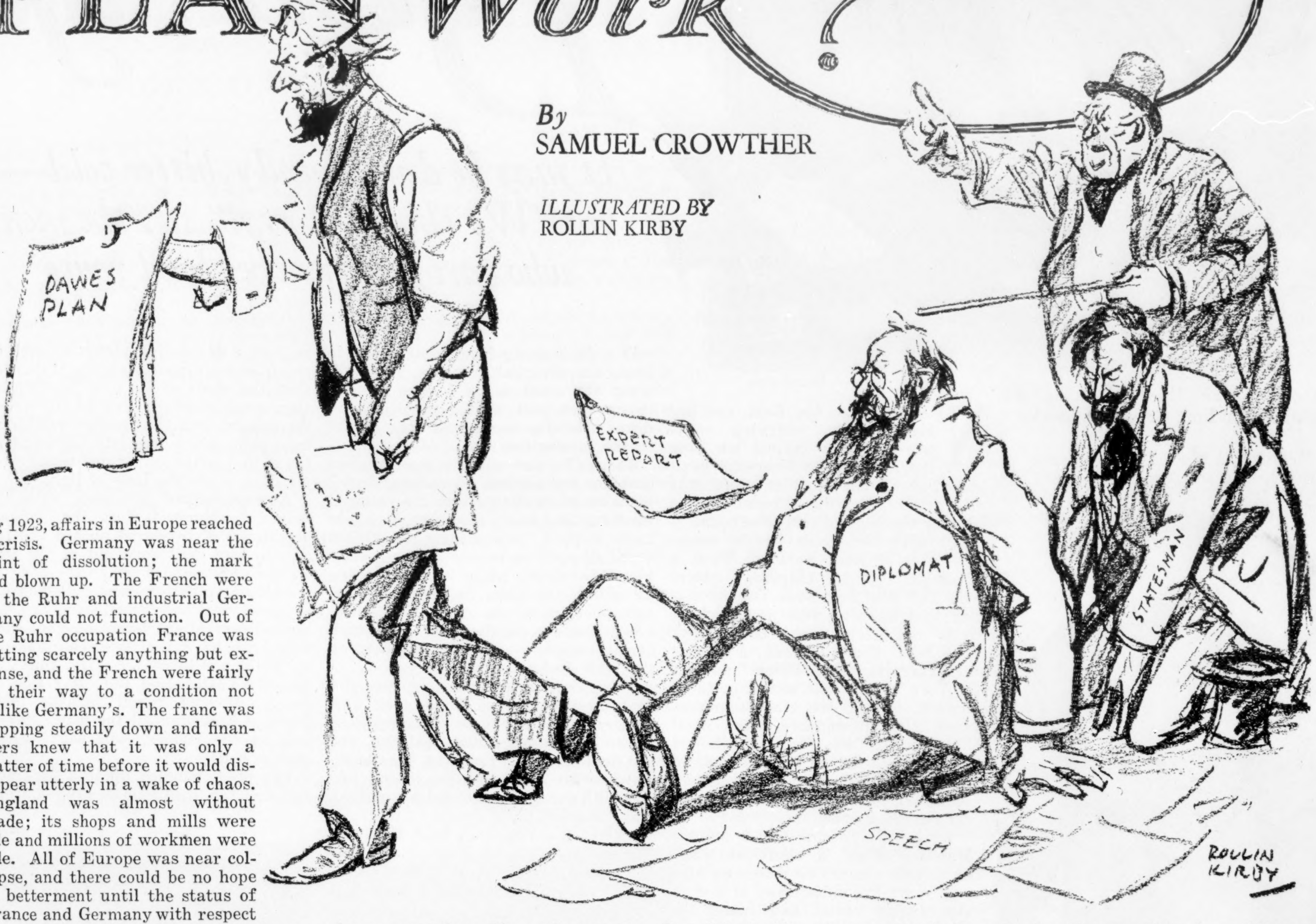


Sir Josiah Stamp, of Great Britain, world authority on taxation

PLAN Work?

By
SAMUEL CROWTHER

ILLUSTRATED BY
ROLLIN KIRBY



ing 1923, affairs in Europe reached a crisis. Germany was near the point of dissolution; the mark had blown up. The French were in the Ruhr and industrial Germany could not function. Out of the Ruhr occupation France was getting scarcely anything but expense, and the French were fairly on their way to a condition not unlike Germany's. The franc was slipping steadily down and financiers knew that it was only a matter of time before it would disappear utterly in a wake of chaos. England was almost without trade; its shops and mills were idle and millions of workmen were idle. All of Europe was near collapse, and there could be no hope of betterment until the status of France and Germany with respect to reparations was fixed. Nobody knew what to do.

Back in December, 1922, Secretary of State Hughes made a noteworthy address at New Haven, suggesting that the Reparations Commission invite a committee of experts to consider a method by which Germany could pay, and that some Americans be asked to help.

A suggestion from Secretary Hughes could not easily be overlooked, and the Reparations Commission finally invited England, France, Belgium and Italy to appoint delegates to an economic conference. Also they invited three Americans—Charles G. Dawes of Chicago, Owen D. Young of New York and Henry M. Robinson of Los Angeles—to sit as members of a committee of experts.

The diplomats sniffed—they did not know anything about Young or Robinson and they had heard of General Dawes only as a rough person. To-day they know that Dawes, Young and Robinson form the strongest team we ever entered in an international contest.

These three Americans are worth looking at. All three are college men, and all three are lawyers who left the practice of law to go into big business. Young is just fifty, while Robinson and Dawes are getting toward sixty. All three are country boys, descended from Revolutionary stock, who have made their own ways in life successfully. They have the common characteristic of being able to get things done; and there the similarity ends, for each gets his things done in his own particular way. Dawes is intolerant of stupidity and he will not stay when common sense leaves—he goes out in a blare of trumpets. Young is exceedingly patient; his great ability is to see, think and state facts clearly. Robinson is also a patient, quiet man with a rare way of keeping people happy and working with him.

The size of the job did not bother these men for a minute. They were used to big jobs.

General Dawes was born in Marietta, Ohio. He went to Marietta College and then to the Cincinnati Law School. He practiced law for some years in Lincoln, Neb. He had known William McKinley intimately in Ohio and when McKinley ran against Bryan in 1896 Dawes—who had moved to Evanston, a suburb of Chicago, where he has lived ever since—managed the Illinois campaign. Then, though only thirty-one, he became Comptroller of the Currency. He organized the Central Trust Company in Chicago with himself as president, and his bank has now become one of the most influential in the Middle West.

When the war opened he went—with the engineers. He became the chief purchasing agent for the A. E. F. and later for the entire Allied armies. President Harding asked him to become Secretary of the Treasury, but he declined and, instead, founded the Bureau of the Budget, in which in one year he saved the government nearly three hundred million dollars. He does not like bunk and expresses himself bluntly and courageously when he comes in contact with it. Now he is the Vice President of the United States.

Owen D. Young, the son of a New York upstate farmer, worked his way through St. Lawrence University and then through the Boston University Law School. He set up practice in Boston and the firm was soon Tyler & Young; there he attracted the attention of Charles A. Coffin, chairman of the board of the General Electric Company, who asked him to come into the legal department of the company as vice president. He steadily rose and, on Mr. Coffin's retirement, became the directing head of the company, the largest electrical manufacturing concern in the world.

Henry M. Robinson was born in Ohio, and his father, a lawyer, sent him to Cornell. He practiced law in Youngstown for ten years, from 1890, and then for five years more in New York City. At forty he retired and moved out to Pasadena.

Just by way of diversion he consented to sit on the board of a little bank in Pasadena—which was his downfall as far as retirement was concerned. Before long it was a big bank and soon he was president of the First National Bank of Los Angeles and doing big work up and down the whole Pacific coast. During the war he was right-hand man to Edward N. Hurley on the Shipping Board.

These Americans are typical Americans. They wanted to work. There was no retinue. They paid all their own expenses—they were not on a junket.

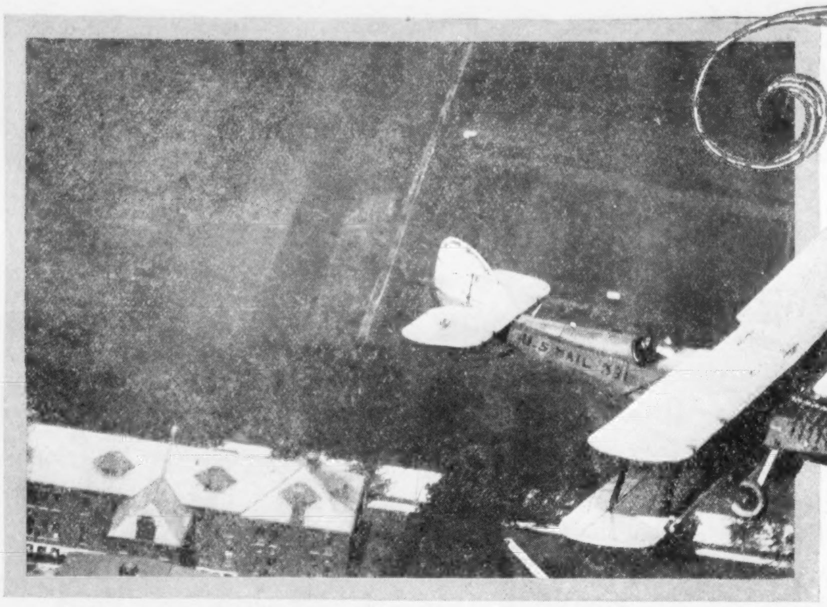
Going over on the ship they laid their plans. These plans were founded on the idea that Germany was a bankrupt corporation, that France was a nearly bankrupt creditor of this corporation and that, if the committee could be steered clear of politics, the situation could be worked out. So they decided to steer the committee clear of the great points of controversy. These points were the total amount of reparations which Germany could pay, the French occupation of the Ruhr, the interallied war debts, and the particular rights and wrongs of everybody. Mr. Young was responsible for most of this plan of procedure, and also he was responsible for another plan which did as much as anything to make the conference a success. He said, in substance, to his colleagues:

"We cannot do anything until the members of the committee have confidence in us and in each other. Let us try to do nothing at all for a week or ten days except get acquainted."

The committee held its first meeting. The leading men were Sir Josiah Stamp, a business man of distinction and a world authority on taxation; Sir Robert Kindersley, one of the directors of the Bank of England and governor of the Hudson's Bay Company; Senators Pirelli, the largest manufacturer in Italy and in some ways a man of the American type; and Professor Flora, professor of finance at the University of Bologna. France headed its delegation with M. Parmentier, probably the best man in all France for this particular commission. Although only a young man, he was the real head of the Bank of France during the war. As his running mate he had Professor Allix of the law faculty of the University of Paris. Then there were the two Belgian members, M. Emile Francqui and Baron Houtart; the former a business executive and banker of demonstrated ability; the latter, one of Belgium's foremost statesmen. (Continued on page 32)

Birds of

It may be dark, windy, bitter cold—
but "We should worry!" say the men
who carry on via the cloud route



One of the "birds" testing a plane over Fort Crook, Nebraska

NIGHT cloaked the East, and her black skirts, hurrying westward, already trailed low over the Kansas and Nebraska prairies. Beyond the Rockies there was still daylight and San Francisco was just over the edge of mid-afternoon.

High over the Great Divide, somewhere east of Rock Springs, Wyo., a microscopic speck, carrying letters which had left San Francisco at six-thirty that morning, was just drawing near to that belt of dark. In the thick of the dark, above Indiana, a similar speck, carrying mail which had left New York at ten that morning, raced westward, to pass the other sometime between midnight and two, over central Nebraska. It was this westbound bird we awaited, on the outskirts of Chicago, where the last desks were slamming shut and the last commuters hurrying home.

From the beacon tower on the Maywood Field a shaft of white light, which might be picked up fifty or seventy-five miles away in a clear sky, swung round and round the black sky. Up there a lookout was watching the east, to give warning when the incoming plane was sighted, call out the mechanicians, and flood the landing ground with light.

Outside the field manager's office a post office truck chugged drowsily. Inside, in the welcome steam heat, a brace of postal clerks from the downtown office waited in their overcoats. And at the desk telephone, which he had watched since seven that morning, was a pale, sharp-faced young man in khaki breeches, half air-man, half bird-man, who acted as the human link between this mail service of our humdrum everyday earth and that of the frosty, mysterious sky.

Just as he was, with his work-stained breeches and puttees, his rasping drawl, his look of needing sleep, his external boredom, and inside alertness, he might have stepped into a part in "What Price Glory?" or in one of those older pieces in which, while hell is popping all about, the pale, imperturbable telegrapher saves the day. There was everything but the dangling, slow-smoldering cigarette—and a rule posted on the wall forbade that.

From time to time the telephone jingled, as it had kept jingling all day, with radio and telephone messages from up and down the continental line, and the field manager, reaching for the receiver with one hand, for pencil and pad with the other, drawled his malevolent, "Hel-lo! . . ."

"Yep. . . . Yep. . . . Left Bryan at three-fifty-five. . . . Yep. . . . Who? Williams? . . . Yep. . . . Snow? . . . Yep. . . . Huh? How many? . . . Yep. . . . 'Bye! . . ."

The receiver banged on the hook. "Two sections out of Cleveland to-day. Second left there four-seventeen. Jerry'll have to go out to-night."

A gong clattered; somebody grunted, "Here he is, already!" Two or three mechanicians hurried out of the hangar adjoining, and from a little hut in the center of the flying-field, hidden in dark thus far, a blaze of white light suddenly flooded the snow.

Somewhere overhead the slithering roar of a descending plane; a speck of red from a starboard lamp as it turned; then the shaft of its own searchlight, then a splash of snow as its tail struck the ground, and the regular westbound mail ship, which had left Cleveland at three that afternoon, came taxiing toward us down the lane of light.

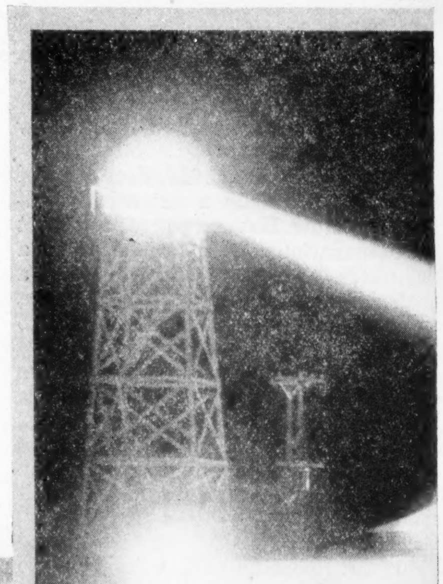
A mechanician at either wing tip helped to shunt it into the hangar, postal clerks clambered aboard and began to toss mail bags out of the forward cockpit, and down in the body of the ship a muffled-up pilot pulled off his goggles, stretched luxuriously, and described several short-arm punches with both arms by way of limbering up.

"Hello, you birds! . . . Hey, Bill! . . . Snow? Yeah. Just the other side of Gary. Dodged round by the lake. Damned headwind all the way. Say—look at the rudder, will you? She's stiff as hell! . . ."

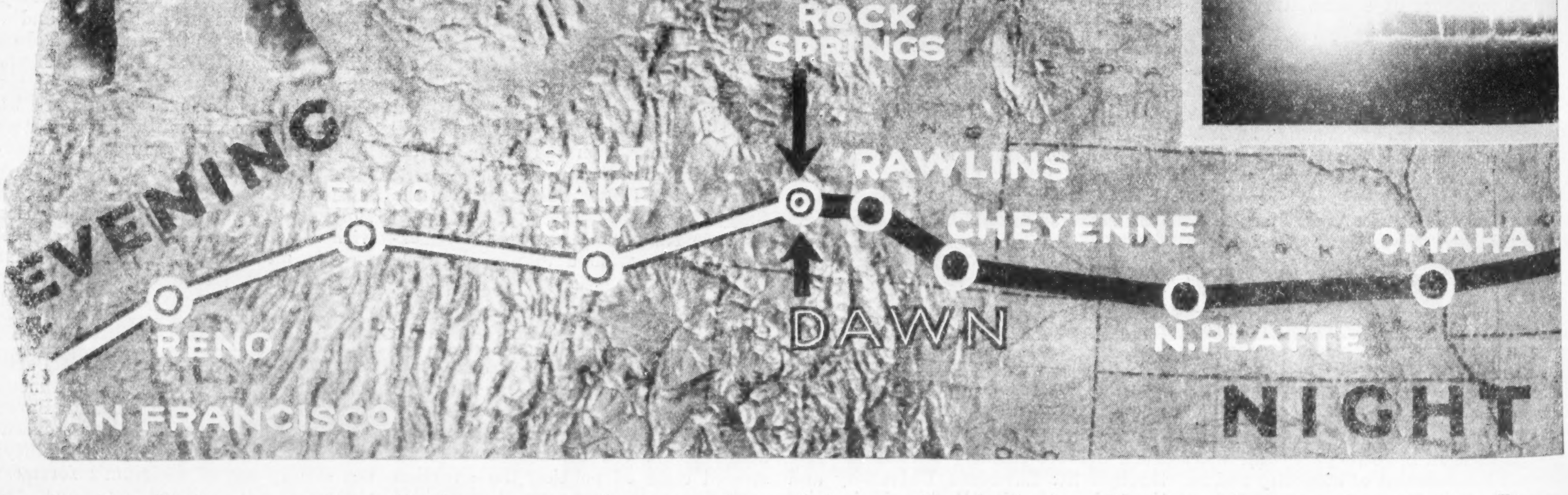
The pilot, bundled up in a fur-lined suit and fur-lined galoshes like a deep-

Pilot Collison, who has emerged unscathed from 35 forced landings on the Cheyenne-Rock Springs relay

Dewell



About every twenty miles a light like this—a 5,000,000-candle-power rotater—beckons to the pilot



Leaving New York at noon the mail plane pauses only to transfer mail bags at Cleveland, then flies on with the setting sun into Bryan.

the NIGHT MAIL

By ARTHUR RUHL

sea diver, with his parachute packed into a knapsack-like rectangle hanging by its harness down his back, crawled out of his nest, and, still lazily punching the air with short two-arm thrusts, shuffled round to the rudder. He leaned his weight against it and pushed.

"See that? Stiff as hell. She kinda grates when you try to turn her." He tried one of the guy-wires between the wings. "And tighten that up, too."

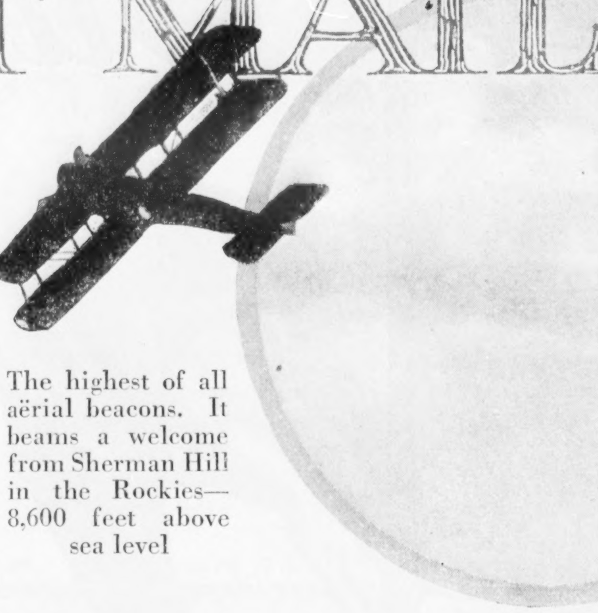
The mechanician wanted to know how he liked the cut of the cockpit rim now—was it low enough? No, it wasn't. Why couldn't you—and the pilot traced a line with his fur mitten—make it like that? The mechanician, respectful and solicitous, allowed that you could. "Well, do it then. I don't like that damned woodpecker's hole!"

That was all. No bands, no congratulations, though the pilot had just made a flight which would have been regarded as marvelous a dozen years ago; and, having thus attended to his ship and maintained his pilot's dignity, he scuffled over to the hot office like any trolley motorman turning in his time-card. The Chicago mail was already on its way uptown. The field manager, looking up from his reports, said "Hello!" and the pilot said "Hello!" too. Somebody tossed over a personal letter, which the pilot glared at absentmindedly, as, still punching the air now and then, he pulled off his fur-lined suit. Then, with stiff fingers, he opened a quite ordinary hand bag and took out a quite ordinary overcoat and brown felt hat. A moment later he was just one of many thousands of Chicago young men in store clothes, on their way home from work. . . .

Meanwhile, the Omaha plane, cleaned, oiled, filled, with wires tightened and everything shipshape and the Pacific mail aboard, was coughing and roaring at the edge of the hangar as it warmed up for flight. Another young man, just reversing the incoming pilot's motions, had climbed into his suit, pulled on a silk helmet that just left holes for his eyes and nose, and a fur-lined helmet over that, slipped the parachute harness over his shoulders, and settled himself in his nest.

A little preparatory roaring, then the blocks were knocked from under, and the great hawk scuttled over the snow. "*R-r-r-r. . . . R-r-r-r. . . . R-r-r-r! . . .*" Far across the field she took the air, off snapped her searchlight, a faint red spot showed as her port light swung round to the left, and the Pacific mail was on its way, just fifteen minutes after it had come in from the East.

This is what happens every evening at the Maywood Field, and has been happening since night flying was begun last summer, rain or shine, blow high, blow low. Early in the morning, when the eastbound mail goes through, the same act is played over again. There are no barracks on the almost empty prairie, and after the westbound ship is off, the field is like any factory after hours and the men scattered to their lodgings. Those who have homes go to them, but most of the pilots lodge at a queer little hotel close by the Northwestern tracks two miles away, where, in a rather dismal little office heated (as only Americans can heat) to resemble as nearly as possible a kiln for drying lumber, they drowse and smoke and talk shop, winds and snows and how they've dodged through them, engines and the slant of propeller blades, why can't we have a good low-priced commercial plane in this country, as they do abroad, and how the devil can a private owner pay $20,000 for a machine and expect to make any money out of it before she cracks up!

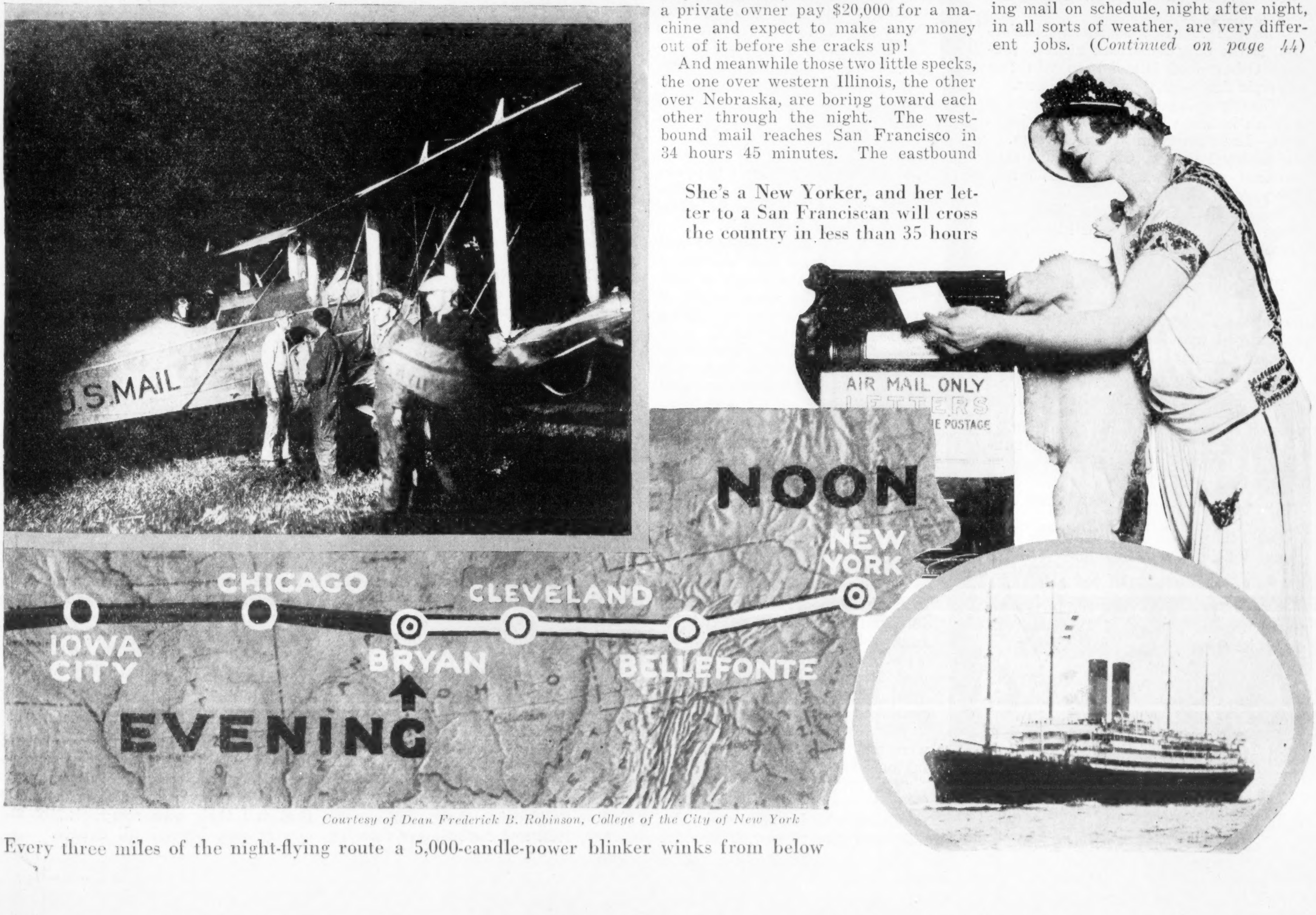


The highest of all aërial beacons. It beams a welcome from Sherman Hill in the Rockies—8,600 feet above sea level

And meanwhile those two little specks, the one over western Illinois, the other over Nebraska, are boring toward each other through the night. The westbound mail reaches San Francisco in 34 hours 45 minutes. The eastbound reaches New York in 31 hours 35 minutes. As each starts in the morning, about two thirds of the flight is through daylight, and if the course were represented on a relief map the two ends would both be in sunshine, while across the continent, between Indiana and Cheyenne, would lie a band of dark.

Across this band of dark, on the prairie floor far below the flyers, blinks a continuous line of lamps, and at intervals lighthouse beacons swing around or across the sky. In clear weather this is simple enough to follow, and compared with much of the combat flying during the war or with the long jumps of the round-the-world flyers the short two-hour hops into which the mail run is divided may seem easy enough. But doing an occasional "stunt" when you have to, and carrying mail on schedule, night after night, in all sorts of weather, are very different jobs. (*Continued on page 44*)

She's a New Yorker, and her letter to a San Franciscan will cross the country in less than 35 hours



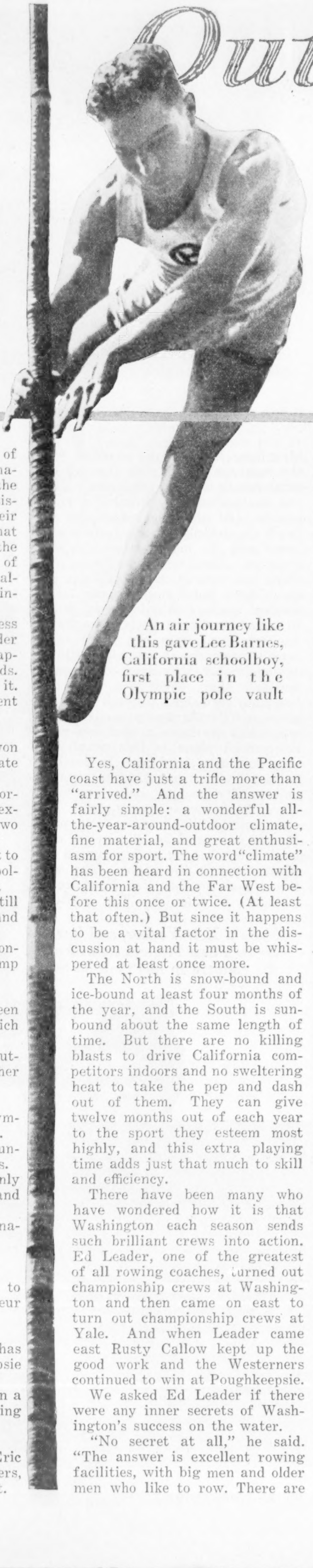
Courtesy of Dean Frederick B. Robinson, College of the City of New York

Every three miles of the night-flying route a 5,000-candle-power blinker winks from below

They grow big men on the Pacific slope—the kind of men who make great athletes. And they are doing their share—rather more than their share—in a world where speed and strength and grit count most. Let's take a look at their record, and their brightest stars.

Out where the RECORDS Swell

By GRANTLAND RICE



An air journey like this gave Lee Barnes, California schoolboy, first place in the Olympic pole vault

THOSE who believe that most of the athletic greatness of the nation is to be found between the Atlantic Ocean and the Mississippi River will have to readjust their minds and take another look. And that look will have to swing on west to the Pacific slope, where all-star athletes of both sexes are now about ready to challenge the country at large with an increasing supply of talent.

The growth of competitive greatness along that long, narrow Pacific border has been one of the most brilliant chapters ever placed among the records. There has been nothing to surpass it. Here are just a few of the succulent statistics:

Track and Field

The University of California has won three out of the last four intercollegiate championships.

Clarence Houser, southern California, is the only American athlete (except Osborne of Illinois) to win two Olympic firsts—shot put and discus.

The Olympic pole vault was fought to a finish between two California schoolboys—Lee Barnes and Glen Graham.

Charley Paddock, California, is still national sprint champion at 100 and 220 yards.

Rose and Beeson, Californians, continue to hold shot put and high jump records.

Football

The University of California has been unbeaten for five years, a record which includes all intersectional battles.

Stanford was the only team to outrush and outpass Notre Dame and her Four Horsemen.

Tennis

Miss Helen Wills, California, is Olympic and American women's champion.

William M. Johnston has been runner-up to Tilden five successive years.

Miss Mary K. Browne is the only woman who is a star in both tennis and golf championships.

The Kinsey brothers hold the national doubles championship.

Golf

George Von Elm was runner-up to Bobby Jones, winner of the amateur championship.

Rowing

The University of Washington has been the winner at the Poughkeepsie regatta for the last two years.

Ed Leader of Washington has been a big factor in Yale's remarkable rowing success.

Polo

The Midwick team—of which Eric Pedley, one of the world's star players, is a member—ranks with the best.

Yes, California and the Pacific coast have just a trifle more than "arrived." And the answer is fairly simple: a wonderful all-the-year-around-outdoor climate, fine material, and great enthusiasm for sport. The word "climate" has been heard in connection with California and the Far West before this once or twice. (At least that often.) But since it happens to be a vital factor in the discussion at hand it must be whispered at least once more.

The North is snow-bound and ice-bound at least four months of the year, and the South is sunbound about the same length of time. But there are no killing blasts to drive California competitors indoors and no sweltering heat to take the pep and dash out of them. They can give twelve months out of each year to the sport they esteem most highly, and this extra playing time adds just that much to skill and efficiency.

There have been many who have wondered how it is that Washington each season sends such brilliant crews into action. Ed Leader, one of the greatest of all rowing coaches, turned out championship crews at Washington and then came on east to turn out championship crews at Yale. And when Leader came east Rusty Callow kept up the good work and the Westerners continued to win at Poughkeepsie.

We asked Ed Leader if there were any inner secrets of Washington's success on the water.

"No secret at all," he said. "The answer is excellent rowing facilities, with big men and older men who like to row. There are ideal rowing arrangements right at the university. The students, on the average, are larger than those in the East and they are somewhat older. The average age of an Eastern crew is from one to two years below that of the average Washington eight. A year or two makes quite a difference in stamina, and obviously stamina is essential in rowing. Somewhat older men are better in long-distance running races and somewhat older men are sure to be more consistent in rowing. A younger crew will have its big day, but there will be a lack of the same consistent effort."

Ed Leader and Rusty Callow, both Washington graduates, have been the two most successful crew coaches in the country the past two years. Ed Leader last year carried his Yale eight to victory against the Navy, Harvard and the pick of European crews in the Olympic test upon the Seine.

California has always felt that her football stars have not received due acclaim through the Middle West and the East. There was little mention made of any individual talent through the playing season, but after intersectional games with Syracuse, Missouri, Pennsylvania and Notre Dame the midwinter atmosphere was rife with the praise of many stars. Knute Rockne, Chick Meehan and Young had high praise for Norman Anderson, Lawson, Ernie Nevers, Trapnell, Horrell, Imlay and others who compared favorably with any stars they had seen—big, fast men who knew football and who fought to the limit.

The University of California has faced hard competition for the past five years, including contests with Ohio State, W. and J. and Pennsylvania, all unbeaten teams until they struck the coast. (The score in the W. and J. game was 0-0.) To finish five seasons of modern, uncertain football without the loss of a game is proof that California has exceptional material, ably coached.

There was not so much heard of Brick Muller in the East, and yet as fine a judge as Jack Wilce of Ohio State told us that Muller was one of the great ends of all time, on even terms with Hinkey, Shevlin or any others who have moved along the highway of fame.

California's contribution to track and field has been even more notable than its football growth. The shot put and the high jump records held by Rose and Beeson, two Californians, have never been equaled in competition. Certainly no one has ever run faster than Charley Paddock from 100 to 300 yards. Along this line California's three-year victory in 1921, 1922 and 1923 (after crossing the continent) in the intercollegiate championships stands as a remarkable achievement because it is none too easy to condition men 3,500 miles away from their base.

California's showing in tennis is probably the most remarkable record of all. It was Maurice McLoughlin, "the Comet," who first lifted tennis to high national favor and proved the brightness of its competitive flame. Since McLoughlin won the national championship in 1912 a Californian has always gone through to the final round. This record has been made for thirteen years without a lapse.

Johnston conquered Tilden in 1919, but from that point he found the tall and agile Philadelphian more than he could handle, although on at least two occasions he gave Tilden a battle to the closing second of a five-set match.

Following the example set by May Sutton in 1904 and Mary K. Browne in 1912, 1913 and 1914, Helen Wills stepped forward two years ago to regain women's supremacy for the Pacific slope. As Miss Wills has managed to win the United States National and the Olympic titles before she was nineteen years old, there is every prospect that she will sit upon the throne for many years to come.

On the Way to Greater Glory

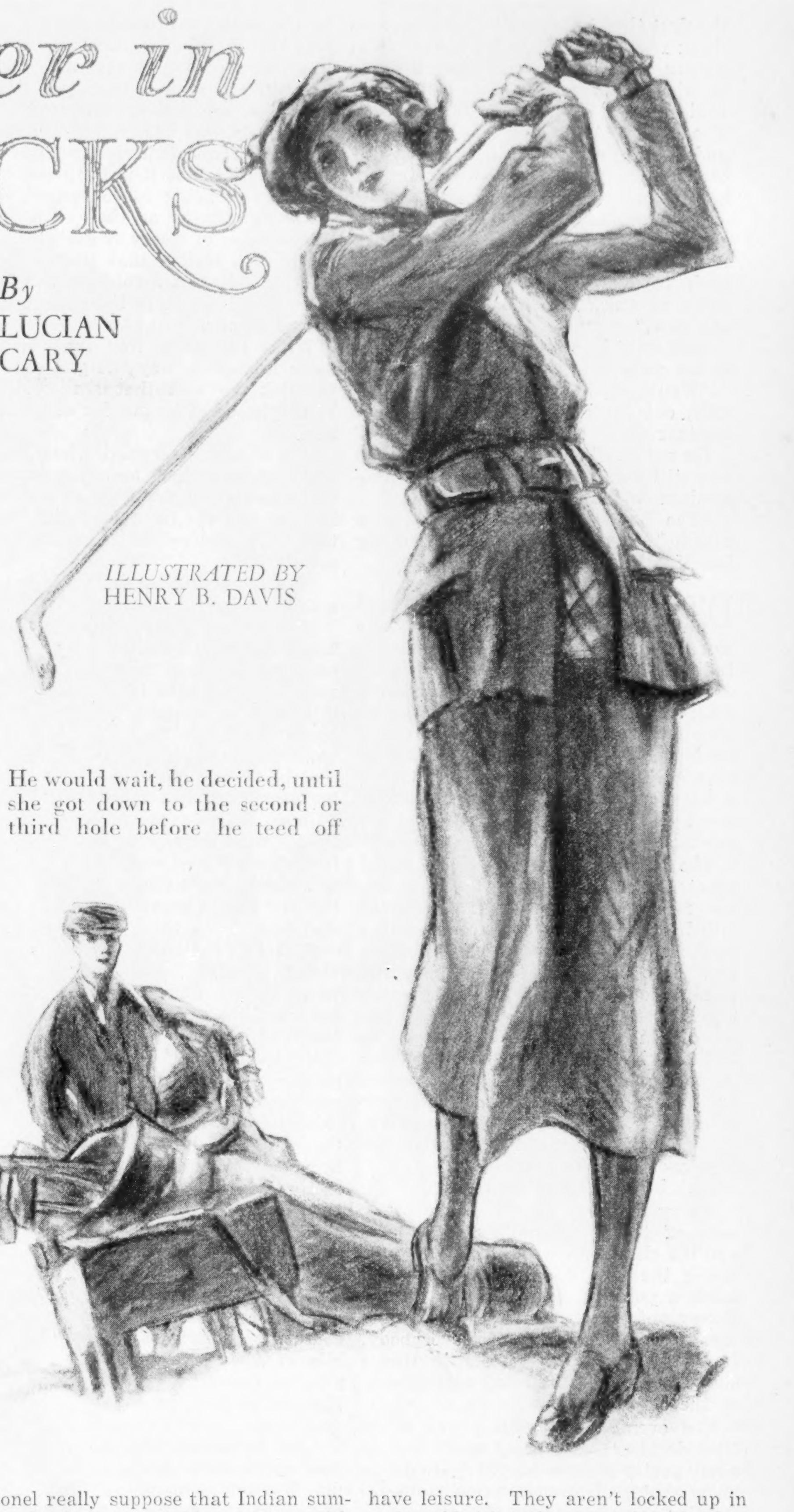
THE Pacific slope's advance in golf has not quite matched the tennis triumph. Dr. O. F. Willing has had a fine record as a member of the Walker Cup team, and last fall George Von Elm cut his way through to the final frame before he fell before the flawless golf of Bobby Jones. With George Von Elm, Willie Hunter, Dr. Paul Hunter, Dr. O. F. Willing, and other stars, including several promising youngsters on the way up, coast golf is well taken care of.

The Pacific coast is on its way to even greater athletic glory. There is now enough competition to be found between Los Angeles and Seattle to provide the tests needed for greater development. The material, the climate, and the enthusiasm are there, and with these factors are some of the finest coaches and trainers in the game—such men as Andy Smith, Pop Warner, Walter Christie, Rusty Callow and others who belong with the elect.

The Pacific coast arrived some time ago. It is not any sudden upheaval. It merely happens that at last the remainder of the country is beginning to appraise records and performances that tell their own story cleanly and clearly and beyond all debate.

A New Yorker in the STICKS

By LUCIAN CARY



He would wait, he decided, until she got down to the second or third hole before he teed off

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY B. DAVIS

DICK WATSON was one of those almost fabulous New Yorkers who do not come from the Middle West. He had been born on Manhattan Island and gone down East to college and been graduated into the offices of the great advertising firm of Shotwell & Orme. After his family moved to Boston he lived in a bachelor apartment in West Forty-fifth Street, and seldom went north of Sleepy Hollow or east of Shinnecock. He had never been west of the Hackensack meadows.

And so, though he wasn't quite thirty, he could remember the days of the Café Martin and Weberfields; the old "Sun" and the new subway; hansom cabs and Floradora and the cocktail hour at the Holland House.

But he couldn't remember walking home from a high-school dance of a moonlight night in spring and lingering at the front gate until somebody in a nightshirt threw up a second-story window and said: "Mabel, you come in the house." He didn't know what coeducation was like.

He was a young man who worked hard from Monday morning to Saturday noon; who played golf almost every week-end from Easter to Christmas and sometimes later; and who did not wear his dinner jacket once a month or wake up with a hangover once a year.

ONE consequence of his New York innocence was that he referred to that portion of the United States which does not adjoin the Atlantic Ocean as "the sticks." This did not mean that he thought the greater portion of the United States did not exist. As an advertising man he knew who bought the breakfast foods and the soaps and the heating plants he wrote about. It meant merely that he believed the people out there were very different in their ideas and manners and morals from the people he was used to. And this belief was fostered by everything he read and heard about them.

When Dick got a formal offer of sixty-five hundred a year to become advertising manager of the Belleville Knitting Mills out in Indiana, he thought exactly what any other young man bright enough to hold a hundred-dollar-a-week job with Shotwell & Orme would have thought. He thought: "That's twenty-five dollars a week more than I'm getting now; here's where I pry a raise out of the colonel."

Colonel Shotwell had white mustaches and shaggy black eyebrows. He looked so much like a pirate that it was seldom necessary for him to act like one. He was like a father to his bright young men. When they made one of those mistakes that bright young men do somehow contrive to make, even in the offices of Shotwell & Orme, the colonel was more free than most employers dare to be with that gorgeous part of our language that is spoken but not printed. What Colonel Shotwell said when the top line announcing the new Van Sickle six got printed as "The New Van Sickle Sick Car" made what General Sherman said about his march to the sea sound pale and colorless. Between times the colonel was more sympathetic than most employers dare to be.

Dick approached the colonel with a certain guile. He felt like a boy trying to wangle pocket money out of his father. But he did not lie. That is, he did not tell a single flat falsehood. He had no intention of exchanging the New York he knew and loved, or the little group of serious golfers with whom he spent his week-ends, for the best job in Indiana. He did not imagine he could delude the colonel into believing he could be lured into the sticks. Nevertheless, he put as much enthusiasm as he could into his tone when he told the colonel the facts about the knitting mills' offer.

Colonel Shotwell heard him out. When Dick paused the colonel leaned back in his chair and half shut his eyes. This was disconcerting. The colonel's eyes were usually wide open.

"Well, Dick," he said, "how do you feel about it?"

Dick swallowed once, for he was a modern young advertising man and felt uncomfortable at the thought of so much as shading the truth.

"I think that perhaps I—I ought to take it," he said.

The colonel sat up; his feet came down on the floor and his hand came down on the desk.

"And lucky to have the chance," he said. He glanced sharply at Dick from under his shaggy brows. "I didn't know you had that much sense!" he finished.

Dick gulped twice and said nothing.

"Have you ever been in Indiana?" the colonel asked.

"No," said Dick.

"I was born and raised in Indiana," Colonel Shotwell said proudly. "Sometimes I wish to heaven I'd never left it. You've no idea how simple and how charming life is in Indiana. It's idyllic. I've never happened to be in Belleville. But I know what it's like. Let me picture it for you.

"The best residence street is a wide dusty avenue"—the colonel looked out of the window at the tides of traffic flowing past the bronze traffic tower at Forty-second Street—"twice as wide as Fifth Avenue. Three times as wide. And yet the elm trees are so big that their branches meet overhead. And the houses—they're homes, you know, real homes—are set well back from the street with wide lawns and a winding gravel drive leading back to the carriage house." The colonel chuckled. "And the biggest and finest house in town, one of those enormous places with a mansard roof and a cupola, will likely have a cast-iron deer in the front yard.

"This time of year they'll be raking the leaves all over town and burning them. There's no smell in the world like the smell of burning leaves, Dick. And Indian summer! There's no season anywhere in the world so lovely as Indian summer in Indiana."

The colonel paused and leaned back in his chair and smiled as men smile when they permit their minds to dwell on the infinite charm of the past. Dick said nothing. He could only picture the long hole at Deep Harbor on that Indian summer afternoon two years back when he had got on the green in four and holed out in five. Did the colonel really suppose that Indian summer in Indiana could compare with Indian summer in Connecticut?

"Do you know what sugar-tree molasses is, Dick?" the colonel asked.

"No," said Dick.

"Maple syrup. The farmers bring it in along in February and March. They call it sugar-tree molasses—and how good it is with pancakes of a sharp spring morning!"

THE colonel smiled fondly over the crowding memories of his past.

"Dick," he asked, "did you ever wake up of a morning in spring and hear a calf bawl for his mother?"

"Calves bawl just the same in Westchester or Connecticut or Long Island as they do in Indiana," Dick said bitterly.

But the colonel did not hear him or note the bitterness of his tone.

"Ah, Dick," the colonel continued, "you must go out there and see what it's like to live simply and slowly and easily—as they know how to live out there. Those people have homes. They have leisure. They aren't locked up in a city of brick and stone and steel. They know the weather and the seasons and the fruits thereof." The colonel waved his hand at the flood of cars and busses and taxicabs in the avenue below. "Out there they are untouched by this hectic New York thing. They're closer to the earth. They're good. They don't make a mock of the real things of life—they take the real things seriously. And if you watch your step and don't rub in the fact that you are a New Yorker and don't act like one of these blasé, sophisticated, disillusioned, gin-hunting jazz hounds, you'll find them the finest people in the world."

Dick would have liked to ask the colonel if he thought a gin-hunting jazz hound would be doing the Deep Harbor course under eighty. But there is no use arguing with a fixed idea.

"Of course," he said mildly, "I do have to think of the business end of it—whether I'll get out of step if I go out there."

"Out of step!" Colonel Shotwell roared. "Why, you'll get in step for the first time in your life. Who do you think reads our advertisements? Who do you think we're trying to sell goods to when we buy space in a magazine? Indiana, my boy. The Middle West. The heart of the country. Go out there and learn to see life as they see it. Get to know the people who own their own homes and walk downtown of Saturday afternoons to shop and say 'Howdy, brother' to a stranger when they meet him on the street. When you come back to New York you'll be worth twice as much to the business as you are now."

Dick went back to his office and spoke to his secretary.

"Would you mind looking up Belleville, out in Indiana, and finding out whether there is a golf course there?"

He sat staring at the calendar. He was still staring when she laid a memorandum on his desk. It read:

"The Belleville Country Club has a nine-hole course laid out in 1908 by Ian MacDonald."

DICK wondered, that first afternoon in Belleville, just how long it was since Colonel Shotwell had been in Indiana. Crawford Avenue wasn't dusty. It had long since been paved with brick. It wasn't three times as wide as Fifth Avenue either. It was hardly wide enough for the stream of cars going out to the country club of a Saturday night. Only the boarding house of the Misses Smith reflected the colonel's past.

The Misses Smith had served baked potatoes for breakfast every morning for forty years. The Misses Smith still honored the old custom of putting up their own preserves—pickled peaches and apple butter and quince honey and watermelon rind and spiced cherries. The Misses Smith knew, as only one woman in a hundred knows, even in Indiana, how to make baking-powder biscuits and serve them with honey. Dick had a great square room with four windows looking out on Crawford Avenue and three large meals a day for twenty-one dollars a week.

Dick began to feel rich.

Henry Jenkins, who was vice president of the Belleville Knitting Mills and the chap with whom Dick was outlining the new advertising campaign, made a point of looking out for Dick. Henry put him up at the country club. Henry introduced him to everybody. Henry gave a dinner party in Dick's honor before the Saturday-night dance at the club.

The evening was still young when Dick decided that he had never met so many pretty girls in his life. He didn't know that girls always seem more attractive to a young man the moment he makes what he thinks is enough money to marry on—whether that's a hundred dollars a month or two thousand. Besides, he had never known what it was to be a knock-out—never except on the Saturday night after he had done Deep Harbor in 74 and beaten Jim Graham one up and two to play. Within an hour he got invitations to six dinners, four teas, three dances, two football games, and a breakfast. He didn't remember to watch his step. He behaved exactly as he had behaved at Deep Harbor the night after that 74.

He danced in turn with each of the four exceptionally pretty girls in Henry's party and then he concentrated on Bernice Hunter. She danced beautifully. She danced as only a girl can dance who loves to dance and knows she dances well. She was that tall, blue-eyed, black-haired type he had always liked.

It followed that when the party broke up, Henry and Adelaide Price and Bernice and Dick got into Henry's car. And going home in Henry's car, sitting in the back seat beside Bernice, Dick was the vicitm of a phenomenon which has been recorded by several observers, but which has never been, perhaps can never be, adequately described.

Anybody who has ever experienced it will understand it perfectly. But some people insist that it is not possible for one human being to communicate the simplest idea to another without the intervention of words or gestures. Such people will believe that Dick imagined it or that it was a coincidence or that there had been more than one cocktail before dinner.

What happened was that in some quite intangible way the girl conveyed to Dick the idea that she would not be displeased if he put his arm around her.

It was only afterward, when Bernice and Adelaide had been deposited at their respective front doors and Dick had got into the front seat with Henry, that Dick realized he had committed a social error.

"I see," Henry said, "that you are a fast worker."

Dick did not reply to this remark. He laughed it off. But it troubled him just the same. It set him to thinking. He remembered for the first time that evening that he was no longer in New York but in Indiana, where everything was different. In Indiana a kiss was undoubtedly a promise. He hadn't meant anything—not a thing—at least not anything special. But what if she thought he had? He couldn't laugh that off.

He decided that the proper thing to do was to go a little slow. He decided that the next time he met her he would be perfectly friendly and—pass on. He decided that he would get up early the next morning, before anybody was about, and have a try at the Belleville course. His original idea of a worth-while year in Belleville, the idea of putting on a smashing campaign for the knitting mills and learning the Middle Western consumers' slant and getting a little more back spin in his pitch shots, was the right idea.

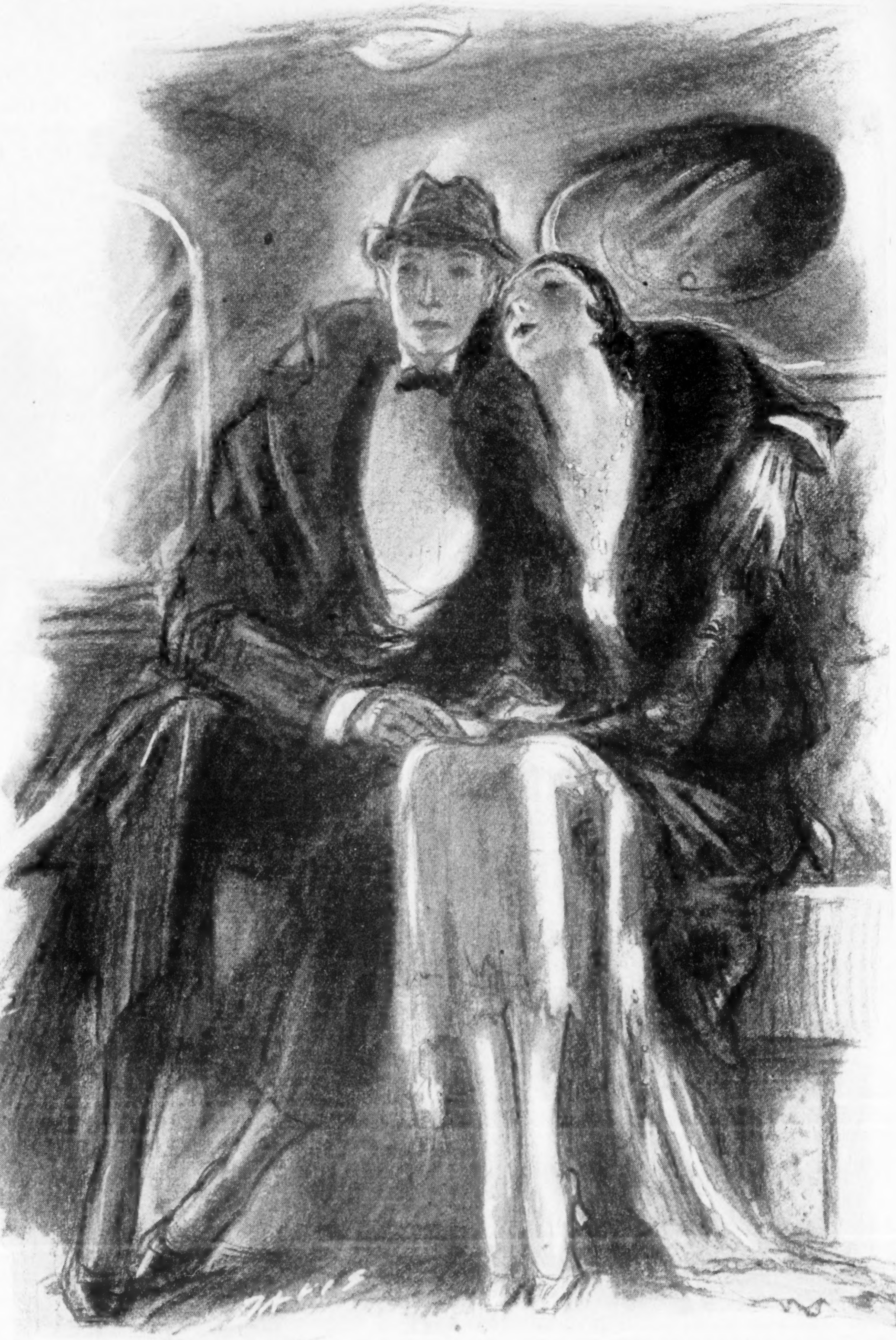
The trouble was that he slept later than usual the next morning and just as he was slipping out to a car he had hired to take him to the club, Henry arrived to warn him that he hadn't time to play a round before he was due at the Prices' for luncheon. And the next afternoon, as he was hurrying down Crawford Avenue on his way from his office to his golf clubs, he ran into Bernice Hunter. She took his arm with that subtly proprietary air that is so flattering and so fearsome to a man of thirty and remarked that he was going home to tea with her.

She led him down Crawford Avenue to the enormous pile of red brick with stone trimmings in the Georgian manner where she lived and gave him tea and scones and cakes and cinnamon toast in an atmosphere of great luxury. Her mother came down for tea. And while they were talking, her father, who was president of the bank and one of the directors of the knitting mills, came in. Dick found himself asked to dinner in the hospitable Hoosier fashion. It was half past eleven when he got home.

NO GIRL had ever been quite so nice to him before. Just what did she mean and just what did she think? He wished she had made some casual reference to the episode in Henry's sedan, so they could have laughed it off together. But she hadn't remotely referred to it. It was as if it had never been. Only it had been. Did she take it for granted that he was practically hers? Or what? He wished to heaven he knew somebody in the community to whom he could talk, somebody of whom he could ask questions, somebody who would put him on to the way life was lived in Indiana, and precisely what were the serious things of life that they took seriously. But he could not talk to Henry. He suspected Henry of being the town's popular bachelor and a man who loved a joke too well to take anything seriously if it could be taken any other way.

He hadn't much time to think. He was in conference at the office until nearly six on Tuesday afternoon. He had to hurry home in order to dress for dinner at the Lees'. Mr. Lee owned the gas company and was one of the directors of the knitting mills. Laura Lee had a reputation for pulling good lines. The Lees lived in an Italianate palace of Indiana limestone on Crawford Avenue.

The dinner party included Henry and Adelaide, but not Bernice. Dick felt a momentary relief. But he was soon busy listening to Laura Lee. Her lines had the cryptic quality of family jokes. You felt that if you had only been a member of the (*Continued on page 40*)



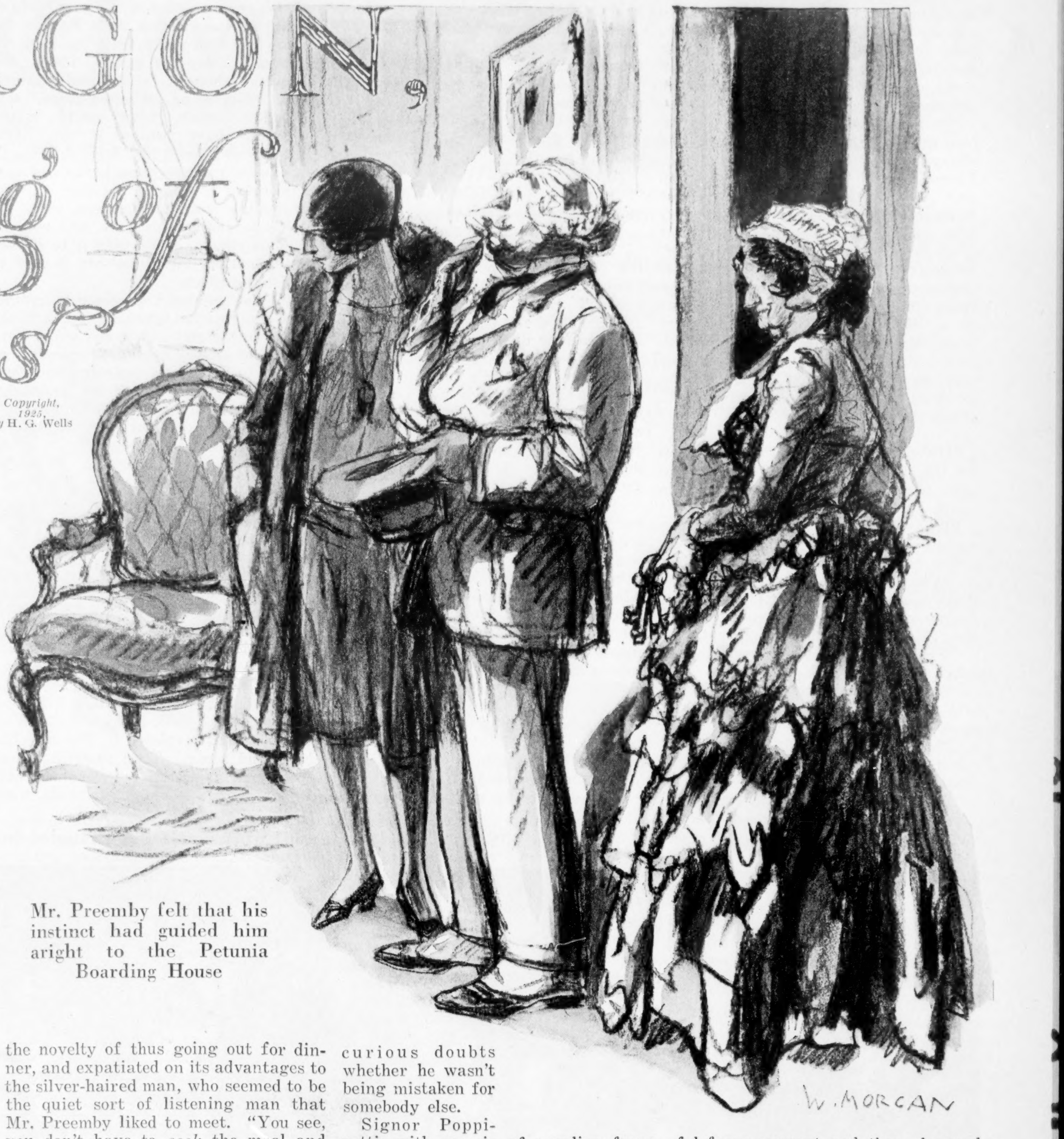
Going home with Laura Lee, he intended to be discreet. But he was not used to being treated like the Prince of Wales

SARGON, King of Kings

Copyright, 1925, by H. G. Wells

By H. G. WELLS

ILLUSTRATED BY
WALLACE MORGAN



Mr. Preemby felt that his instinct had guided him aright to the Petunia Boarding House

Chapter III

BUT now appeared a newcomer, and life was made uncomfortable and complicated for Christina Alberta again by the presence of Mr. Teddy Winterton's candid insincerity. His graceful body, his movements, his voice, stirred her senses as she hated them to be stirred; his quiet impudence invaded her sense of humor; he wounded her pride, and she longed to be even with him. She had no power over him, and he behaved as if he owned her. She was always letting him go just a little too far. When he was about, her nose cast a shadow that reached to her horizon. He stood now in the doorway—trousers of one pattern of tweed, waistcoat of another, Norfolk jacket of a third, extensively unbuttoned in the accepted student style, and he watched Mr. Preemby carry his collection of roc's bones, found near Staines, across the studio on a tea tray. His eyes were round with surprise and amusement; his mouth said noiselessly: "What is it?"

Christina Alberta was not going to have her Daddy laughed at by any Teddy Winterton. "Mr. Winterton," she said, "this is my father."

"I'll just get rid of my bones," said Mr. Preemby, "an' then I'll shake hands."

"We'll just finish up Mr. Preemby's things and then we'll all go round to Poppinetti's to get some dinner," said Fay. "There's hardly anything left to unpack now."

"Just one or two Antediluvium bones," said Mr. Preemby.

Teddy seized upon one. "This," he said, inspecting it, "is a fossil rhinoceros thigh bone from the Crag."

"It's an Antediluvium horse," said Mr. Preemby.

"Forgive me! It's a rhinoceros bone!"

"Horses had rhinoceros bones in those days," said Mr. Preemby. "And the rhinoceroses—! They were incredible. If I had one, I shouldn't have anywhere to put it."

Mr. Preemby was extracted from his overall and restored to the black coat and the gray felt hat with the black band. He became one of a straggling party that went out of Lonsdale Mews to a little Italian restaurant in the King's Road. Three neighbors of the Crumbs mixed themselves up with the party, a very quiet man with silver hair and a young man and a dusky girl.

Mr. Preemby was much impressed by the novelty of thus going out for dinner, and expatiated on its advantages to the silver-haired man, who seemed to be the quiet sort of listening man that Mr. Preemby liked to meet. "You see, you don't have to *cook* the meal and you don't have to lay the table, and afterwards, naturally, there isn't any washing up. But I expect it comes more expensive."

The silver-haired man nodded intelligently. "Exactly," he said.

Harold Crumb overheard this. "Expensive," he said, "it isn't. No. Every other crime Poppinetti can commit, but that is barred by the circumstances of his clientele. He feeds us on stolen pigeons, his *dinde* is guinea pig, his beef, *a l'omnibus;* what he minces God knows. But, you see, you don't *think* about his ravioli, you eat 'em, and they're damned good. There are always flowers on the table and an effect of inexpensive refinement. You will see. You will see."

Mr. Preemby saw. Poppinetti was a small man, but carefully modeled on Caruso, and he received his large party with the deference of a diplomatist and the effusion of a geyser. He was particularly gracious to Mr. Preemby, bowing profoundly to him, and saluting him with great richness subsequently whenever he caught his eye. He seemed to Mr. Preemby to spend the rest of their time together going to remoter and remoter parts of the restaurant in order to catch Mr. Preemby's eye and bow and smile to him from greater and greater distances. Mr. Preemby had curious doubts whether he wasn't being mistaken for somebody else.

Signor Poppinetti, with an air of peculiar favor, guided the party to a long, unattractive table near the center of the restaurant, and took their conflicting orders with the gestures of a conductor guiding an orchestra through a difficult passage. Mr. Preemby was passive but observant; he presently found himslf eating macaroni and drinking a rough red wine with a name that sounded to his London tuned ears like a challenge, Chianti.

HAROLD CRUMB showed great earnestness in the matter of macaroni. "In order to taste macaroni," he assured Mr. Preemby, "it is necessary to fill the mouth absolutely full, good measure, pressed in and running over. To cut up macaroni with your fork, as you are doing, is as awful as to cut an oyster. It—it devitalizes it."

"I like it cut up," said Mr. Preemby with unexpected firmness. And he cut up some more.

"Otherwise," he said in a confidential aside to the silver-haired man, "I can't help thinking it's earthworms."

"Exactly. Exactly," said the silver-haired man.

Harold exemplified generously. His rampant face, riding over a squirming mouthful of macaroni, was like St. George and the Dragon on an English sovereign. He whistled as he ate. Long snakes of macaroni hung thoughtful for a moment and then, drawn by some incomprehensible fascination, fled into him. Teddy Winterton and one of the newcomers from the studio next door emulated him. Christina Alberta and Fay showed the furtive dexterity of the female. But Mr. Preemby was glad when macaroni was over, even though it raised the problem of eating an egg on spinach with a fork.

But he was not really troubled in his mind as a younger man might have been. He had the savoir-faire of middle age. This restaurant dinner was, on the whole, a bright and agreeable experience for him. He liked even the corrosive taste of the Chianti. This Chianti you drank out of quite largish tumblers because it was almost as cheap and light as beer. It did not intoxicate, but it warmed the mind, and it cast a pleasant and convincing indistinctness over the universe so that the Tunbridges all became Tumbridges without any question and the secret dreams and convictions of the heart became certain knowledge. Presently Mr. Preemby found himself able and willing to tell things and hint much more important things about his collections to the white-haired man—and also to the dark, untidy girl who was sitting on his other side, and who came from the other studio and about whose name he had no idea—and presently to others, and when the bird came (it was a bird new to Mr. Preemby and called, he gathered, *rabbkey* or *turkit*) most of the party was talking in the loud, confused, explosive way these young people affected about the lost Atlantis.

He had never spoken so freely before upon this topic. At home he had always been restrained by the late Mrs. Preemby's genuine lack of interest. And even now he was not prepared for positive statements or for an encounter with skeptical arguments about that great lost continent of the Golden Age. Atlantis had been the scene and substance of his secret reveries for many years; he knew his knowledge of it was of a different order from common knowledge, more intuitive, mystical, profound. From the outset his manner was defensive, discreet, and obscure, as of one willing but not permitted to speak.

HOW did he know that there had been this lost continent? "H'rrmp," he said, with the faint smile of peculiar knowledge—"studied it for years."

"What is the evidence?" asked the untidy young lady.

"So abundant. Impossible to retail it. Convincing. Of various sorts. Plato has much about it. Unfinished fragment. Many books have been written. Many inscriptions in Egypt."

"What sort of people were they?" asked the untidy girl.

"Very wonderful people, young lady," said Mr. Preemby. "H'rrmp. Very wonderful people."

"Philosophy, no end, I suppose?" asked the young man from the next studio with his mouth full.

"What we know—a mere remnant," said Mr. Preemby. "Mere remnant."

"How did they dress?"

"H'rrmp. Robes. White robes—extremely dignified. Blue—azure—when justice was administered. Plato tells us that much."

"Could they fly?"

"They understood it. It was not made a practice of."

"Motor cars? All that sort of thing?"

"If they wanted to. There was less motoring—more meditation. We live—age of transition. H'rrmp."

"And then it all went phut?" said the young man from the next studio. "Submerged and all that. What a lesson!"

"That need not have happened," said Mr. Preemby darkly.

Mr. Preemby became dimly aware of skepticism. "There's not an atom of evidence that there ever was a continent in the Atlantic," Mr. Teddy Winterton was saying to Christina Alberta; "within thirty million years of anything human. The ocean troughs go right back to the Mesozoic Age."

Mr. Preemby would have noticed this remark, but the untidy girl asked him suddenly if he did not think that the swastika was a symbol derived from Atlantis. He said he was quite certain it was. She asked what it meant exactly; she had always been curious about its significance; and he became guarded and mysterious. She wanted, moreover, to know things about the costume of that lost world, about its social customs, about its religion. Were women citizens? She was certainly the most intelligent about it of all the company. The silver-haired man seemed to be faintly amused.

The rest of the company wandered off into a discussion of the possibility of going to the Chelsea Arts Ball in the character of a party from the Lost Atlantis. Many of their ideas Mr. Preemby thought trivial and undignified. "Leaves us unlimited scope," said Harold Crumb. "We could invent weapons—have wings if we liked. Magic carbuncles on our shields—illuminated. Mysterious books and tablets. And a sort of peculiar wailing, drumming music; mya, mya, mya."

He pursed up his face and made a curious mooing noise with it to convey his intention, twiddling his fingers to assist the effect.

It was no good protesting against such imaginative ignorance. But to the dark, untidy girl and to the acquiescent man with silvery hair Mr. Preemby continued to be quietly oracular and communicative from behind his mustache.

"But how are these things known?" the dark girl persisted. "There is nothing in the British Museum."

"You forget," said Mr. Preemby, "H'rrmp, the Freemasons. There are Inner Groups—traditions. Thank you. Just half a glass more. Oh!—you've filled it! Thank you."

AS HE talked he was aware of something going on between Christina Alberta and Winterton. At first it seemed not to matter in the slightest degree, but to be just part of the general unusualness of the gathering, and then it seemed to matter a great deal. He saw Christina Alberta's little fist resting on the table and suddenly Winterton's hand enveloped it. She snatched her hand away. Then something was whispered and her hand came back. In another moment the hands were five inches apart and it was as if nothing had ever happened between them.

He would probably have forgotten the momentary invasion of his attention by Christina Alberta if something else had not occurred at the phase of dessert. Poppinetti's idea of dessert was a sort of lottery of walnuts—if you found a sound one you won—masses of compressed and damaged dates, and a few defiant apples. There was a great crackling. The company was littering the table with walnut shells and the green, black and yellow corruption they had contained, when this second incident caught Mr. Preemby's eye. He saw Teddy Winterton run his hand very softly along Christina Alberta's forearm. And her arm was not withdrawn.

Everyone was talking just then, and for a moment it seemed to Mr. Preemby that he alone had seen, and then he caught an observant expression on the face of the silver-haired man. It was all very confusing, and this Chianti—though it was really not intoxicating—made everything swimmy, but Mr. Preemby knew somehow that the silver-haired man had also seen that furtive familiarity and that he too didn't quite approve of it.

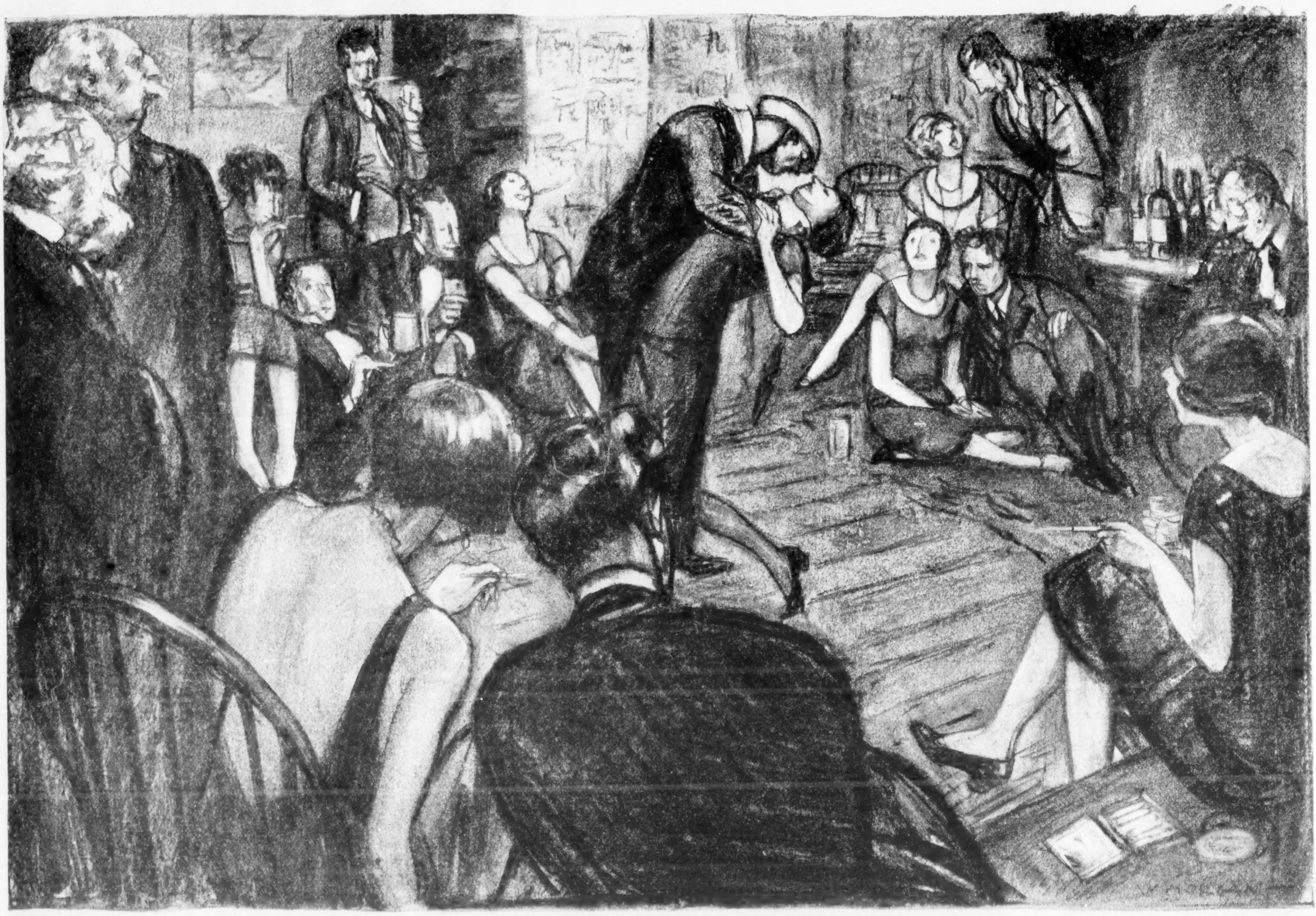
Ought one to take notice? Ought one to say anything? Perhaps afterwards. Perhaps when they were alone together, he might ask her quietly, "Are you and that young man Winterton engaged?"

"A bit too much," said Mr. Preemby quietly, meeting the eye of the silver-haired man. "I don't like that sort of thing!"

"Quite," said the silver-haired man. "I shall speak to her."

"You're right

(*Continued on page 36*)

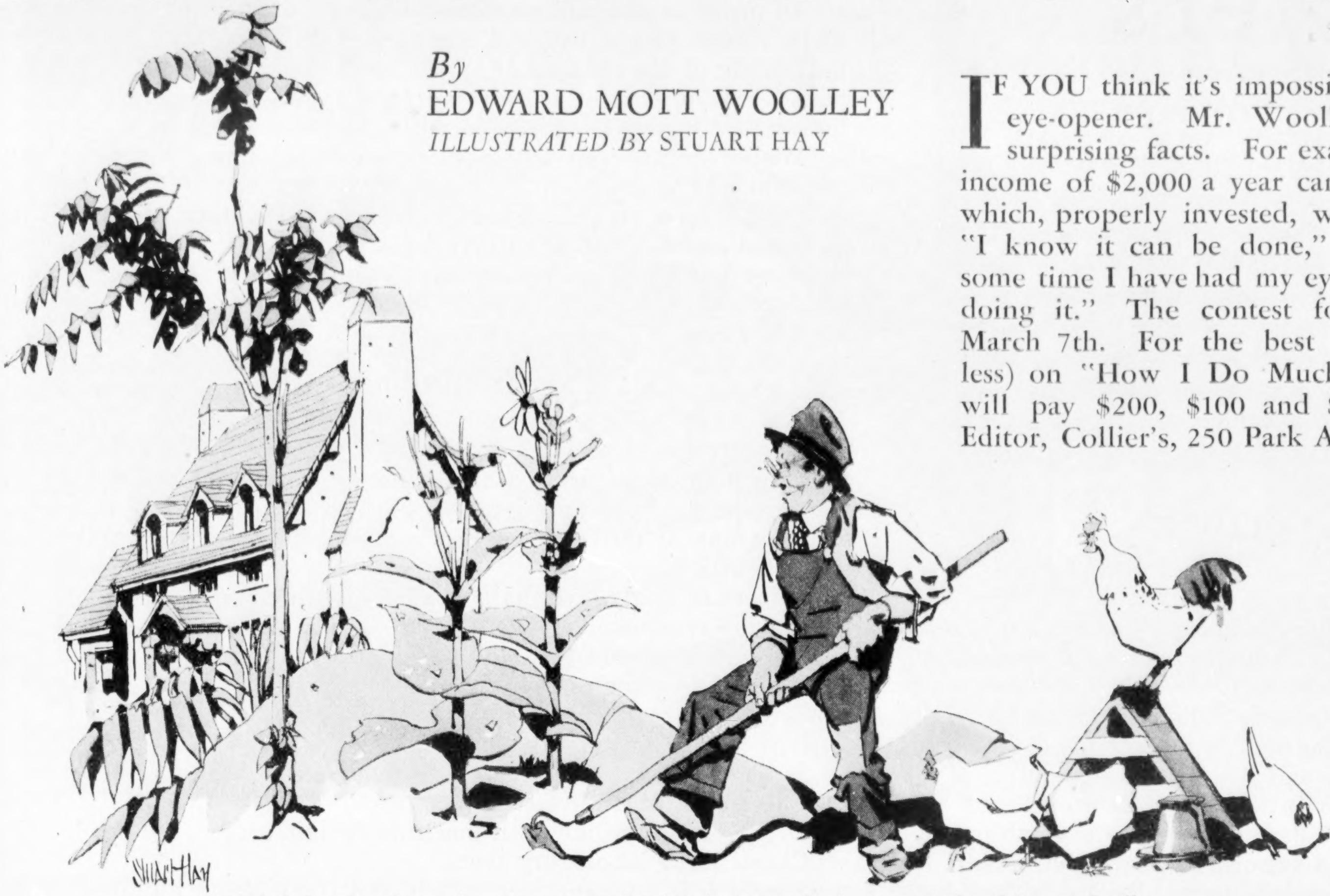


Teddy smiled and took Christina Alberta's nice little neck in his hands and strangled her with great realism

HOW TO LIVE *on $50.00 a Month*

By
EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY
ILLUSTRATED BY STUART HAY

IF YOU think it's impossible, this will prove an eye-opener. Mr. Woolley has dug up some surprising facts. For example, a family with an income of $2,000 a year can save $10,000—a sum which, properly invested, will yield $50 a month. "I know it can be done," he says, "because for some time I have had my eye on a couple who are doing it." The contest for wise spenders ends March 7th. For the best letters (200 words or less) on "How I Do Much with Little" Collier's will pay $200, $100 and $50. Address: Contest Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



"And John has been fussing around with hens and pigeons and a big garden"

IS IT possible, in this year 1925, to live on the income from ten thousand dollars?

Most families, during their fruitful working period, do not think it necessary to ask this question. Everywhere, however, we see families at all periods of life arriving at financial crises. Unemployment, illness or accident that brings loss of earning capacity—these present serious problems. The widow who confronts the loss of masculine earnings may need to fall back upon the modest income from investments made, perhaps, with life insurance money. Then there is always the time when the father and mother may need a permanent home under less strenuous financial conditions.

Or it might be that a young couple, starting out, would undertake to save ten thousand dollars, or some other predetermined amount, in the belief that once attained it would afford a fixed permanent income sufficient as security against poverty, and would enable them to carry out particular ambitions not in themselves remunerative.

Now: Can a family with an income of two thousand dollars a year, more or less, save ten thousand within a reasonable period of years? Yes. I know it can be done, because for some time I have had my eye on a young couple who are doing it—in fact, have almost done it. For a family earning more, it ought to be easy to accumulate this capital. Every evidence to the contrary can be dissipated with the cold logic that men and women are doing it everywhere. I know this from personal research.

The particular couple I have just mentioned began twelve years ago, when their income was under eighteen hundred a year. The salary has never been over twenty-two hundred. A considerable part of the saving during the first few years came from the rental of a room or two in their little home—which they themselves leased.

They made the ten dollars a week a literal obligation. If at times they fell behind they made it up. In two years they had saved over a thousand dollars. In five years the fund, plus the interest, had grown to almost three thousand dollars.

About this time the money began to save itself—remember that here lies one of the greatest secrets of the growing surplus. Money, properly harnessed, is of itself the most powerful force to pull up the investment. Of course safe investments require fundamental financial knowledge, and the only safe course is to work under the guidance of a seasoned banker or other unbiased expert. Among my own acquaintances are men who have hewed to this plan for years with virtually no losses. But if one desires the utmost degree of safety he must be content with lower rates of interest, such as are paid by savings banks or the highest type of bonds. But the acquisition of the desired capital will take longer.

This couple invested their fund in high-grade bonds and kept reinvesting the interest, first in the savings bank and then in bonds when it grew big enough; and by adding their ten dollars a week right along they have built it up to the point where three more years will see them through. It hasn't been any real hardship. They simply followed a plan and eliminated the superfluities for which the loose money would have gone otherwise. They cut off endless small outgoes which were never missed.

This family, which now includes two children, lives in a suburb of New York. In the congested part of a big city it would be necessary to have larger earnings, either from salary or some other source. But there is scarcely any excuse for the average salaried man to live in the high-rent districts. Even in New York it is now easily possible for the family to establish itself in the outlying communities at a cost vastly lower than the metropolis imposes.

You can get apartments to-day, in various parts of the New Jersey suburban district less than an hour from Broadway, for forty or fifty dollars, with room enough to take a couple of lodgers—almost always easily available—to cut the rent heavily. Of course there are cheaper apartments too, if one is willing to forego temporarily a little caste. Even these less desirable apartments are infinitely better living places than the average dark walk-up in New York, where unnumbered thousands pay seventy-five to a hundred dollars a month. The transportation cost is only a small fraction of the saving in rental.

During the late summer and autumn of 1924 it fell to my lot to cross the continent by motor, from New York to Los Angeles, by way of Portland, Ore. And, having in mind this theme of ten thousand dollars and its income possibilities, I did some research here and there as time permitted. But before recounting my discoveries let me tell the story of my friend Davis.

In a suburb of New York stands a small white house, prettily set in its frame of green shrubbery. It was built fifteen years ago by a family who sold it to Davis nine years later for fifty-eight hundred dollars—six hundred cash. The yearly payments were fixed at that figure because Davis could pay it out of the income derived from ten thousand dollars he had saved. This money was invested in bonds and mortgages.

"I did not like to touch my principal," Davis said to me. "It seemed a sort of sacred thing, that my wife and I had built up by years of work and self-denial. The money was well invested and we liked to think of it as a permanent source of living for ourselves when the children were on their own. We felt we could get along on fifty dollars a month if that was all we had.

"Meanwhile we were in early middle life with several half-grown children, and we wanted a home for them and ourselves. My salary in New York was enough to maintain the family, but scarcely sufficient to buy a house and create the necessary educational fund.

"I could have bought a new house for seventy-five hundred, but this older one looked like a better proposition. At first the owner asked a thousand dollars cash, but I convinced him I was good for the indebtedness.

"Since then we have paid four thousand on the principal, all with the income from our ten-thousand-dollar fund, and less than three years more will see the whole debt canceled. Of course we have had to pay the interest and taxes out of my salary, but when the principal is paid, and the six hundred a year released, it will in time offset these. (*Continued on page 44*)

John Saved
1,000
2,000
4,000
10,000
GOOD SEATS 85¢
NOT-SO-GOOD 50¢
S.H.

They simply followed a plan and eliminated the superfluities

Collier's

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MARCH 7, 1925

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

CALVIN COOLIDGE

CALVIN COOLIDGE begins his first full term in the White House with as much good will behind him as any American President has had, not even excepting Washington. As a party leader he is backed by nearly 16,000,000 votes, or considerably more than half of those cast last November. His well-wishers are vastly more numerous, for they include millions who do not share his political views but who have learned to respect his courage, his sincerity, his calm common sense and his devotion to duty.

Mr. Coolidge has neither the brilliance of Roosevelt nor the far-reaching vision of Woodrow Wilson, but he has everything that is summed up in that ancient and honorable word, character. He is rooted deep in America's rock-bottom traditions. The stock from which he is descended came to this country in search of religious and political liberty. It had to contend with a stern climate and a reluctant soil. It won its way by the less showy virtues—by frugality, industry and self-sacrifice. It developed a strength and tang of its own—a flavor you can still detect in conversations in crossroads stores. It sent its younger generations westward into Illinois, Kansas, the Dakotas, Oregon, until half America had their blood in its veins. Calvin Coolidge is a chip of that sturdy old block. He belongs to a type which has taught in many a country school, burned midnight oil in many a small-town law office and cultivated, patiently and God-fearingly, many a beautiful and barren hill farm.

A President is more than a machine for signing bills, more than a politician or executive. He is a symbol. The popular conception of Calvin Coolidge is a reflection of certain traits which the American people value. It is a clearer reflection because he has no gift of oratory and no genius for patting his neighbors on the back. The universal confidence which he inspires is a proof that the rush and fury of modern life have not weaned Americans away from their respect for the homely, homespun qualities that were valued three centuries ago. It promises well not merely for his personal success but for the nation's future.

The Millennium

SAN FRANCISCO is to have a high school with none of the usual faults. Students will attend classes regularly. There will be no boisterous gatherings, no sensuous dances, no staying out until all hours of the morning, no joy rides in motor cars. This school will have no handicaps whatever. It should be a wonderful demonstration of what a high school should be—and yet—

It is to be in the San Quentin Penitentiary.

Wyoming Led the Way

A HUNDRED years ago the demand for manhood suffrage rushed like a strong wind through the English-speaking world. Men so ardently desired the privilege of voting that a second American revolution was enacted. Seventy-five years later the slumbering embers of aspiration again burst into flame and woman suffrage became a world-wide issue.

By 1920 in the United States men and women were equally enfranchised and yet less than half the qualified voters took part in the Presidential election. The privilege, while denied, drove men and women to the verge of violence; once possessed, it was ignored.

Self-government can endure anything but the apathy of the electorate. Accordingly, last autumn an energetic campaign was inaugurated for the purpose of arousing the attention of American citizens to the opportunity of the ballot box.

In order to stimulate interest Collier's offered a trophy to the state whose people evinced the largest interest in voting. The patriotism of the citizens of Wyoming led their state to the largest gains and the trophy was presented by William P. Larkin of Collier's at an impressive session of the two houses of the legislature.

While the average vote for the nation at large was only 51.2 per cent of the qualified electorate, Wyoming cast 70.8 per cent of its eligible vote. It is a significant fact that this state which showed so signal an interest in the privilege of the ballot should have been the first to induct a woman into the gubernatorial office. Mountaineers are the historic lovers of liberty and the people of Wyoming have lived up to a great tradition.

The Multitudinous City

POOH-BAH could never make good in a modern city. The jobs are quite too many and diverse. City dwellers demand and get services so various and complex that no one mind could hope to master them. For example, a single list of civil service examinations in one of our great cities recently called for the following specialists:

Expert to analyze asphalt, gravel, oil and sand.
Marine engineer for fire boats.
Watcher for coin boxes in ferry houses.
Estimator to calculate materials for buildings.
Physician for hospital superintendence.
Operator for tabulating machinery.
Supervisor for children's playgrounds.
Bacteriologist to prepare vaccines.
Draftsman familiar with machine design.
Chemist for laboratory work.

Surely it is no mean city which uses these and a hundred other types of ability. And it is no mean taxpayer that pays for them all.

The Big Problem in Farm Arithmetic

IF, AS the Census Bureau states, American farm products are worth over sixteen billion dollars per year; if, as Secretary Hoover says, we do not sell ten per cent of that vast production abroad; and if, as Dr. L. Duncan Bulkley, famous New York physician, says, "We live on two thirds of what we eat and the doctors live on the rest," what would become of farming in this country should people cut down on their too-much eating?

Our farms now produce more, per farmer, than ever before. Do we eat less, per person, than we did twenty years ago, and is it hurting the farm business? That looks like something to think about.

The Flannels of Yesteryear

LOOKING back over more than half a century in the dry-goods business, Mr. Charles Gold of Brooklyn was moved the other morning to call attention to the fact that he hadn't seen any old-fashioned red flannel "heavies" for more than thirty years. A few may survive in lumber camps and other frontier places where hardy men need all the armor they can get in their warfare with Nature. Everybody wore them once—even distractingly beautiful girls with soulful eyes. They were put on when the first frosts touched the pumpkins and were not taken off—not permanently, that is—until the pussy willows began to bud. Now the demand is for something shorter, thinner and prettier. Yet, as Mr. Gold cheerfully observes, "the girls are better looking and more robust than ever." Their cheeks are red even though their—well—flannels aren't.

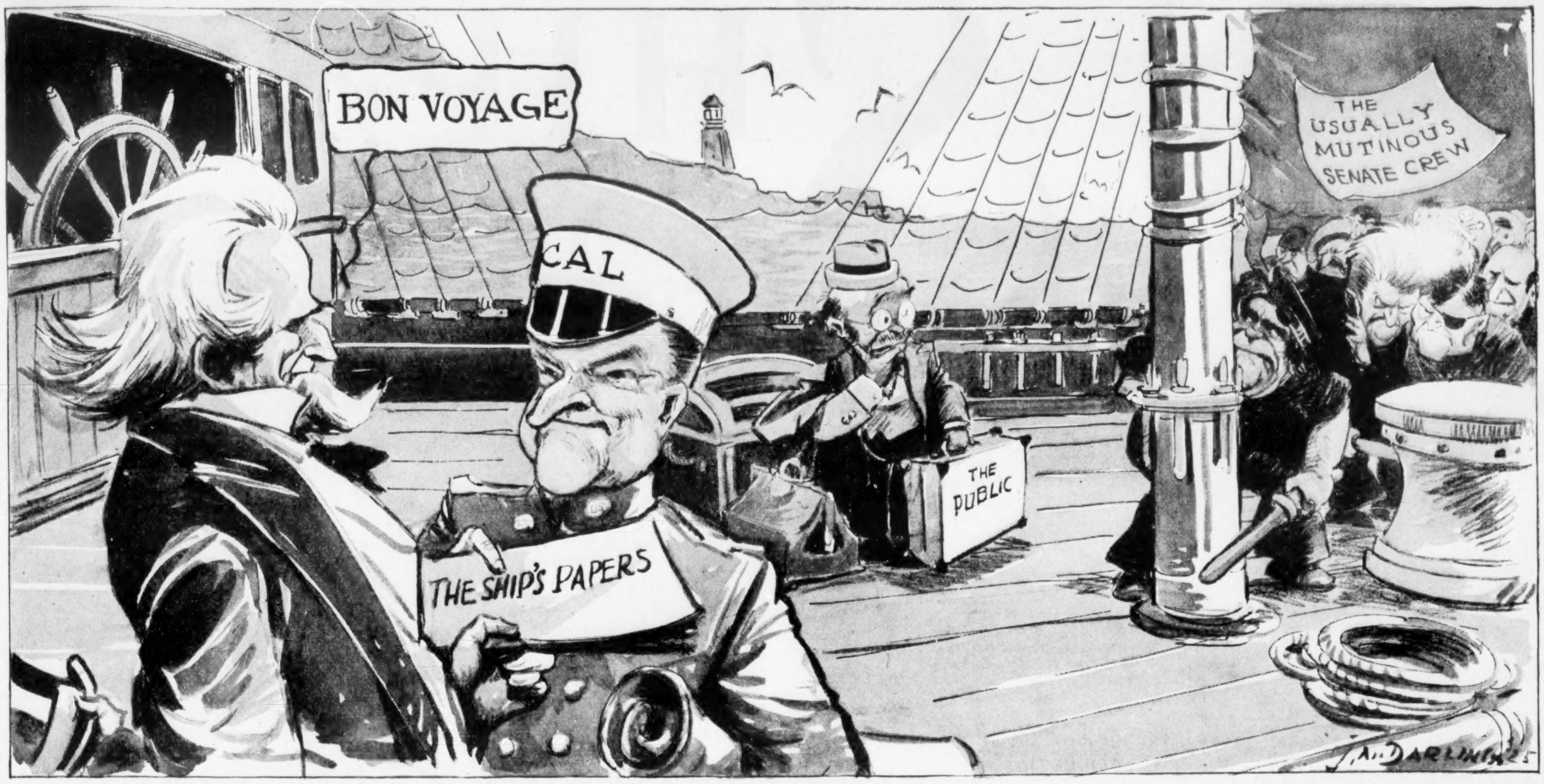
Dreams

THE fire and dusk of a March sunset fighting over the hills and great winds that sweep our world as if angels were dusting it off for the flowering time of May.

A boy at the window sees the trash of long-dead leaves blown headlong by. Winter's tattered rubbish wanes before the cleansing strength of wind and weather.

Suppose, the lad dreams, that some large air moved also in the real world of man's soul. Suppose the winds of the spirit, blowing out of eternity into time, might brush our hearts clean of envy and hate and fear, of all sick dread of these others with whom our lot is cast on this earth that God has made.

Then indeed we would face a human future growing into righteousness just as surely as these bleak March days will grow into the blossoming perfection of triumphant June.



Captain in his own right

The Big Change in World Affairs

By Willis H. Booth

Vice President Guaranty Trust Company of New York
and President International Chamber of Commerce

A BIG, important change in the handling of international affairs is now taking place. It is so big and so important that I believe it is leading us into what deserves to be called by that often misused phrase, "a new era."

What is happening is that in the conduct of international affairs politicians are being superseded by business men.

And they are being superseded because the big problems which have to be dealt with nowadays are of such a character that only a man with business and financial training and experience is competent to solve them. That is why a young New York financier is the biggest boss in Europe to-day, charged with the duty of executing the scheme for ending the chaos in western Europe.

That is why this scheme was drawn by a group of business men, including a Los Angeles banker, a Chicago banker and a New York industrialist, after the politicians had battered their heads against a stone wall for six years in vain.

Underwood & Underwood

It is only lately that international affairs have assumed this aspect. In ancient times, the relations between states were of such character that the politician could conduct them about as well as anybody else. But within the past hundred years, with the rise of the factory system, the vast flow of imports and exports across national boundaries, the huge and increasing foreign investments and the complicated systems of tariffs, the problems have become too big and too different to be solved solely in the terms of old-fashioned "statesmanship."

And so they have had to call in the business man—the business man who has been telling them all the time:

That no country can pay any other country, over a long period, an amount substantially larger than its favorable balance of trade.

That one way to discourage a debtor nation is for the creditor nation to erect unreasonable tariff walls against it.

That foreign loans cannot be floated without reasonable security and that stability of the borrowing government is an important part of such security.

That when taxation is made too severe it simply defeats its own ends. And that the surest antidote to Bolshevism is not machine guns in the street but food in the kitchen.

The great service which has been performed by Messrs. Dawes, Young, Robinson and their associates should have two good effects:

First, it is an object lesson to the whole world on the business man's way of tackling a problem.

Second, it should help business men themselves everywhere, and particularly in America, to see the desirability of their taking a genuine interest in those relations between countries which we now misleadingly describe under the phrase "international politics."

Back before 1914 it used to be the fashion among radicals to say that international finance controlled the various governments and for strictly business reasons would prevent another war. To-day we see how false that statement was. It is true that the international financiers did not want war; but, in the first place, they were powerless to prevent it; and, in the second place, they had been so busy with their own affairs that they simply failed to realize the catastrophe toward which Europe was drifting. As soon as the die had been cast they became as aggressively patriotic, each in his own country, as anybody else.

If we are ever to do away with war—as I hope with all my heart we are—business men must change their indifferent attitude. They must realize that modern war largely grows out of a conflict of economic—that is to say, *business*—interests; that it is itself a business enterprise, involving as it does all the industrial resources of every nation in it; and that after a war no peace can possibly endure which is not made along sensible business lines.

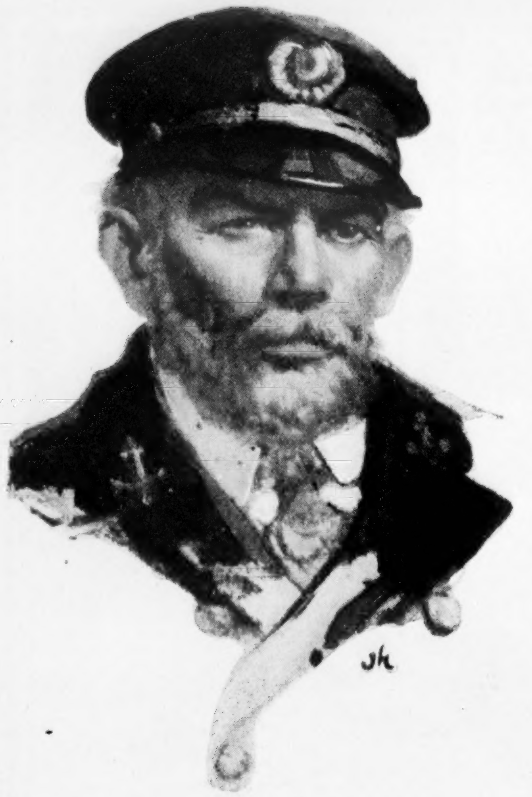
The more business men think about these things, the better. That is one reason, and an important one, for the existence of the International Chamber of Commerce, of which I have the honor to be president, and which is a federation of the commercial organizations of forty leading commercial countries.

We are living in a world too small to be compartmented off any longer.

Business and politics to-day are increasingly coming nearer together—and this is taking place, as I have suggested, not by introducing political methods into business but by introducing business methods into politics.

Willis H. Booth

SHIPS and



By ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HAELEN

ON THE liner's fo'c's'le-head seamen were coiling hawsers and a man in uniform gave commands in a curt voice. On the bridge above, telegraphs jangled and the great ship moved down the harbor of New York. We stood at the for'ard rail of the promenade deck and watched, and I know that on both our faces was a strained look.

My companion's hair was gray and his face lined. He was short and old and weary with the sea. He no longer wore the uniform with the four gold bands, but still, nevertheless, he was entitled to be called "Captain." I could add after my own name the simple letters A. B. and though I was young and straight there was the sea-bond between this old sailor and myself.

And the strained look? For the first time we were traveling as passengers, first class—we who had sailed on so many ships from so many ports. I said to the captain, awkwardly, "Feel out of it, don't you?" He only nodded but I knew his lips were grim.

I can remember that when I was in the fo'c's'le I looked on passengers as fragments of cargo, things to be tolerated and yet regarded with a certain amount of awe. They paid more for their journey than I earned in six months. They were ignorant of seacraft, yet they walked familiarly with the captain, who was something more remote than God. Now here, and very recently, I was a passenger myself. And here was an old master of the craft a passenger also, going home to Scotland, retired. Yes, we were out of it.

Around us the ship life moved and went forward. The bells rang, of no significance to us but fraught with meaning and warning for those men whose lives were ordered by the bells. Watch and watch. Four hours on and four hours off. I might awake in the night at the throb of eight bells and hear the watch tramp on the deck overhead. But I could sleep on because, like this old captain, the sea was behind me and I kept watches no more.

I had never until this time spoken with a ship captain on any terms of intimacy. And sitting at the table for the first meal, with the captain of the liner facing me, I was aware of a great deference surging inside, the result of the ingrained discipline of the sea. I found myself once or twice saying, "Yes, sir," and wondered how it was the other passengers could argue with him and question his word. Had the respect accorded to captains diminished?

It was not until later, in the smoke-room, that I knew it had not. We played cards, the liner's captain, the purser, the doctor, a few others and myself. And not even in the heat of the game did the high ranking officers of the ship forget respect. It was, "Your deal, sir," "I believe you draw, sir," "Quite right, sir," and every word softened with the Scotch burr of the northern men. And instinctively again I fell into the old ways and said "sir," myself.

I studied this active ship captain, as I had never had a chance to study one before. He was white and small and slow moving. He looked little like a sailor in his dress uniform and with his white, soft hands. He looked less like a sailor than did the retired captain who was sailing first class with me. Understanding came when he found I had followed the sea and took me over the ship. The dress uniform and the starched shirt, the white hands and the easy smile were for the human freight he carried.

OUTSIDE the smoking-room, on the raw winter deck, he was changed. His face set and the smile was gone from him. He showed me his chart-room, bristling with brasswork and every scientific device civilization had brought to the gray waters. He explained how ships now found their way safely through fogs, how new devices for feeling the bottom had come in, how a new compass was in use and new steering gear.

And after it all, in his cabin, when we were alone, he turned to me and spread his hands. Perhaps he thought I would understand. "And yet," he said, "there was the Titanic, and a month ago the Arabic!"

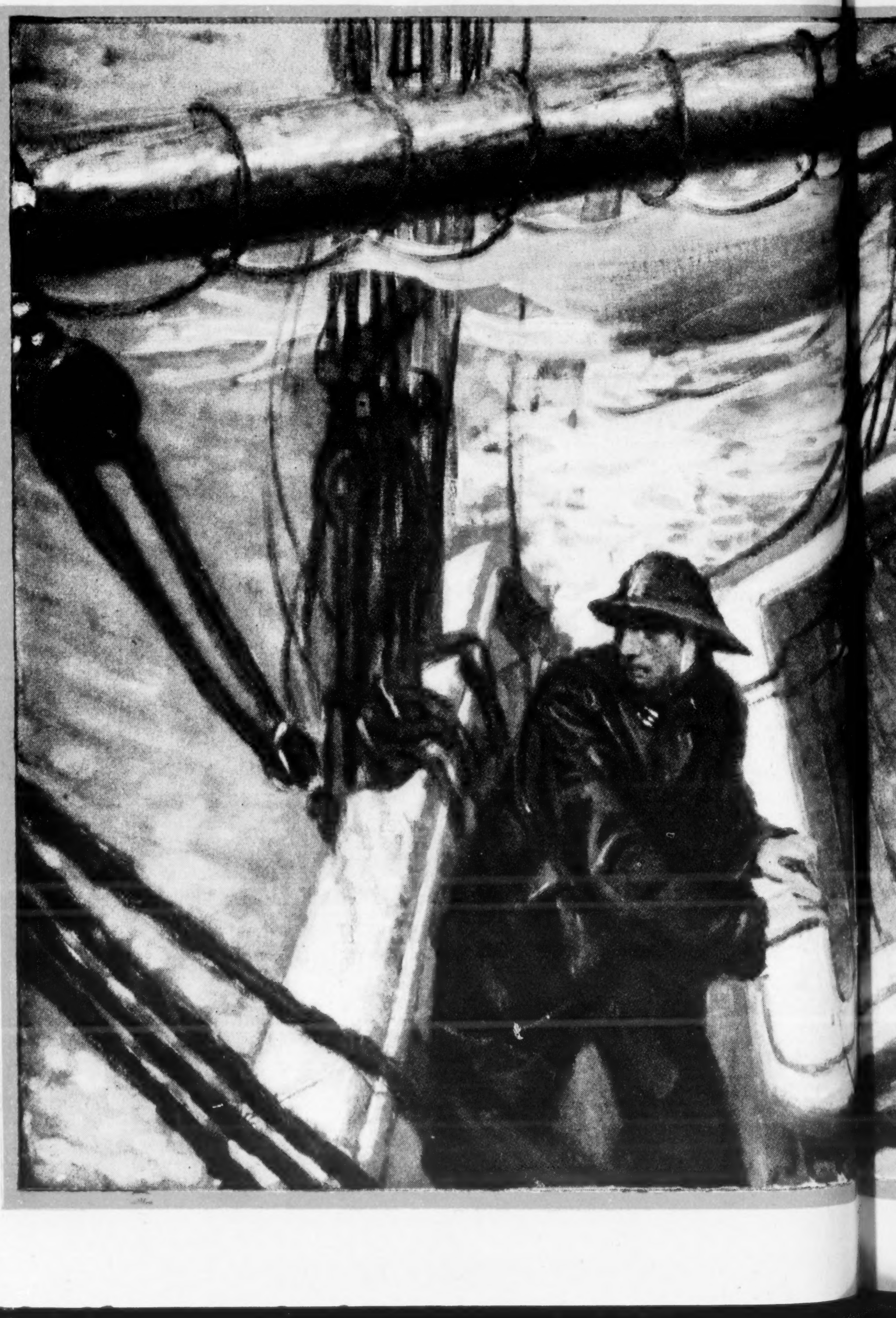
I knew what he meant. The Titanic also had had all the new things, all the navigation aids. But she found her death. And the Arabic, swept by a hurricane outside New York, had limped crippled into port with fifty men injured and her decks ruins. Nothing can save ships from the wrath of the sea. Nothing! At the very last it is a fight between the elements and a man, a master of the craft. In spite of scientific achievement, in spite of well-guarded sea lanes, radio, lighthouses, submarine bells, it is on man's judgment in the end that safety depends. It is exactly the same now, in spite of gold braid and a hundred officers and thirty thousand horse-power, as it was in the days when Eric the Red sighted Vinland. The sea never changes.

I sat until late in the night with this captain who had risen to high rank in the greatest shipping company in the world. And I knew the great liners had not changed him from the time he was an eager apprentice on the poop of a windjammer smashing through the roaring forties and a cold moonlight gale. Even while he was talking, measured and low, he got up and opened the cabin door and looked out. There were then three officers on the bridge; there was a man in the crows-nest and one on the fo'c's'le-head keeping lookout. Yet, because an uneasy whine had come into the wind, because some sixth sense warned him, this little gray man must rise from his comfortable chair and his cigar to open the door and peer out into the winter night.

"Wind's rising," he remarked when he returned and settled himself once more, and I noticed his eyes wandered again and again to the glass screwed to the bulkhead. He was as worried as the newest captain out of London. You understand that men live long at sea by caution and by vigilance and by those things alone, no matter whether they command a fishing smack from St. Johns or the biggest Cunarder to slip down the ways. There was the Titanic. . . .

I LEFT the captain at last to sleep and I walked along the almost deserted promenade deck. The retired master leaned against the wind and the darkness and watched the murky horizon to windward.

"The wind's making," he said and I murmured agreement. What use to say very much? He was wishing he had the right to go on the bridge. And I half wished I was in the fo'c's'le again pulling on sea boots in preparation for a dirty night. Not that I would have done so, had I the chance; the sea is a dog's life; but the gray waters hold on to a man long after he has forsaken them. And I knew in the fo'c's'le at that moment the old men would be



The sea towered and rocked and crashed. There was no possible chance. The old hands said so

MEN and the SEA

overhauling oilskins and muttering into their ragged mustaches.

When I left the sea for a different manner of life I was willing to concede to critics that the sailor was a drunken sot, a wastrel, a profligate. Did I not know? I had seen so many. But after contemplation brought me tolerance and whenever I think now of the men of the foredeck I remember this verse written by a man who had tolerance also:

The world is hot and cruel,
We are weary of heart and hand;
But the world is more full of glory
Than you can understand.

I saw once a blackguard of a fireman from Paradise Street fondling a painted woman by the cargo sheds in Cape Town. And I have seen two dozen disgustingly crude and filthy-mouthed men wreck a saloon in Lourenço Marques. Beasts! Scum! Rotters! Animals! Certainly. . . . And yet . . .

In the cabin of the liner, very recently (and I have heard similar tales so many times before), the captain wandered back through decades to when he had been second mate of a rusty tramp plowing through a tremendous sea and wind. Rockets flared in the sky and they came to a sinking ship and there was no chance of rescuing the crew. You understand? There was no possible chance. The captain of the tramp vessel said so. The old hands said so. The sea was too huge. The wind was too strong. The dozen men on the doomed ship's poop had to perish.

But someone said he would try, and then somebody else. And they lowered a boat and she was half-swamped before they let the davit tackles go. They pulled her clear and a squall tore the sweeps from the hands of the men. With three sweeps left they pulled back and secured others. Then they pulled away again. It was certain death. There was not a chance in the world. No one would have said a word had there been no boat launched.

They pulled and pulled and the sea towered and rocked and crashed. The gale shrieked. Land was a thousand miles beyond the rim of the world.

It was impossible—but they reached the doomed ship. It was impossible—but they brought back safely the dozen doomed men. The boat was splintered against the mother ship's side and was abandoned. It was impossible—but *it was done.*

And in the liner's cabin, decades later, the captain said, "Some society awarded medals and money but by that time the men were paid off and scattered. Never located, I believe."

CAN you understand all that? And can you understand that the men who went in that boat did not have to go, that they received no extra wages for it, that when they sat with the kicking sweeps they did not consider medals and money that might accrue. They only knew (and this is life, mad as it seems), they only knew that something in them lifted them out of the fo'c's'le, out of the brothel and the saloon, out of the ruck and drove them to achieve things that could not be achieved.

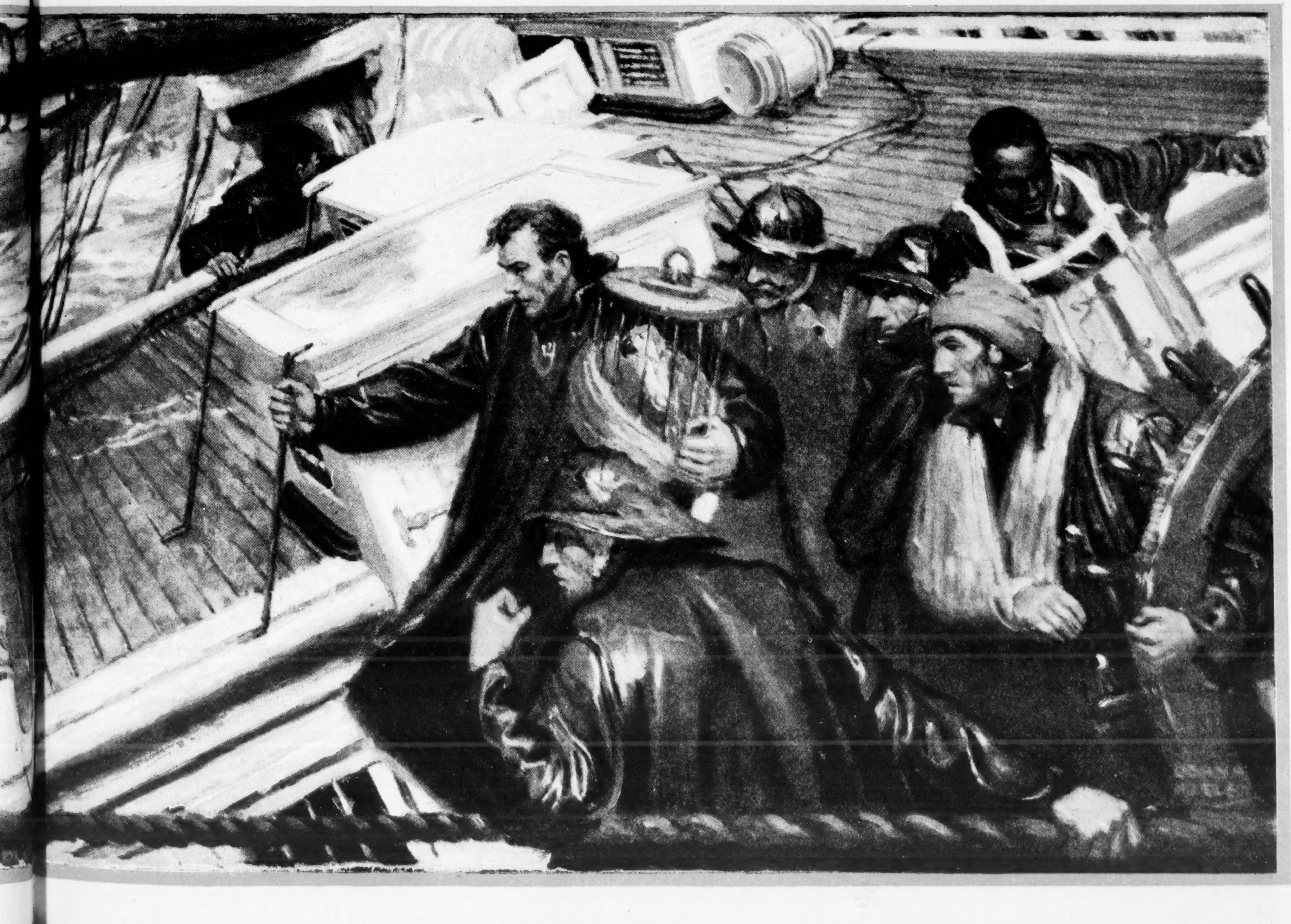
And when you, whose lives are ordered in quiet places, and to whose lips criticism of others comes easily, see that drunken, foul sailor staggering down the East India Dock Road or along the Battery in New York, don't dismiss him out of hand. Try and remember other things . . . queer quixotic things . . . stokers in the bowels of torpedoed ships, sailors working on the Titanic, stewards keeping order with the water lapping at their knees.

It is easy for a man with the four gold bands to go down on the bridge, unmoved, unafraid and glorious. There is glamour in that, and glory, and fame in the annals of the sea. But it takes guts, something more than animal life and blackguardly souls, to die in the thick dark and the steam of the stokehold, in the dim-lit saloon, with the breakers roaring over the rail, and on the boat deck with the stretchers full and the last little raft and lifebelt in use. Can you understand that? I cannot, but it is so.

They'll go on making scientific improvements. They'll go on adding to the safety devices. They'll go on building bigger and bigger ships. But at the last, when the sea is angry and steel buckles before the battering of giant combers, it is and will always be men —men in gold braid, men in dungarees and sweat-rags, blackguards, sots, animals and cursing heroes—who count.

When I was a sailor I did not understand this. I could not see it. But now I am a first-class passenger these thoughts come to me and captains do not mind becoming intimate and telling me things and conclusions. And I am a little awed that I should have worked in such company.

Perhaps that was why I turned my steps into a different pathway of life. I was not worthy.



Those Inauguration BLUES

"I RECKON there'll be a pretty big crowd in Washington for the inauguration," said Mr. Stubbs.

"You're right for once," grudgingly admitted Uncle Henry. "For weeks people have been gatherin' from far an' near, an' traffic on Pennsylvania Avenue is already blocked by lunch boxes, banana peel an' old celluloid collars. There isn't a room left in Washington except those with bath, an' the Red Cross has been called on to furnish razor strops. Late arrivals won't even be able to get into the District of Columbia itself unless they've got shoe horns.

"Lecturers—unless they're English—have to worry about the size of their crowds; prizefighters don't even dare take off their clothes until they've counted the house, an' even popular actors glue anxious eyes to that little round peephole in the curtain; but an incomin' President is free from all such fears. Regardless of weather conditions, hotel charges, flat feet an' railroad fare, he knows that he'll have a crowd.

"No section will be unrepresented. From the humble home breweries of Maine to the private stocks of Palm Beach—from the broad Atlantic, its bosom black with rum runners, to where the Pacific rolls in majesty, every town large enough to boast a postoffice will send its delegation to pay homage to the man who for the next four years will govern America, decide her destinies an' hand out the federal offices.

"Why, if Cal Coolidge should suddenly decide to have the inauguration ceremonies held in the recesses of the Mammoth Cave, at the bottom of the Grand Canyon or on top of Pike's Peak, he'd find himself the center of eighteen acres of glarin' eyeballs, every man jack in the crowd willin' to put personal preferences to one side an' serve his country in any capacity from ambassador to postmaster. Honest, I bet you they'd follow him into the depths of New England.

"Railroad traffic from the Pacific coast has broken down under the weight of candidates for consulates, an' last week dispatches from Atlanta noted the passin' of three special trains bearin' applicants for the post of minister to Liberia. The Mississippi is black with people, all swimmin' with one hand an' holdin' their recommendations out of water with the other, an' the entire Republican party of Georgia is on the way as fast as his legs can carry him.

Civil Service, the Original Sin

"WHAT'S goin' to make the congestion worse than ever before is the attendance of the Original Coolidge Man. Unless they drain the Potomac an' move the Washington monument over into Virginia, I don't see how they're goin' to make room for 'em at all. It was Juno, wasn't it, that sprang into the world full grown, possessed of all her teeth, a permanent wave an' a powder rag? Well, compared to the Original Coolidge Man, her growth was painful an' slow.

"On the night of August 2, 1923, there wasn't any such thing, not even a suspicion of larvæ. Y'see, Cal had been an inmate of the Vice Presidency for three years, an' even his relatives were losin' heart an' ready to give up the search for him. But on the mornin' of August 3d, within five minutes from the time that Cal took the oath of office as President of the United States, the Original Coolidge Man was a traffic problem in every town, city an' hamlet.

"Not since the time of the wild pigeons has anything been seen jes' like it. They broke down the trees an' telephone wires with their weight, piled ten feet deep in front of every postoffice, an' made so much noise that the president of Amherst could hardly make himself heard as he told how he'd always prophesied that Calvert B. Coolbridge would some day rise to greatness.

"No wonder a President always keeps his head bowed low when he's bein' inaugurated. He's afraid to look around, for on every side are men crouchin' to spring. Would-be ambassadors, nervously fingerin' check stubs an' other proofs of qualification for office; editors of agricultural papers wantin' a cabinet job, an' millions of candidates for postmasterships, armed with affidavits showin' how they carried the seventh precinct of the thirteenth ward, pilin' up a majority of 783 out of a total of 148 votes cast.

"Poor man! I'll bet there'll be many a day when he'll wish that he was back in the Vice Presidency. Up to now he's had a pretty easy time of it, for he's had only Democrats to contend with, an' while Pat Harrison an' Joe Robinson have shown signs of recovered consciousness most of the party is still pluckin' at the coverlets, an' cryin', 'Women an' children first.'

"But from now on Cal is goin' to have the members of his own party after him. At the present moment there are 4,895 applicants for every position that Cal has to give out, an' no lion ever stalked his prey with a larger degree of relentless ferocity. With Democrats, federal office is a dream rather than a reality, an' any little thing like a passin' band or an Indian medicine show takes their minds off the pursuit.

"But a Republican is different. He comes into the world with a fixed belief that public office of some kind is his rightful heritage, an' no sooner does he reach his twenty-first birthday than he throws up his head, sniffs the air, bays loudly, an' is off on the trail of a postoffice.

"It's awful hard on Presidents. The poor devils walk into the White House with a head full of ideas about the great questions they're goin' to be called on to solve, an' inside of a week they're hidin' in the coal bin, an' cautiously callin' out to the wife to know if the delegation from Piute Springs is still sittin' on the front door step. Before election he has all sorts of pictures of himself savin' the country from ruin, disaster or chaos, whichever one it happens to be on the verge of at the time.

Uncle Henry Says:

"The railroads have broken down under the weight of candidates for consulates and the Original Coolidge Man is a traffic problem in every town."

"Before he's warmed his chair to blood heat, he comes to the sad knowledge that world affairs an' a nation's good are of minor importance to those worthy party workers who do not believe in lettin' the spoils of victory spoil.

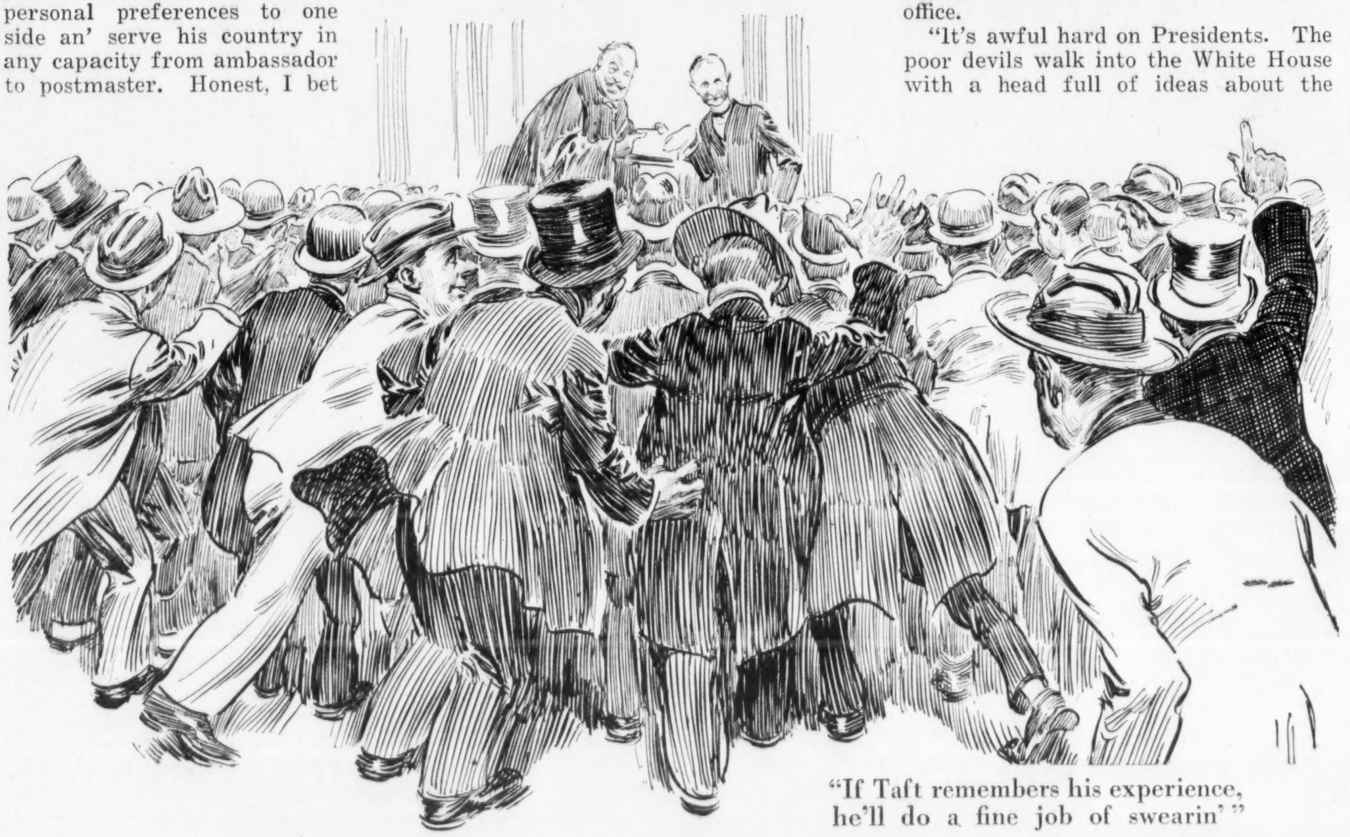
Why Presidents Break Down

"THERE'S no escapin' 'em. Teddy Roosevelt used to hide in the thickets of Rock Park, secret service men coverin' him with leaves an' his family soft-shoein' to him at night with food; but he was soon run to earth by congressmen with constituents havin' Imperative Claims upon the Consideration of the Party. Wilson waded streams an' climbed trees to throw off pursuit, an' Taft, when hard pressed, would go out into the Potomac an' disguise himself as an island. But none of it availed.

"They reach a degree of cunnin' that baffles resistance an' beats down determination. They come down the chimney, hide under the rugs, get delivered with the groceries, enter through the coal holes, get sent by parcel post, crawl through the transoms, an' hide in the celery as it's bein' brought to table. Why, a President can't take a bath except with his clothes on, for right in the middle of it the door's liable to give way under the assaults of various candidates for United States marshal, collector of the port or a clerkship in the Bureau of Insulin Affairs. An' yet we have the nerve to wonder why Presidents break down."

"I certainly would like to see that inauguration," murmured Mr. Stubbs. "Say, who swears him in?"

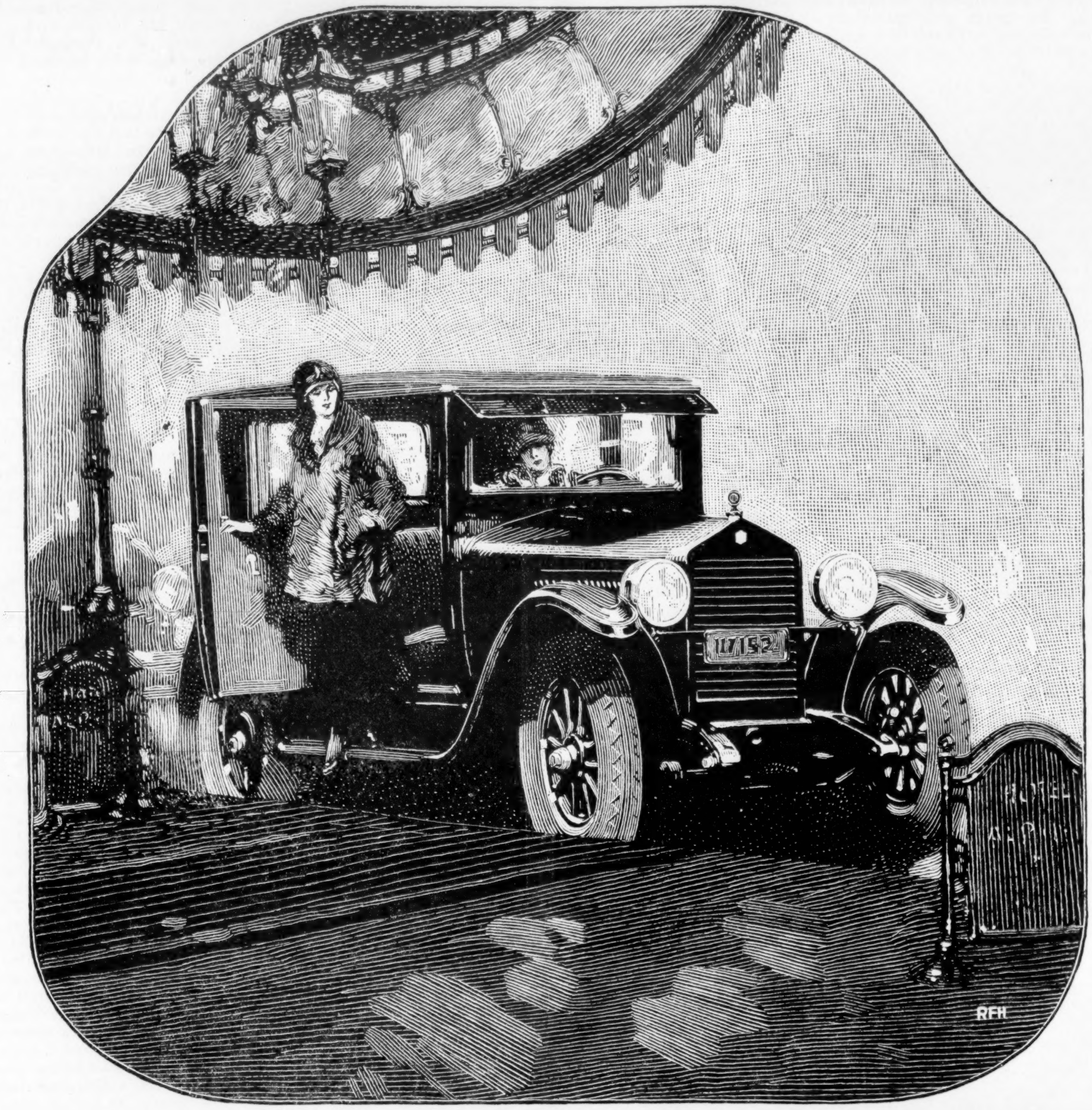
"Chief Justice Taft," said Uncle Henry. "An' if Taft remembers his own experience, he'll certainly do a fine job of swearin'."



"If Taft remembers his experience, he'll do a fine job of swearin'"

The Best Essex Ever Built—$895

Freight and Tax Extra



Its Greatest Values Cannot Be Copied

The Chassis is Patented

Price considered, Essex gives the utmost in transportation value. By all means learn the facts. Ask Essex owners. Take a ride. Note this smooth performance, not surpassed by any car. How simply it handles. How luxurious its riding ease. Then think of its price.

Two of every three Essex buyers come to it from those who formerly owned cars bought chiefly for their low first cost.

Essex has all the advantages of the famous and exclusive Hudson patents. In quality Hudson and Essex are alike.

It is the finest Essex ever built. Its cost is but little more than cars of the lowest price.

Essex Holds Its Own in any Company—in any Service

There's Rosemary

Continued from page 8

of themselves—so willing to be appraised, that their eyes sent out friendly challenges in passing. He must get himself some decent clothes. That would help him emerge a little from his shell.

But of course he could not order them intelligently until he knew where he was going. The tropics would require different apparel, certainly, from Monte Carlo. He really must make up his mind.

Until now it had been pleasant not to have to decide anything definitely, merely drifting through the days and evenings, becoming acquainted again with New York. He had been loath to narrow down his dream. He liked to let it embrace the whole world. But this problem of clothes brought the issue squarely before him.

Even with his coat off it was as warm as summer. Indian summer, that was it. Unseasonable weather, but alluring. Glamorous. Made you think of loafing beneath orange moons, beside turquoise waters. Waikiki. . . .

He smiled, remembering something poor old Moler had said. Now, on the edge of his dream, his former employer seemed to him no longer formidable, but somewhat pitiful. Waikiki meant to poor old Moler only a dreadfully overrated beach, commercialized, overrun with sightseers. "The natives are just a lot of fakes posing for the tourists."

In spite of himself, Mr. Pinfoyle felt a slight premonitory chill. It would be too terrible to go halfway round the world only to find Mr. Moler had been right. He did so want not to be disappointed. Perhaps, for the time being, he had better lay aside Waikiki.

He thought of Paris, London, Berlin. They were sure to be authentic. But, on the other hand, he would find them very like New York. He wanted something exotic.

India. . . . But, for some reason, across the vision of the Taj Mahal, across the background of elephants draped in bright-colored silks, of muezzins and minarets, there insinuated itself a small but deadly waving line. . . . Up the spigot, Mrs. Green had said, and into the bed.

Mr. Pinfoyle shuddered. Perhaps, after all, he had better not begin with India.

That very morning he had passed a window with photographs of Egypt. He recalled them in detail. One in particular presented itself to Mr. Pinfoyle's recollection: the figure of a native beside a stream. But, on second thought, what was the native doing to the garment which lay across his knee? Could Mrs. Green have been right about the fleas? Once, on a picnic— The memory still made Mr. Pinfoyle writhe inside his clothes.

Why, when he strove to pin it down, did the glamour of his dream always elude him? Why was all the thrill in thinking of the thing as a whole? Was it really only the dream he cared about —not the actuality?

A little fear stole into Mr. Pinfoyle's consciousness—a premonition that he would never live out his dream: that he would let all that fine ecstasy die away through some curious paralysis of his volition; that soon he would have convinced himself he did not want to go.

No. A fever of determination raced through him, heightening the color in his cheeks, quickening his steps. A square or two further up was the store where, that very morning, he had seen in the window vivid posters and photographs. He would overcome his timidity about entering, his apathy about arriving at a decision. He would walk in boldly and commit himself irrevocably to something from which there would be no drawing back.

MR. BWISTOL (as he himself pronounced it) had nothing but contempt for his job at Slawson's Travel Bureau. In fact, in his Kansas City (Kan.) soul burned a contempt for all things American. Particularly tourists—the saps who came in to ask endless questions about tours they meant to take; and the eggs who asked endless questions about tours they never meant to take. Mr. Bwistol was a student of human nature, and his one source of pleasure in his job (outside of the weekly commissions which were some day to take him back to the beloved Paris he had seen for nine days during the war, and hence felt qualified to understand and appreciate) was the justifiable pride he took in the infallibility with which he distinguished a sap from an egg.

Mr. Pinfoyle was seized with a sort of vertigo when he stepped from the elevator into the long room bristling with typewriters and telephones and glib young men inside a long counter flanked by bright-colored folders and lurid posters of date palms and native Arabs and other ruins and idealistic as well as clinical views of ship interiors.

"Can I do anything for you, sir?" Mr. Bwistol was ready to go to any lengths for a prospect who was not only eager to be off at once, but into whose plans financial considerations need not enter. An A-1 sap, if Mr. Bwistol was any judge of human nature.

Mr. Pinfoyle was in luck indeed. All he had to do was leave the number of his room at the hotel, and in a couple of days Mr. Bristol would notify him that a tentative itinerary had been prepared, and then he might come over, make suggestions for additions or elisions, pay his deposit, and . . . !

Mr. Pinfoyle did not know what to do with himself. The theatre was out of the question. He could not put his mind on anything but his trip. The streets had lost their charm for him—he had no interest in the people. They were strangers to whom his voyage meant nothing. He wanted someone with whom he could talk over his trip. He cudgeled his brain in the hope of driving out of some corner the recollection of somebody who lived in New York.

He could scarcely recall the names of the men who had worked at Silvaine's with him. Besides, how set about locating, in New York, after fifteen years, bits of driftwood labeled Smith and Jones?

But wait—Willy Dakoun—Mr. Silvaine's secretary. His father had owned a restaurant where Mr. Pinfoyle had been in the habit of dining. If it were still in existence, he might be able to locate Willy. Perhaps old Dakoun would still remember him.

He found a telephone book in a drug store. There it was—Dakoun's Chop House—still in the old place. A great idea, that.

AN INSPIRATION, it turned out. For there, at a table in a far corner, a napkin shielding his portly middle, sat what might have been a young portrait of old Dakoun, but was really his son, the erstwhile dapper secretary to Ralph Silvaine.

It was a great reunion. And the surprising thing was that Mr. Pinfoyle did not really want to talk, after all. Not half so much as he wanted to listen.

Well, it seemed Dakoun's father had taken him into the restaurant when Silvaine's went bust—

Bust! Silvaine? A shadow fell across this day of days.

Dakoun was astounded that Pinfoyle had not heard. The papers had been full of it. Why, it was on account of that the old man shot himself.

The world suddenly stopped for Mr. Pinfoyle. He hardly heard the details Dakoun recounted to him. His mind was entirely occupied with the task of grasping this impossible thing. Mr. Silvaine dead. . . .

"What became of—the family?"

"Mrs. Silvaine died soon after the old man. It was a mercy, too. She didn't have a cent."

"And—and"—he must know—"Miss Rosemary?"

Dakoun's troubled eyes rested on the vivid blue ones of Mr. Pinfoyle, who trembled as though his mind were an open book wherein the other could read. But Dakoun was searching his own mind.

"I'm trying to recall what it was I heard about her the other day. Poor thing, she's had no end of trouble—"

Mr. Pinfoyle's heart contracted and the blood drained slowly from his face.

"Trouble?" he repeated mechanically, although he felt he could not bear to hear.

"Nothing but—" Dakoun went on, not suspecting that every word was a stab wound from which something inside Mr. Pinfoyle was gradually bleeding to death—"from the minute she married that young MacKay.

"He never amounted to anything. And when Silvaine lost his money MacKay just went to the bad. He got killed in the war. In two years she lost both her parents and her husband. Poor girl—no money, no family, and a sick baby on her hands—"

"Stop!" Mr. Pinfoyle wanted to cry out, "No more!" He could bear no more. Something inside him was strained to bursting. But Dakoun stopped of his own accord, and they remained for a time immersed in the melancholy shroud of their thoughts.

At last Mr. Pinfoyle shuddered and Dakoun said, sympathetically, "Pretty tough break for a girl brought up the

(*Continued on page 30*)

The Code is Marching On

IT'S going onto the walls of hundreds of American schoolrooms; the Code of Morals for School Children which thousands of Collier's readers helped to prepare is already being woven into the school life of our children.

The code has "taken." From hundreds of letters and newspaper columns some of the facts given below were gathered:

"The Lions Club of Wichita, Kan., has determined that Wichita shall be the pioneer in forwarding the code. A committee has been appointed to set in motion a project for placing a copy of the code in every schoolroom in Kansas. The committee has been authorized to proceed with the enterprise. The code has been printed in the Wichita 'Beacon.' "

Mr. H. P. Ogden, president of the Parent-Teachers Association of Battle Creek, Mich., suggests that 300 or 400 copies will be needed for Battle Creek schools.

Many school principals and teachers in the public schools of New York City have asked to be supplied with a few copies each of the code.

From Kentucky, in the town of Paducah, Linne M. Bloomfield writes: "If you cannot supply copies of the code, could I have copies made at the printing office here without infringing on your rights? Am most anxious to have the code among the school children. It is so beautiful it ought to be in every schoolroom and home."

Whole counties in the country are to have the code placed in schoolrooms. S. C. Underwood, superintendent of schools in Brooke County, W. Va., writes from Wellsburg: "I am much interested in placing a copy of this code in every schoolroom in our county. Would it be possible to secure 150 copies to be used as posters?" Mr. Underwood has been informed that large copies, printed in five colors, prepared by a special artist, suitable for hanging on schoolroom walls or for framing, are obtainable at Collier's.

C. B. Glerin, superintendent of schools in Birmingham, Ala., has asked for 200 copies to be distributed among the teachers of that city.

William C. T. Adams, superintendent of schools of Keene, N. H., has asked for 50 copies. J. W. Asbury, superintendent of schools at Marion, Ill., writes, "I hope you will print the code attractively on good paper so that the schools of the country may secure copies. We should wish 50 or more of them for Marion." He was informed that a large edition has been prepared.

A bank in Davenport, Iowa, has purchased 5,000 copies of the code for free distribution in the city. Many business organizations have been given permission to republish the code in house organs.

"I have cut out the code and bulletined it for my class of little children of many creeds and races," writes a Brooklyn school teacher.

"If you have any reprints of the code and care to present them to the school, I shall be glad to have them placed on the bulletin board in every schoolroom in the school," writes Walter F. Downing, head of the English High School, Boston, Mass. "I am putting on our corridor bulletin board a copy of the Code of Morals. There are in this school 85 classrooms, and 3,300 high-school boys."

N. C. Newbold, director of the Negro Division of the State Department of Education of North Carolina, has instructed Negro teachers to read and discuss the code, with the project of presenting it to Negro pupils in all of the public schools of that state.

Twenty-five de luxe copies have been sent to be placed in a Boston public school.

Two hundred copies of the code to be placed "in homes of school children" have been requested by Mrs. Margaret W. Kass of Hartford, Conn., president of the Parent-Teachers Association. "It will give me pleasure to place the code in the home of each member," she says.

In Pecos, Tex., the Parent-Teachers Association asked for a dozen copies of the code to be discussed from the viewpoint of its value in the schools.

"I would like to have a framed copy of the code in every school house in Cass County over which I have supervision," writes J. L. Lovelace, superintendent of Cass County schools in Texas.

"Come Clean, My Lad," is the theme of a school campaign in Hazleton, Pa., schools. Boys of the industrial arts department wanted to print the Moral Code from original plates. This was impossible, but the school will be furnished with copies.

"We thank you for the opportunity to place before children a definite program which they can read for the formation of good character," writes Joseph M. Shuck, superintendent of education of Atlantic Highlands, requesting copies for schoolrooms.

To get the code working in the schoolrooms of America once seemed a more difficult task than preparing the code itself. But the code is finding its way to children rapidly.

The National Education Association, the first organization of teachers in America with 150,000 members, is printing the code in its national journal, thus bringing it to the attention of the leading teachers of America.

The multitude of readers and collaborators who helped to prepare it may rest assured that it is "marching on" in that quiet world of the schoolroom and that many thousands of teachers will shortly be discussing the best methods of presenting its teachings to tens of thousands of our school children.

Do You Envy the Health of Others?

Read these remarkable statements of what one simple food can do

THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach and general health are affected—this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active.

Fleischmann's Yeast for Health comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. All grocers have it. Start eating it today! You can order several cakes at a time, for Yeast will keep fresh in a cool, dry place for two or three days.

Dissolve one cake in a glass of water
(*just hot enough to drink*)

before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast, when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation. Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day before meals:- spread on crackers - dissolved in fruit juices or milk or eat it plain.

Write for a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health: Health Research Dept. E-14, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

(MISS BRIAN, CENTER)

"AFTER A SEVERE ILLNESS last winter due to overwork and faulty elimination, I began taking Fleischmann's Yeast cakes twice daily.

"In two weeks' time marked improvement was noticed. The soreness of my body disappeared, daily evacuations were established, and life took on a rosier hue. Steady improvement continued, and this past summer has been wonderful in many pleasures. I feel that I owe much of my splendid physical condition now to Fleischmann's Yeast.

"I have outlined a course in Yeast for several of my students, and in every instance the desired result—overcoming constipation—has been obtained."

(*Miss Celia E. Brian, R. N., Brattleboro, Vt.*)

"ONLY THOSE WHO HAVE SEEN me perform in 'Kid Boots' have any idea of the tax on my energy. After six months on Broadway, I felt my 'pep' waning, and I began to fear for my health. I was tired out; couldn't sleep well; every part of me just ached. A friend suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. My doctor said 'Try it.' I did. Three cakes daily . . . Soon, darned if I didn't begin to lose that draggy feeling. Improvement was steady. Best of all, sleep was restored. Fleischmann's Yeast is part of my daily diet now—like milk."

(*Eddie Cantor, New York City.*)

(RIGHT)

"AS OWNER AND MANAGER of a Beauty Salon, I come in daily contact with all manner of skin disorders. I unhesitatingly recommend Fleischmann's Yeast. About five years ago I was generally run down and unable to work. I was suffering from chronic constipation, indigestion, loss of vitality, and skin eruptions. I began taking Fleischmann's Yeast, three cakes a day. At the end of two months all skin eruptions had disappeared, and as if by magic I found all other troubles disappearing also. At the end of three months I was well and back at work."

(*Miss Katherine Fitzgibbon, Denver, Colo.*)

"I AM AN EX-BRITISH NAVAL MAN and have lived in Canada eighteen years. Soon after my arrival I commenced to suffer from indigestion and as I travelled for a fur company attributed my complaint to the inferior food at the small hotels on the branch lines in the West. For days I drank water only or soup and became so irritable was a source of annoyance to all whom I came in contact with. Having tried almost every drug advertised for indigestion commenced taking your now famous yeast cakes three daily. Result: No Indigestion—three square meals a day, splendid appetite, and feeling as fit as a fiddle strung to concert pitch."

(*Reginald J. Seymour, Edmonton, Alberta*)

(LEFT)

"COMING FROM THE SCHOOLROOM in June, a tired-out teacher, I was given an opportunity to do some very interesting work for several months. I felt unable physically, but I plunged in. I began taking a cake of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, then three cakes. In two weeks' time I felt less tired; and now at the end of four months' hard work my tired-out feeling has vanished, my complexion looks as it did when I was sixteen, and my constipation, that arch enemy of indoor people, is a thing of the past."

(*Miss Caroline Barr, Chicago, Ill.*)

There are many delicious ways of eating yeast—dissolved in water, fruit juices or milk, spread on crackers, or eaten plain

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

There's Rosemary

Continued from page 28

way she was—without even a way of making a living."

"But," Mr. Pinfoyle managed to articulate in a voice heavy with the effort of passing this sodden weight which was his heart, "didn't anybody do anything for her?"

Dakoun shrugged helplessly. "She has no close relatives."

"But—but you," asked Mr. Pinfoyle, "and the others down at Silvaine's?"

Dakoun shrugged again, this time defensively. "What could we do? Offer a girl like Rosemary Silvaine charity?"

No, Mr. Pinfoyle agreed.

"What's become—of her?" he inquired at length.

"I'm trying to think what I heard the other day," mused Dakoun, attempting to track down the recollection. "Let me see. It was a chap who runs a hotel up in Westchester. She has her boy on a farm near there, and he told me she wanted work in his hotel. But it's off season for him. That was it. And that was how I heard about the boy being sickly."

Mr. Pinfoyle moistened his lips with his tongue before he asked, "Did he say where she was—now?"

Dakoun wrinkled his oily brow. "She has a job in one of the hotels."

Mr. Pinfoyle held his breath lest his breathing jar the name from the tip of Dakoun's tongue, where it appeared to be hovering. But it was of no avail. He could not recall it.

When Mr. Pinfoyle emerged onto the half-deserted street, he shivered and drew his overcoat closely about him. It had grown suddenly cold.

MR. PINFOYLE hardly slept a wink all night, except for snatches during which strange goblins tortured and possessed his brain. But gradually from out the chaos of his thoughts emerged a scheme—audacious, even outrageous; and yet to Mr. Pinfoyle simple, logical, nay, with a certain inevitability about it, as though Destiny had planned it—had planned his whole life only for this moment of taking part in it.

Within him there burned a great, subterranean fire. But outwardly he was perfectly collected as he explained what he required of the breezy telephone operator who was to pilot him through the first step of his plan. It consisted of finding Rosemary Silvaine.

By one o'clock they had located her.

It was a great shock, seeing her. She had changed! Somehow, it had never occurred to him that she might not still be the same girl with the vivid gold hair and eager young eyes.

Before Mr. Pinfoyle had recovered from the shock of seeing her, she was advancing across the taupe-colored carpet of the little sitting-room in which she had received him, her hand extended, a glad light in her eyes—the same great, gray pools Mr. Pinfoyle recalled, but oh, how different!

Of course she remembered him. And she was happy to see him. And when she put her hand in his, he had to keep himself from kissing it or, rather, from falling to his knees and kissing the hem of her dress. Changed she might be—no longer a girl; the gold of her hair faded to something more nearly silver; lines of pain about her eyes and mouth—but to him she was still, would always be, the loveliest woman in the world, whose very presence distilled a sort of magic which made his heart beat almost to suffocation.

She wore an ordinary black dress, with a simple, girlish, semi-transparent collar, but she did not carry herself like a woman whom Life has defeated. Rather it was with the air of a princess that she invited Mr. Pinfoyle to sit beside her on the taupe-upholstered couch. He did so, conscious of her in a way he had never been conscious of anyone before. However, he did not let even that deflect him. Only he said what he had to say like a lesson he had conned, his mind preoccupied with the thought that this was She—and he was sitting beside Her—so close that if he put out his hand he could touch Her.

Timidly, but with the doggedness of his one-track determination, Mr. Pinfoyle unfolded the story he had worked out during the night. At the first few sentences she averted her face, so he could not see the expression of her eyes. It was as well. Distraction enough lay in that one short, pale-gold lock curling over her ear.

He told her first how he had spent the last fifteen years in Great Petersdale, and so had not heard of her father's death; how he had worked and saved with the one idea of owning a home some day. But when he had the money (and so much more, from his sister, than he would ever need) his dream had failed him because he realized he would be lonely.

She must forgive him, please, if what he was about to say next appeared presumptuous. He relied upon his veneration for Ralph Silvaine and the esteem in which her father had held him to weigh with her against any such indictment. But he had heard that Ralph Silvaine had a grandson living in the country among strangers. And he had dared to hope that the child might be permitted to come and live with him.

There was a little pause during which Mr. Pinfoyle, with a stiff hand that shook, wiped his moist brow. Her silence frightened him, and he went on almost breathlessly to plead the cause of this lonely man who would be so very good to this little boy—better than any blood relative, perhaps, because the tie was of his own choosing—who had so much money the boy would never want—and who asked for nothing except the right to lavish it upon this child.

His voice trailed away into silence. Still she made no move. It was almost as though she were not aware that he had stopped. Mr. Pinfoyle waited in an agony of suspense.

At last she turned and put her hand over both his, which, in his nervousness, he had clasped together.

"How did you know I had a boy?" she asked gently, searching his face with those great gray eyes of hers, in which there lurked a hint of tears.

"I heard it from one of the men," he replied uneasily—"Willy Dakoun."

"Oh." She seemed to consider a moment. "And he told you all about me—about the way I was situated?"

Mr. Pinfoyle flushed as though he had been guilty of some indiscretion. "He told me—about the little boy being up in the country—and you being here."

"And you thought you'd like to help us both?"

"Oh, no—Mrs. MacKay. Not that. You don't understand—"

She smiled gravely. "I'm afraid I do." Suddenly the tears welled up in her eyes, and turning away her head she rose and walked to the window, where she stood looking out, framed in the soft, dark velours of the curtain. "I think that's the most beautiful thing I ever heard of."

He did not know what to do. Embarrassment was suffocating—emotion paralyzing him. She went on:

"You had this money—and you heard that Ralph Silvaine's grandson was in—well, needed care, and you came to New York to see what you could do for my boy. And you thought of this way of putting it, as though it were a favor to yourself."

Mr. Pinfoyle found his voice at last. But his words lacked conviction because he could not tell her the real reason for his coming to New York.

She shook her head gently, looking straight into his eyes. "I think you are the most generous man in the whole world," she said, choosing her words deliberately. "And I wish I could accept what you want to do—because I understand the way you mean it. I really do. But I'm sorry, Mr. Pinfoyle. I can't."

Mr. Pinfoyle swallowed and gazed down at the carpet. The bitter sense of defeat crowded out all other feelings.

"You see," she said at last, her voice coming to him as from a great distance, "it would mean giving him up. And I couldn't do that. He's part of me. I think he's all of me. I couldn't go on living and working if I didn't feel I was doing it for him." There was a little pause, and then she added, in a more collected voice, "Please don't think I'm ungrateful. I'll never forget what you wanted to do—what you have done. It will make a great difference in my life just knowing—and remembering."

He managed somehow to take his leave of her. And when she gave him her hand it did not seem absurd to bend and kiss it as he said good-by.

"Good-by," she whispered, "and God bless you." Then, recovering her poise, she added, gently, "The next time you come to New York, I hope you will come and see me. I haven't a great many friends."

AT THE hotel he found a message to call Mr. Bristol. But he did not want to talk to Mr. Bristol. He wanted to think—to relive—to stamp on his memory every fragrant moment he had spent with her—every shade that had crossed her face—the tender glow of her eyes—the texture of her hair.

He went for a walk in the park, which suited his mood better than the crowded avenue. The park reminded him somewhat of Great Petersdale. There was a little reminiscent smell of autumn—of burning leaves; a rustle in the air—and over all a sort of yellow haze that called back other autumns. . . . And suddenly it occurred to Mr. Pinfoyle that he was homesick for Great Petersdale.

He returned to his hotel without having stopped at the Travel Bureau. To-morrow—

But he reckoned without Mr. Bristol. The latter caught him on the telephone just as he entered his room, and offered to bring the itinerary over in person after five. Mr. Pinfoyle agreed resignedly.

He stood gazing idly out of the window.

There was a knock at the door. Mr. Pinfoyle sighed and looked at his watch. Mr. Bristol was early.

But it was not Mr. Bristol. It was a uniformed boy with a letter.

For some cause Mr. Pinfoyle's heart stood still, and it was all his reason could do to dismiss the wild hope that went tearing through his brain. Why should she be writing to him? She did not even know where he was staying.

It seemed an eternity before be found a coin for the boy and saw the door close after him. And his fingers got in their own way as he tore open the envelope.

"*My Dear Friend:*" he read, and the room swam suddenly before his eyes, so that he had difficulty in making out the signature to which he turned quickly, in order to spare himself one needless moment of suspense—one more second of futile hope which would only deepen the pain of awakening. But there was no awakening. The miracle had happened. There was her name—blurred a little as though she had written and blotted it in haste.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I am writing because I think that will be easier for both of us. You will find me at my hotel if you want to see me. If not, nothing will ever change the way I feel about the wonderful thing you did yesterday. I have been unable to get it—and you—out of my mind. I learned your address from Mr. Dakoun. You are the sweetest and noblest man I ever knew, and I was very selfish to want to keep my boy from knowing you and from the things you can give him. If I were sick or if I were to die, I don't know what would become of him. And so, if it is not too late, I would like to change my mind.

Mr. Pinfoyle, I remember something you once said to my father, and I thought that perhaps—if you were really as lonely as you said—

(There was a blur here that looked as though a tear had fallen, and the next words were written crudely, as though she had scrawled them with fierce determination.)

Mr. Pinfoyle, couldn't you take both of us?

It wasn't so much that Mr. Bwistol minded losing a sale. That was an everyday event. But when you have gone to extra trouble for a customer, and then he stalls and stalls about his trip, and finally tries to make you believe he has suddenly decided to get married instead (as though that were a thing one decided overnight!), well, Mr. Bwistol knew when he was being kidded. And that was what hurt. He had taken this fellow Pinfoyle to be an A-1 sap and he had turned out to be a particularly bad egg.

This CZAR *Never Speaks*

©Holmes—from Galloway

By CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

ANOTHER dictator has been rung out of office in Moscow and his red, pink and white successors rung in. Trotsky has departed in exile—but Czar Kolokol reigns on in disdainful silence within the grim old walls of Moscow's imperial citadel. For nearly two centuries this Czar has watched Russia's autocrats come and go. And all this while "Kolokol"—his name means "King of Bells" and he is the greatest bell in all the world—has never broken his long silence.

The huge mass of bronze, weighing 200 tons, with a circumference of sixty feet, cracked before it ever was hung, and an eleven-ton piece broke off. Anna Ivanovna, Empress of Russia, ordered the great bell cast. She was a woman ruler of the same type of mind as Queen Elizabeth of England; she lived in "spacious times" and liked doing things upon a spacious scale. But her bell project flopped. In the most literal sense of the word it flopped—and there it lay embedded in the earth for more than a hundred years before another ruler came along with gumption enough to dig it up.

Czar Nicholas then observed that, though "Kolokol" was no longer useful, the wonderful old bell was undeniably ornamental. So he had "Kolokol" raised and set upon a granite pedestal.

Once that was done, a priest suggested that the bell was large enough to be used, upon occasion, as the tiniest chapel. So the "Czar" began to serve a double rôle. Many generations of youngsters since have made the base of the bell a playground. There never was a clapper. Such large bells always are rung with striking-irons.

Some day your friendly old customer may be exposed to a new idea

Then you may lose him unless you have always given his business the same attention your prospects receive

EVERYBODY'S new customer was somebody's old customer.

Every salesman's "prospect" is some other firm's customer.

Maybe there are a few exceptions, but not many.

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You have a mailing list of customers. Use it. Let them feel that you are as keen to hold their business as you once were to get it. Don't let them be able to say, "I never hear from those people except when they want an order from me. I don't know whether they value my business or not."

Using good printing to keep in close and friendly touch with your trade is neither costly nor difficult. And it pays.

Call in a good printer. Show him your mailing list. Tell him you want to make use of it to keep old customers pleased and to get new customers interested. He will have suggestions to make. We may be able to help you a bit ourselves.

To merchants, manufacturers, and buyers of printing

The result of many years' study and experience in the production of business literature has been set forth in a number of books being issued by S. D. Warren Company. One book, "Teaching by Rote," explains the need and method for keeping constantly in touch with your customer. These books may be obtained as issued without cost from any paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers, or by writing direct to S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

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Will the Dawes Plan Work?

Continued from page 13

The committee organized with General Dawes as chairman and spent the first week or ten days in informal discussion. Before the real business started, the members were calling each other by their last names. Nationalism dropped out. It was easy to discuss every point on common ground.

Although the committee was nominally presided over by General Dawes, its actual work was done by two subcommittees—one, under Mr. Young, to study all the banking features of any plan that might be devised, the creation of a new German bank and the state of German railroads and industry, and the other, headed by Sir Josiah Stamp, to consider the German budget and taxes. Mr. Robinson was the American member of the so-called McKenna Committee which was created to find how much wealth Germany had in foreign countries (a committee whose work I am not dealing with here, for it had separate members and conferences); but he also later turned in and most ably helped Mr. Young.

The meetings were secret but wholly informal. The Americans, to the amazement of some of the foreign members, did not show even a polite interest in elaborate statistics or expert reports. For instance, General Dawes flatly refused to read an elaborate memorandum on taxation and budgets, on the ground that he could not understand it anyway. Another member scribbled a note to Mr. Young:

"You, Owen Young, divest yourself of figures, clothe yourself in assumptions, and place yourself in a vacuum and then begin to operate!"

All of this was different from the ordinary European procedure—which is to get lost in a maze of figures and finally come out with a positive conviction that nothing can be done.

The Americans planned for a report which would be merely a set of principles that anyone could understand; and one by one they drew these principles—"bullets" Sir Josiah Stamp called them. Eventually there were seventeen of them, but they covered only ten pages. In part they were drawn up by Mr. Young while he was sick in bed.

The very idea of a ten-page report shocked the Continental delegates. Several assistant experts retired with the "bullets." They came back with a sheaf of thirty-six pages of closely typewritten matter. Sir Josiah Stamp glanced through the new report:

"My word," he exclaimed, "they have taken these bullets and changed them into rice pudding."

The bullets stood! With only slight extensions, they form the summary of the report. One stipulation ought to be noted. The report said that it must be accepted or rejected as a whole. The Americans insisted on this provision.

The stipulation proved itself immediately, for it prevented the premiers of the various countries, meeting in London to consider putting the plan into effect, making numerous changes for the benefit of the folks at home.

How the report really got through is something of a mystery even to the negotiators. But get through it did and with an additional provision that, if experience showed that any part of the plan needed modification or correction, the changes would be decided upon by a standing committee of three and that the chairman should be an American.

Lack of Artificial Power

HOW do the men who devised the plan expect it to work out? On the basis of pre-war production and consumption the plan will *not* work out. The Germany of the Kaiser is commonly supposed to have been a model of industrial efficiency; it was nothing of the sort. German prosperity was to a large degree artificial in that, through cartels and monopolies, prices were regulated and an immense amount of credit based on nothing in particular was kept floating. There is a deal of evidence that Germany was faltering at the outbreak of the war. France has never been an industrial nation and her consumption is not only low but wholly unimaginative; the French peasant is not a buyer. European industry has never understood the building up of markets or the importance of home markets.

The truth is that Europe is poor because the hand of man has not been helped by enough artificial power to enable it to make a decent living for its owner. In the United States we have about three and a half horse power per worker and the worker lives so well that the consumption of this country, barring foodstuffs, is probably greater than that of all the rest of the world put together. England provides only one and a half horse power per man, while Germany is below a single horse power and France has less than half a horse power. The American members of the Dawes Committee saw the opportunity to make reparations constructive instead of destructive—to use the funds as a basis for a new prosperity. As a man in the confidence of the committee, although not a member, explained to me:

"We are concerned in discovering non-competitive products for Germany and France to exchange. There are plenty of them.

"Providing more power will increase the buying capacity of all the European home markets and will of itself prevent the possibility of new production in Europe being a menace to the world. If the purchasing power of the average European were raised to only one quarter that of the average American, there would not be factories enough in all Europe and England to supply the needs. The United States is already involved in Europe to the extent that every creditor who expects to get money from a debtor is involved in the affairs of the debtor. But the Dawes Plan does not contemplate the use of force as a collecting agent. The plan would break down the moment force was exerted. The thing is so drawn that an attempted collection by force is simply absurd. The United States can best help not by lending money, as is supposed, but by maintaining an attitude of friendly interest and understanding. Indeed, lending money too freely might only help to postpone the day of real work."

The Flaw in My Great-Uncle Amos

Continued from page 11

herself let the roses drop on the grave.

The beneficiary of his kindness then left. It was time, for in bringing her forward Charley Atlee had brought her into view from below, and black silk Robinson bosoms were surging hurriedly up the knoll. She must have seen them, but she didn't show it and kept her composure in leaving. We were pounced upon: "Who was that? Wha'd she say? Why'd you let her—" et cetera. Charley Atlee, profoundly innocent, told them the simple truth. Their exchanges of looks were a giveaway. They were of two minds about following her and—shaking her perhaps.

"What do you think of her now?" I asked Charley Atlee when I could.

"Don't know," he said. "I liked her, hanged if I didn't. Didn't you?"

There was a train out of Mycenæ before night, and we caught it together. In the first coach was Mrs. Ostrander of Taber's Falls, with two faced seats on the shady side and a two-quart vacuum bottle. Before I knew how it came about I was sitting beside her and he opposite, and she was pouring iced tea into paper cups, and he was declaring, "This helps!" over his, and I was saying, "Gee, it's good!"

"Isn't it?" she said. "Take your coat off, child. No wonder you look wilted. Oh, never mind your shirt. Take your vest off too." I minded "child" and her not making Charley Atlee take things off. But she was nice. Her crinkled eyes were irresistible.

Having mothered me she talked to him. "I guess you thought it was kind of funny my coming as I did?"

"Not at all," he said. "Why should we?"

"If I tell you boys the story, will you promise you won't tell? There isn't a living soul knows it, and my!—if it ever should get back to Taber's Falls!

"IT WAS long before you were born," she said, "and I was on the stage. You wouldn't think it, would you? But I was. Yes, sir, I was in opera, comic opera. I sang Hebe in 'Pinafore' and Edith in 'The Pirates of Penzance.' And I was to have sung Arline in 'The Bohemian Girl'—

"Yes, sir, and I was to have sung in a grand opera, if you please!—a German one, one Mr. Reivenbach was always talking about—and when we'd made enough money we'd go to New York and then we'd go to Europe and I don't know what not.

"We didn't get that far. We got to Mycenæ, and then—

"But I'm going too fast. You see, in those days Taber's Falls was a narrow little place. It was full of 'narrer Baptists' and we were about as bad.

"WHEN I was seventeen I was keeping company with Fritz. I liked him the best of the boys. Oh, I liked him well enough. But his folks came from over by Palatine Bridge and they were kind of Dutch—and he was, or I'd think he was whenever we'd had a tiff. He was getting on fine in their hardware store and wanted to get married, and sometimes I did but sometimes I didn't, especially after I found I could sing.

"There was a woman living in Taber's Falls that had been a famous singer. She gave out that she had, and I don't know but she had to some extent. Her name was Mrs. Mantin, she called herself Madame Mantini. People wouldn't associate with her because she'd been on the stage, but after a while she got to sing in our church one Easter Sunday, and then they changed their minds and she gave lessons.

"I took. Pa wouldn't pay for it. I was in the choir already and that was enough, he said. My aunt Bertha was the only one that stuck up for me, and she didn't have any money, but I had a little from chickens and eggs—I had my own flock of White Leghorns—and Mrs. Mantin offered to teach me for next to nothing.

"Fritz paid part for my lessons. I didn't know it. He made her promise I shouldn't. Just like Fritz—hated to have me take, but if I was bound to, he'd help me, and never let on. He wouldn't own up when I finally found it out. So stubborn. Dutch.

"My aunt Bertha wasn't narrow. She was queer, so the family said. She favored the Calkinses, Grandfather Calkins' folks, and they said it was that.

"We couldn't help having to do with her. She had the most sense in some ways. I told her about this opera scheme and how wild I was to be in it, and how it seemed's if I couldn't settle down like Taber's Falls girls and be prayed over and exhorted and not call my soul my own and bring up Fritz's babies and help him save dimes, and how slow and Dutch he seemed—and she egged me on and came with me when I broke the news to Pa.

My! He shook his cane at Aunt Bertha and said this was her doings. S'she, 'I'd be thankful, Wesley, if it was.' He said she wanted to sell me into sin. 'Oh, sell her into fiddlesticks!' s'she. She wasn't scared. Not her!

"He sent my younger brother after Fritz, and Fritz came and just stood like a stump. Said Pa, 'I want you to know I wash my hands of this girl,' s'dee. 'She wouldn't be acting so,' s'dee, 'if her mother was alive, and if she ain't got no shame nor no dutiful heed to my wishes, then I'm through. I won't lift a finger to stop her,' s'dee, 'but she don't come back under my roof!'

"And Fritz got redder and redder and kept looking at his hat, and s'dee, 'If she comes back I'll be here.' It made me feel cross with Fritz. If that was the best that he could do!

"And Pa shouted out, 'You s'pose she'd be so's 't you'd marry her?' And Fritz didn't have a word to say—and then I did get good and mad at him. But after we'd come away, Aunt Bertha and I, he talked right up, told Pa he'd no business suggesting such things about me if he was my father. But I didn't hear of that till later on. I went to Mrs. Mantin's, had my satchel there all packed, and went with her up to Utica next day."

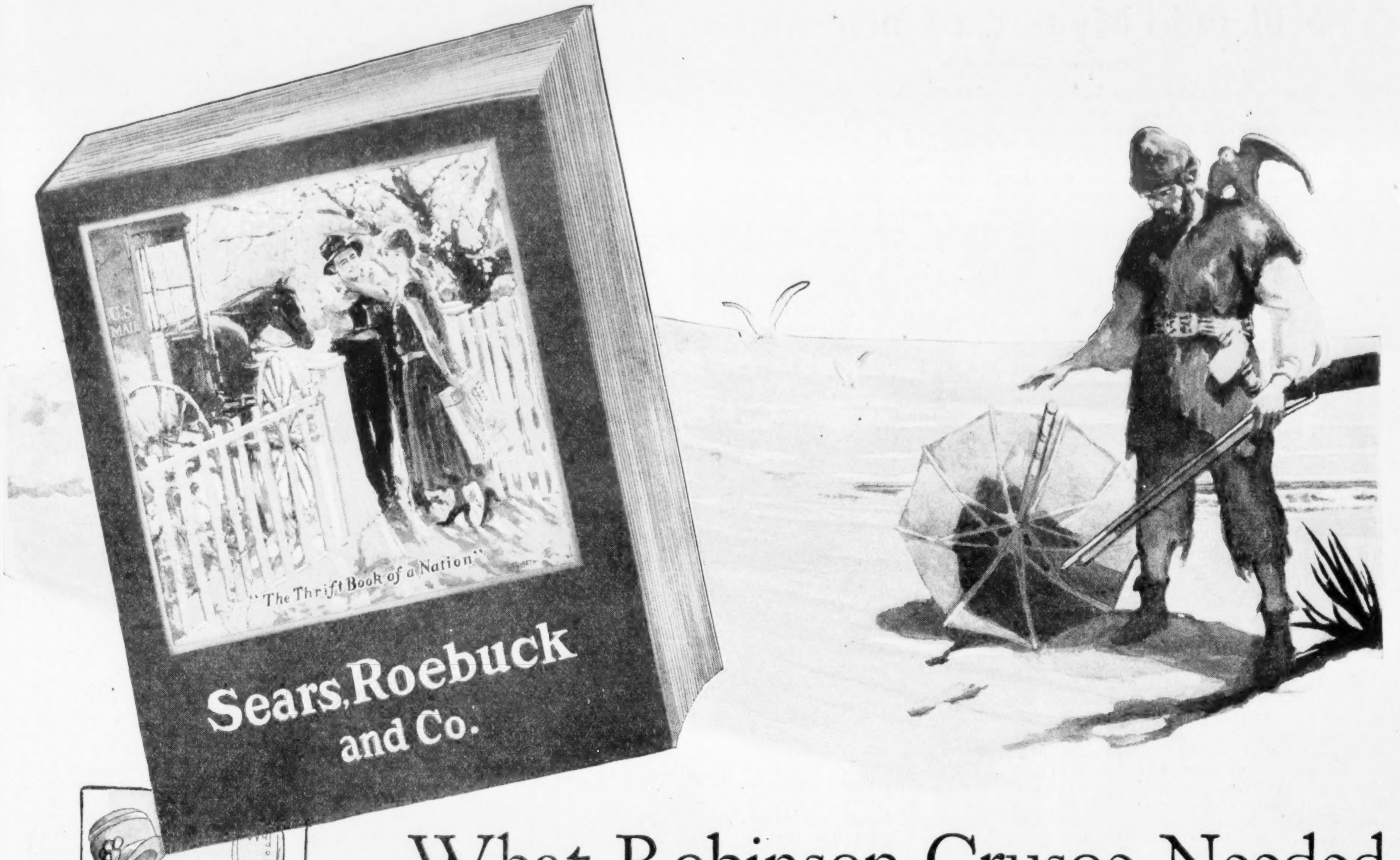
SHE was having a splendid time, her eyes half closed in recollection. It was like a complacent tabby purring. She ran on and on. It would have grown tiresome, except that it was leading up to Uncle Amos. They did fairly well in the smallest towns that hadn't heard the operas. In larger ones—well, for their chorus they relied on local talent, and everywhere it was stupid and made the funniest mistakes. The orchestra they carried was Mr. Reivenbach's violin. Most places that and someone to play the piano were all they had. They used any scenery a theatre afforded, so the 'Pinafore' ship was generally a room in a palace. Mrs. Mantin was big and past singing her best, and would put on grand-opera airs. They couldn't act or be comic, Mr. Reivenbach wouldn't let them, he wanted it all solemn and romantic. Thus salaries came to be promises and some of the troupe deserted, and their places were filled with recruits who couldn't sing.

"Mr. Reivenbach was keeping up on hopes about Mycenæ. He said we'd be appreciated there. When we got there none of us had any money, only Mrs. Mantin, and she wasn't sharing hers. Mrs. Steinbicker, our Little Buttercup, 'd gone back to Utica with quinsy. I remember the last thing she

(Continued on page 34)

In Next Week's Collier's

"THE CLOUDBURST," a short story by Will Irwin; William Johnston's article, "WHY MEN WON'T MARRY," with which you may or may not agree (at any rate, you will have an opportunity to write a letter about it and win a prize); "THE DEMPSEY YOU DON'T KNOW," by Joseph Mulvaney; Albert Richard Wetjen's story, "ADMIRAL JIBBETS"; "DO YOU KNOW HOW TO PLAY?" by Robert L. Duffus; "THEIR BUSINESS IS MAKING MEN," by Grantland Rice, one of whose lively articles appears every week in Collier's; a short story by Marjorie Bowen; the fourth part of H. G. Wells' new novel; and other features.



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The Flaw in My Great-Uncle Amos

Continued from page 32

said to me was, 'Baby'—she called me Baby—'if you're left on your uppers in Mycenæ, look out for the man that owns the theatre.' That was your uncle. I'd heard some talk about him already from others. I suppose I'd got used to such talk. It was part of being on the stage.

"I met him first thing when we went to the theatre—opera house—to rehearse. He was terribly full of manners and pretty speeches. Made several to me, and—I guess I did look at him sideways, to see if I dared. Mr. Reivenbach spoke to me about him. Even Mr. Reivenbach, mooning and dreaming all the time, had heard of him.—I hope I'm not hurting you boys' feelings telling you all this?"

WE ASSURED her, Charley Atlee did, that she wasn't.

"Well"—she chuckled—"that matinée in Mycenæ was just dreadful. Maybe our reputation had come before us. I don't know. Anyway, not a quarter of the seats were filled and lots were deadheads, and they hooted us right from the start and then most of 'em left.

"Where was Uncle Amos?" Charley Atlee interjected.

"He was in a box. He didn't laugh. I looked to see. After Hebe's first appearance an usher came down the aisle with a bouquet. Mrs. Mantin thought it was for her and found it was for me. I'd been anxious and not sleeping and was all strung up—for of course I knew nobody'd come in the evening, and that meant that we were done for—and I took one of the flowers and put it in my hair in place of an artificial rose I had. Mrs. Mantin sailed up to me off the stage and touched it with her finger. 'Dear simple little country girl!' s'she, and laughed. I was ready to cry, but I didn't. There was nobody to cry to. I laughed right back at her—guess I had some Calkins blood in *me!*

"After it was all over they got around Mr. Reivenbach, wanted money. I did too. I hated to, for I knew he didn't have it. He pressed his hands to his head and kept saying, 'Ach, Gott—go avay, go avay!' Then Mr. Robinson sidled around and asked me what my plans were. I wanted to sound high and mighty, so I said they were indefinite. He said, 'If you like to, drop in at my office when you're dressed—' and Mr. Reivenbach came out of his troubles and said, 'Ach, child, no! Not you!' And Mrs. Mantin laughed for Mr. Robinson to hear her.

"I went to the box office and asked the man would he lend me my fare to New York. The only idea in my head was to get to New York. Mr. Reivenbach'd been giving me so much taffy about my singing. I thought I could get engagements.

"But the man shook his head and grinned at me. 'You better see Mr. Robinson,' he said.

"I went over to the hotel. It was drizzly outside and the street lamps were being lighted. I asked the clerk at the desk. He said, 'Not much!' Mrs. Mantin and I were in one room and she was there. We didn't speak. I got my dresses—had 'em in a paper parcel with a shawl-strap then—and came back down. 'Here,' said the clerk, 'where you going to?' S'd I, 'I'm going out.' 'Not with that bundle you ain't,' s'dee, 'until you paid your bill.' So I opened it and got out a brooch pin—one of those cameos, it had been Ma's—and some amber beads I had. Clerk said, 'You don't take them neither.' S'd I, 'They're to pay my bill with.' 'Wouldn't cover it,' s'dee. S'd I, 'I'd bet they would, and more, and where could I find a pawn place?' And I started to march out, but he jumped over the counter.

"There were men all around in the lobby, smoking and spitting and listening to us, and two or three got up and told him to leave me go. One said, 'You try Amos Robinson, sweetheart—you don't need a "pawn place."' It made 'em laugh, and I went out and poked around in the rain. There wasn't any pawnshop. Or if there was I didn't recognize it.

"I hadn't had a great deal to eat that day and was feeling kind of giddy. I'd think about Fritz and I'd go to cry, so I'd think about something else. A pleasant-looking woman came along with a big umbrella. 'Help your kind? I sh'd say not!' s'she. I said I'd work, said I could cook. S'she, 'Not in my kitchen!' I'd clean forgotten I hadn't washed my face. It had Hebe's paint on it.

"Coming past the hotel, I saw Mrs. Mantin get into a hack with her trunk. I didn't have much dander left by then, and I spoke to her, begged her. She got off her laugh once more and said good and loud—all those loafers were watching—that I'd 'ceased to interest' her, or some such thing.

"Well, you can imagine. There I was. I didn't seem to care what happened. I couldn't back out, I had to go on and be a famous singer—and a woman in the troupe had said that this was how girls got to be one, and when they were one nobody would object, it being taken for granted—and so finally I marched myself over to the opera house again, and bumped into Mr. Robinson just leaving."

Her story still amused her, apparently. Her cheeks were a shade deeper pink than before and her chubby hands made livelier explanatory flirts; she was telling the one spicy thing in her housewife's history.

"Mr. Robinson shined up fast enough. He off with his hat and made me a jaunty bow. But he was kind. He was, all through it, fatherly as you might say and considerate, not a bit like those men at the hotel. He thought my getting to New York 'could be arranged,' and would I have supper with him? I told him how it was at the hotel. He said he'd 'tend to it. He took me over and let me in by a side door up an alley, and I went up and put on Hebe's pink muslin dress and another of his flowers in my hair.

"WE ATE supper in a funny little room with one window and only our table in it.

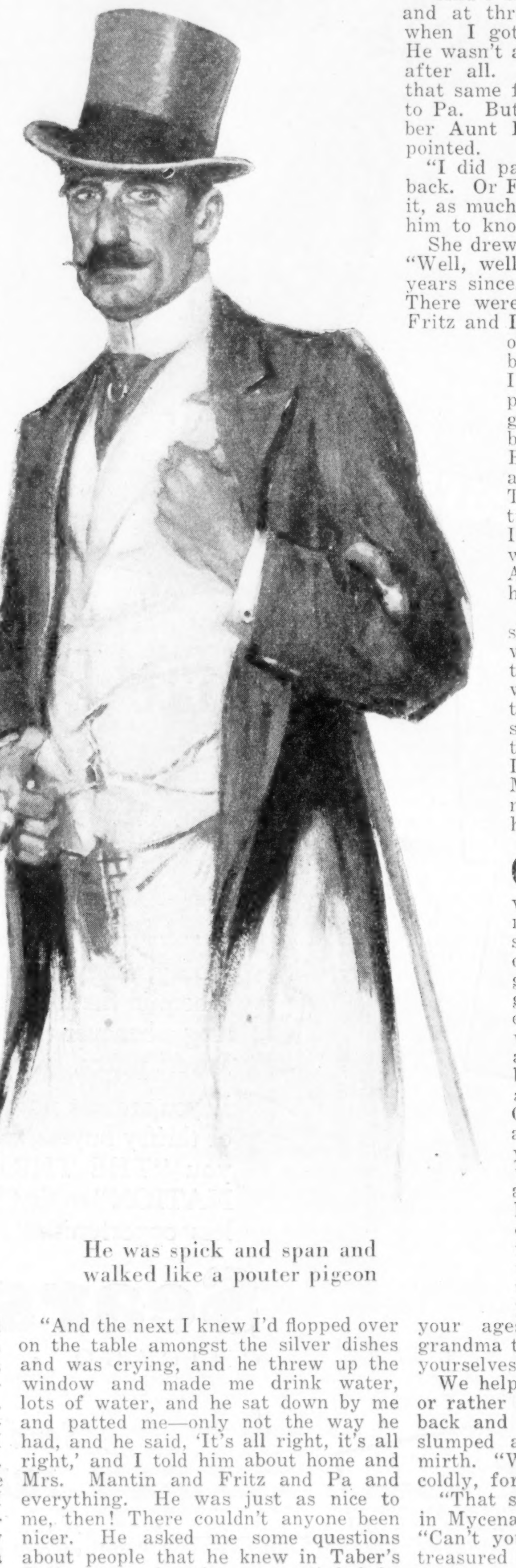
"I was laughing and talking—I wasn't sure how—but I couldn't seem to eat. Mr. Robinson said, 'You've been catching cold, my dear. Your hands are cold,' and he had me drink some wine with him. It was bubbly wine, not champagne but a red kind. Of course I wasn't used to it. But it wasn't much different from tingly cider, and if it was I didn't care. 'There,' s'dee, when I'd had two glasses, 'that's better. Now tell me all about yourself and this New York engagement.' I'd told him I had one, you see.

"He had hold of my hand and was patting it. I let him. I told him fibs—how I'd sung in Utica in a dime museum and a gentleman from New York had heard me and I'd got pretty friendly with him, and he'd got me the engagement, but it wasn't till next month; so meanwhile I'd been touring with the troupe. I thought he might not like me unless he thought I was like that. I had the Utica part straight—Mrs. Steinbicker had done it, but when he asked me what the engagement was I got mixed, for all of a sudden I was seeing things blurry and stumbling over my words, and I said it was to sing in a church.

"He looked kind of funny—I remember by that time he seemed to be way, way off—and s'dee, 'A church? What church?' and s'd I, 'I don't know. It's a Methodist church,' and I began to laugh.

"Then I laughed and I laughed and Mr. Robinson got up and stamped around the room. He sounded as if he was talking to himself. He said, 'What the devil are you laughing at?' and I said I was laughing at the tablecloth. He scowled and spluttered. I guess he must have been making up his mind. Then he came and stood over me and shook me by the shoulders, and, 'Look here now,' s'dee, 'you never did this kind of thing before in your life—now did you?' And I said, oh, yes, I had, and s'dee, 'You didn't! You're lying! How old are you?' He said it real short and I plumped right out, 'Eighteen.'

"He cleared his throat loud and long, and s'dee, 'I thought so. Now let's have the rest of it, the truth.'



He was spick and span and walked like a pouter pigeon

"And the next I knew I'd flopped over on the table amongst the silver dishes and was crying, and he threw up the window and made me drink water, lots of water, and he sat down by me and patted me—only not the way he had, and he said, 'It's all right, it's all right,' and I told him about home and Mrs. Mantin and Fritz and Pa and everything. He was just as nice to me, then! There couldn't anyone been nicer. He asked me some questions about people that he knew in Taber's Falls, and when he was satisfied he said, 'Young lady, you made a bad mistake. In the first place,' s'dee, 'you can't sing for sour apples. Oh, you'll do for the choir at home, you're fine for that, but not for the stage,' s'dee. 'And in the second place you don't know your way around any more than a baby. Right and proper you shouldn't—but, my Lord, if you'd got to New York! Now when you get home you get married,' s'dee, 'get married and settle down—and never you run off barnstorming again.'

"And I said, stupid like, 'When I get home?' And he said, 'You're going to-night if there's a train.' And there was, and he sent me to it in a hack with the hotel proprieter's wife and ten dollars, enough for my ticket and more. And he sent two telegrams, one to Fritz and one to Pa. I saw 'em later. He'd signed Mr. Reivenbach's name to 'em, not his own. And he promised he'd write Mrs. Mantin a letter he said would keep her quiet—and I guess he did. She never peeped.

"And I sat up all night on the cars, and at three o'clock in the morning when I got there Fritz was waiting. He wasn't as Dutch as I'd thought for, after all. He made me get married that same forenoon, and then we went to Pa. But Pa wasn't bad. I remember Aunt Bertha was kind of disappointed.

"I did pay Mr. Robinson the money back. Or Fritz did. I'd told him about it, as much as I thought was good for him to know."

She drew a long breath and laughed. "Well, well! It's getting 'most forty years since. It doesn't hardly seem so. There were spells for a while—when Fritz and I would have some little tiff, or my young ones would have been extra aggravating or I'd burned myself putting up preserves—that I'd wish I'd gone on, some other way, and been a great singer instead. But they wouldn't last long and I got over having 'em. The store did so well we took trips and I heard real opera. It showed me Mr. Robinson was right about my singing. Altogether I concluded I had him to thank for a good deal.

"And I certainly have," she added. "Specially if he was all he was said to be, though I'll never believe he was. For even if he did see through me, he must have seen that I stood ready—and then, as he said, my Lord, if I'd got to New York! Well. Maybe you boys understand now why I wanted to come to his funeral?"

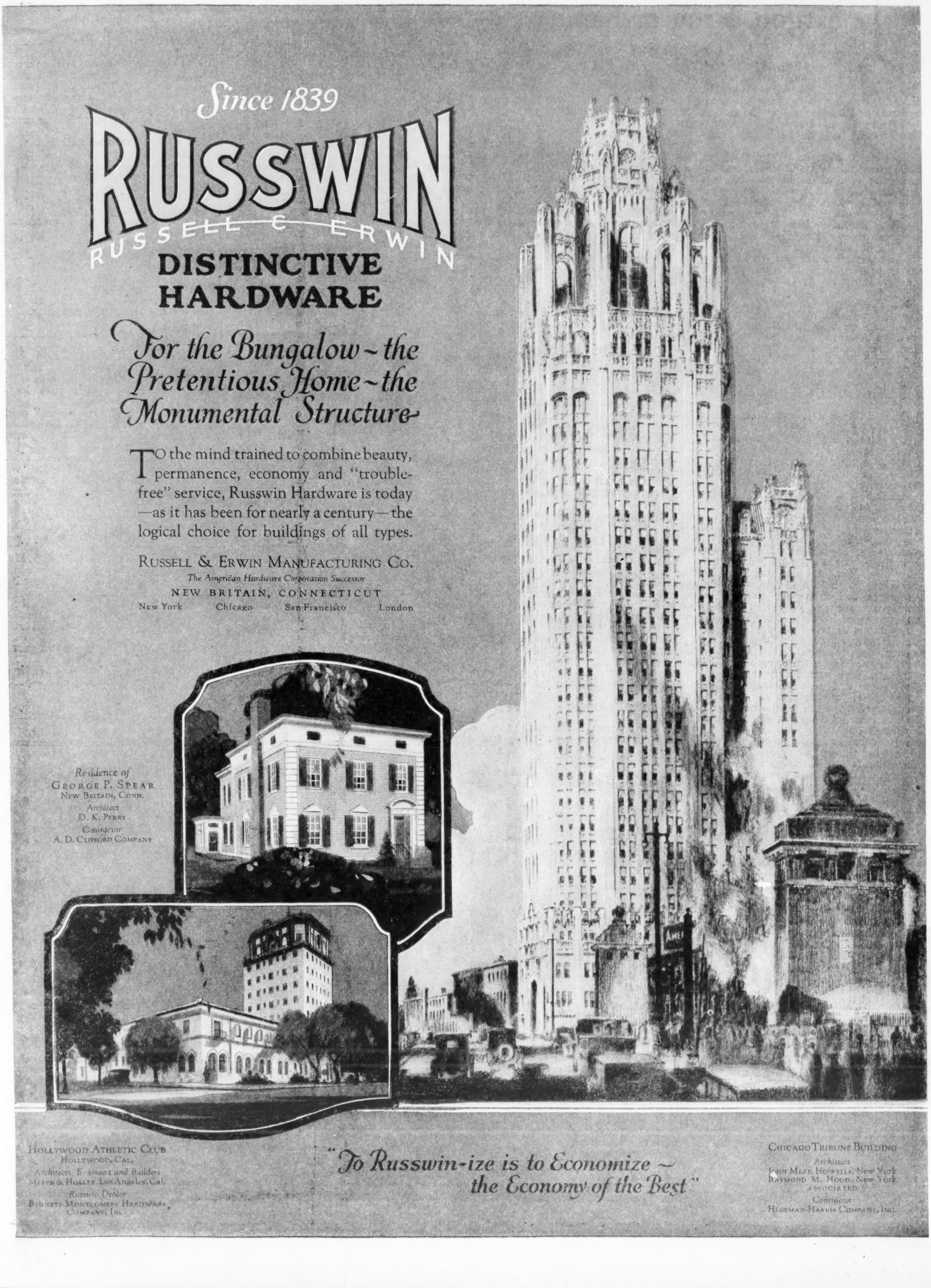
CHARLEY ATLEE'S nod was more of a bow, and it was quite sincere. As for me, I was deep in reflecting some poetic young reflections on how there had been two good women to mourn at his grave. "Land sakes!" she ejaculated suddenly. "Here we are at the junction a'ready! I'm afraid I've been talking you blind, deaf and dumb, as the saying is. Old age! But any time you are near Taber's Falls, or if you'd come o' purpose, I want you to make us a visit, as long as you can. We don't have hell-fire-'n-brimstone in our house, we have good times. Always did, always will. I see to that. And three of my eldest daughter's young ones are girls about your ages, and—it's not for their grandma to praise 'em, but you'd enjoy yourselves!"

We helped her off with her luggage, or rather Charley Atlee did. He came back and the train went on and he slumped and rolled in his seat with mirth. "What's so funny?" I demanded coldly, for I was hers.

"That story, if those old landmarks in Mycenæ could hear it!" he chortled. "Can't you see 'em? He's been their treasured historic local villain all these years—no one was safe in his palmy days, and so on—and he'd be spoiled!"

I thought it high time I did something in the worldly wisdom line. "Aw, hex," quoth I, "*that* needn't spoil him. He'd have had to be pretty rotten. If a man's got any decency at all, he won't—a girl as young as that—"

"Won't he?" said Charley Atlee, and marred his record of forbearance with an openly quizzical eye on my frock coat.



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Sargon, King of Kings

Continued from page 20

there," said the silver-haired man warmly. A very sensible fellow.

A great rustle and a scraping of chairs. Poppinetti, figuring upon an accounts pad, came to collect the money.

"I'll pay for us, Daddy," said Christina Alberta, "and we'll settle up afterwards."

Poppinetti bowing. Poppinetti on Mr. Preemby's right and on Mr. Preemby's left; several Poppinettis bowing. A great activity of Poppinettis handing hats and so forth. Poppinettis whichever way you turned. The restaurant rotating slightly. Was this Chianti perhaps stronger than Mr. Preemby had been led to believe? A number of Poppinettis opening a number of doors and saying polite things. Difficult to choose a door. Right the first time. Out into the street. People going by. Taxis.

Mr. Preemby became aware that he was walking next to Mrs. Crumb. "It was lovely to hear you talking about the New Atlantis," she said. "I wish I had been sitting nearer."

"H'rrmp," said Mr. Preemby.

Something very nice about Mrs. Crumb. What was it? Not so *fearfully* married but married quite enough.

MR. PREEMBY thought they were going back for coffee and a little talk and then bed; he had no idea of the immense amount of evening still before him. He knew nothing as yet of the capacity for sitting up late and getting lively in the small hours possessed by this new world of young people into which Christina Alberta had led him.

And in a sort of hectic discontinuous way they were lively for hours. It became vaguely evident to Mr. Preemby that there was a periodic "day" set apart by Mrs. Crumb for evening gatherings in the studio and that this evening he had chosen for his settling down was such an evening. Fresh people dropped in. One, it seemed, was a portentous arrival, he came in quite soon after the return from Poppinetti's; he was very fat and broad, a white-faced man of forty or so, rather short of breath, with exceedingly intelligent eyes under a broad forehead and a rather loose, peevish mouth. He carried himself with the involuntary self-consciousness of a man who thinks he is pointed out. His name, it seemed, was Paul Lambone, and he had written all sorts of things. Everybody treated him with a faint deference. He greeted Christina Alberta with great warmth.

"How's the newest Van?" he said, shaking her hand as though he liked it and speaking with a singularly small voice for so ample a person.

"How's the last step in Advance?"

"You've got to meet my father," said Christina Alberta.

"Has it got a Father? I thought it just growed like Topsy—out of Nietzsche and Bernard Shaw and all the rest of them."

"H'rrmp," said Mr. Preemby.

Mr. Lambone turned to him. "What a Handful a daughter is!" he said and bowed slightly toward Christina Alberta, "even the best of them."

Mr. Preemby replied after the manner of the parents in Woodford Wells, "She's a good daughter to me, sir."

"Yes, but they aren't like sons."

"You have sons, sir, I presume."

"Only dream children. I've not had your courage to realize things. I've married a hundred times in theory and here I am just a sort of bachelor uncle to everybody. Poking in among the younger people and observing their behavior with"—his intelligent eyes looked quietly over his garrulous mouth at Christina Alberta—"terror and admiration."

Two other visitors appeared in the doorway, and Mr. Lambone turned from Mr. Preemby to greet them so soon as Fay had done her welcome, a fierce-looking young man with an immense head of black hair and a little lady like a china doll dressed to remind one of Watteau.

Conversation became general and Mr. Preemby receded into the background of events.

He found himself side by side with his friend with the silver hair, against his bookcase. "I didn't expect a party," he said.

"I thought so too."

"I only got here this afternoon. The vans came late and lots of my things are still to be unpacked."

The silver-haired man nodded sympathetically. "Often the case," he murmured.

Everyone was talking loudly. It was difficult to hear. It was confused sort of talking, and whenever two or three seemed to be interested in what they were saying Fay Crumb went and interrupted them as a good hostess should. Other people, only vaguely apprehended by Mr. Preemby, got into the studio somehow. There was a red-haired young lady with a tremendous décolletage; behind you could see almost to her waist. He H'rrmp'd at it and thought of saying something about it, something cold and quiet, to the silver-haired man. But he didn't. He couldn't think of anything sufficiently cold to say.

There appeared three young people with a gramophone they explained they had just bought, and Fay discovered that the beer had been forgotten and sent Harold out to borrow some from a neighbor. These newcomers made no very profound impression on Mr. Preemby's now jaded mind, except that one of them, the owner of the gramophone, a very fair young man with a long, intelligent nose, was wearing the big horn of the gramophone as a headdress and that he meant to have that gramophone going whatever else might occur.

The music was dance music, jazz for the most part and a few waltzes, and it revived Mr. Preemby considerably. He sat up and beat time with the leg bones of a roc, and presently two or three couples were dancing on the studio floor. Curious dancing, Mr. Preemby thought; almost like walking—jiggety walking with sudden terrific back swipes of the legs. There was an interruption when Harold returned with the borrowed beer—bringing its lenders with it. Then there was a general clamor for Christina Alberta and Teddy to "do" their dance. Teddy was quite willing, but Christina Alberta seemed reluctant, and when Mr. Preemby saw the dance he was not surprised.

"H'rrmp," he said and stroked his mustache and looked at the silver-haired man.

IT REALLY was too familiar altogether. For some moments the principals vanished upstairs, and came back altered. For some reason Teddy had adopted a cloth cap and a red neck wrap; he was, in fact, being an Apache, and the bearing of Christina Alberta had become very proud and spirited with her arms akimbo.

Everyone backed against the walls to clear a dancing floor. At the beginning it wasn't so bad. But presently this Mr. Teddy was pitching Christina Alberta about, throwing her over his shoulder, taking hold of her, bending her backward, holding her almost upside down, both legs in the air and her hands dragging on the ground. And she was red and excited and seemed to like these violent familiarities. There was a kind of undesirable suitability between them for such purposes. She and Teddy looked into each other's eyes with a sort of intimacy and yet with a sort of fierce defiance. At one point in the extraordinary dance she had to smack his face, a good hard smack, nicely timed. She did it with a spirit that made everyone applaud. Whereupon he smiled and took her nice little neck in his hands and strangled her with great realism.

Then the gramophone had its death rattle and the dance was over.

Mr. Preemby's throat had not troubled him much since dinner but now he said "H'rrmp" repeatedly.

They wanted Christina Alberta, bright and panting and shock-headed, to repeat the performance, but she wouldn't. She had had a glimpse of the solemn dismay and perplexity upon her Daddy's face.

The people from the studio next door were the next to give a display; they obliged with an imitation of a Russian imitation of a peasant dance from Saratov. There was a gramophone record that was not quite the proper music, but it would do. That dance really amused Mr. Preemby. The young man went down quite close to the floor and kicked out his feet with the greatest agility, and the girl was as wooden as a doll. Everyone clapped hands in time to the music, and so did Mr. Preemby.

And then came a further irruption. Five people in fancy dress demanding beer. They impressed Mr. Preemby as strange and bright-colored but totally uninteresting. One wore a red coxcomb and was dressed as a jester in cap and bells. The others just wore tights and bright things that signified nothing at all. They had been at some party given by somebody or other for the "Young people." They announced with shouts: "They shut down at midnight. Yes, they shut down at midnight. When the young people go to bed."

It was only too manifest that No. 8 Lonsdale Mews meant to do nothing of the sort.

Beer. Mr. Preemby declined. The last of the beer. Cigarettes. Much smoke. Talk Mr. Preemby could not follow; phrases he could not understand. Nobody taking the slightest notice of him.

A sense of weariness and futility and desolation came upon him. How differently were the evenings of the past spent by the good wise people of the lost Atlantis! Philosophical discourse they had, the lute, the lyre. Elevated thoughts.

He caught sight of Mrs. Crumb yawning furtively. Suddenly, stupendously, he yawned. And then yawned again.

"Yaaw," he said to Paul Lambone, who was at his side.

"*Proyawaw—Prolly thiswe* sitting on my *beawawd*."

"You live here?" said Mr. Lambone.

"Come to-day. Christina *Albyawawawter* arranged it."

"The devil she did!" said Mr. Lambone and looked across the studio at her. For some moments he seemed lost in thought.

"Very remarkable young woman, that daughter of yours," he said. "Makes me feel old-fashioned"

He looked at the wrist watch he wore. "Half past one," he said. "I'll start the Go. . . ."

Mr. Preemby heard a few sentences of the parting between Teddy Winterton and Christina Alberta. "Yes or no?" said Teddy.

"*No,*" said Christina Alberta with emphasis.

"Not a bit of it," said Teddy.

"I don't want to," she said.

"But you *do*."

"Oh, go to the devil!"

"Not as if there were risks."

"I shan't come. It's preposterous."

"I shall wait all the same."

"You may wait."

"Little Chrissy Hesitation. Anything to please you."

IT TOOK until past two o'clock for the Go Paul Lambone had started to remove the last of the company.

"All hands to the bedmaking," cried Fay. "It isn't always like this, Mr. Preemby."

"Confess I feel tired," said Mr. Preemby. "Had a long day of it."

Christina Alberta regarded him with belated compunction. "It just happened like this," she said.

"Not used to such late hours," said Mr. Preemby, sitting on his bed when at last it was made, and he did a yawn that almost dislocated his jaw.

"Night-o," said Fay, yawning also.

"We'll turn in," said Harold. "So long, Mr. Preemby." The yawning seized upon Harold also. What a face he had!

"Goo-i."

"Gawooi-i."

The door closed upon them.

There was much to say to Christina Alberta, but it was too late and Mr. Preemby was too weary to say it now. And also he had no idea what it was he ought to say.

A casual remark fell out. "I liked that man with the white hair," he said.

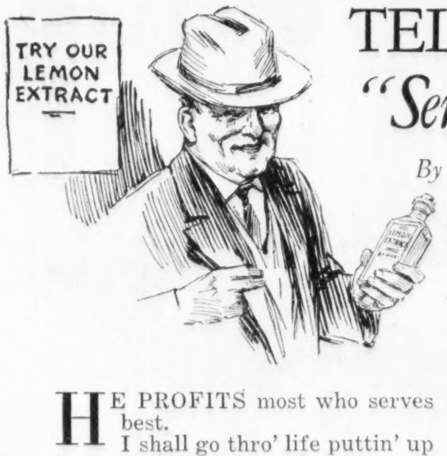
"Did you?" said Christina Alberta absently.

"He was intelligent. He took a great interest in the Lost Atlantis."

"He's stone deaf," said Christina Alberta, "and he's ashamed of it—poor dear."

"Oh!" said Mr. Preemby.

"All this is going to be rather noisy



TELL BINKLEY'S "*Service*" CREED

By ABE MARTIN (*Kin Hubbard*)

HE PROFITS most who serves best.

I shall go thro' life puttin' up hammocks fer others t' enjoy.

If I marry I shall strive t' keep my neck jest as cleanly shaven as when I was sparkin'.

I shall never ask a feller what's goin' on simply because he's wearin' a clean collar.

I shall never give anyone a nickel cigar.

I shall allus willin'ly serve on any committee.

If I run out o' terbacker I'll think it's fer th' best.

If I ever make as high as thirty-five dollars a week I'll be true t' my obligations t' society.

I'll never ask a question jest t' answer it myself.

I'll never start in t' knock by saying, "O' course, I don't want t' knock, but," an' then begin t' knock.

I shall allus strive t' hold my head up although my collar hain't rough.

If I see a young married feller eatin' his breakfast downtown I shall believe ther's two sides t' th' story.

If I should ever become a clerk in a men's toggery shop I will not show a customer th' kind I wear.

If I see a feller wearin' a straw hat an' Prince Albert coat I shall believe he has a true heart until convinced otherwise.

If I see a feller buyin' lemon extract I shall assume it's fer culinary purposes.

I shall never wear suspenders with a belt.

I shall allus believe that all men are born equal, but that some are better than others on th' git-away.

If I don't succeed I won't succumb.

for you, Daddy," she said, coming to what she had in mind.

"It *is* a bit Ram Shackle," said Mr. Preemby.

"We ought to go to Tunbridge Wells quite soon and look round there."

"To-morrow," said Mr. Preemby.

"Not to-morrow."

"Why not?"

"The next day," said Christina Alberta. "I'm not quite sure about to-morrow. I'd sort of half promised to go somewhere else— But it doesn't matter very much, really."

"I'd like to go to Tumbridge Wells to-morrow," said Mr. Preemby.

"Why not?" said Christina Alberta as if to herself, and hesitated.

She walked to the door and came back. "Good night, little Daddy," she said.

"Are we going then? To-morrow?"

"No . . . Yes . . . I don't know. I *had* planned to do something to-morrow. Important in a kind of way. . . . We'll go to-morrow, Daddy."

She walked away from him with her arms akimbo and stared at those queer pictures.

She spun round on her feet. "I can't go to-morrow," she said. "Yes, I will," she contradicted.

"Oh, hell!" she cried in the most unaccountable and unladylike way. "I don't know what to *do!*"

MR. PREEMBY looked at her with grave and weary eyes. This was a new Christina Alberta to him. She ought not to swear. She did not used to swear. She'd caught it up from these people. She didn't know what it meant. He must talk to her—to-morrow. About that and one or two other things. But Heavens! How tired he was!

"You—" He yawned. "You must take care of yourself, Christina Alberta," he said.

"I'll do that all right, Daddy. Trust me."

She came and sat down beside him on his little half-fictitious bed. "We can't decide to-night, Daddy. We're too tired. We'll settle to-morrow. Have to see what the weather's like for one thing. Wouldn't do to walk about Tunbridge if it was wet. We'll decide about everything to-morrow—when our heads are cool. Why, you dear little Daddy! It's just upon half past two."

She put her arm round his shoulders and kissed him on the top of his head and the lobe of his ear. He loved her to touch him and kiss him. He did not understand in the least how much he loved her to kiss him.

"Dear *tired* little Daddy," she said in her softest voice. "You are ever so kind to me. Good night."

She had gone.

For some time Mr. Preemby sat quite motionless in a state of almost immobile thought.

The floor of the studio was littered with burnt matches and cigarette ends and the air smelt of stale smoke and beer. On the blue-painted table stood an empty beer bottle and two or three glasses containing dregs of beer and cigarette ash.

It was all very different from Woodford Wells—very different indeed.

But it was Experience.

Mr. Preemby bestirred himself to undress.

That nightgown of Saxony flannel had still to be unpacked.

In the morning Christina Alberta was still restless and quite undecided about going to Tunbridge Wells, though the weather was perfectly fine. About half past eleven she disappeared, and after a light lunch with Fay—Harold was out also—it became evident to Mr. Preemby that the visit to Tunbridge Wells was postponed for the day. So he went to South Kensington to look at the museums there. He did not go into them actually, he just looked at them and at the colleges and buildings generally. It was a preliminary reconnaissance. The museums were quite good to look at. Larger, more extensive, than the British Museum. Probably they contained—all sorts of things.

Christina Alberta reappeared in the studio about half past six looking very bright and exalted. There was something about her subtly triumphant. She offered no explanation of her disappearance. She was full of the visit to Tunbridge on the morrow. They must catch a train soon after nine and have a good long day. She was unusually affectionate to her Daddy.

MOST places in the world have sister cities and twins and parallels, but Tunbridge Wells is Tunbridge Wells, and there is nothing really like it upon our planet. Not that it is in any way strange or fantastic, but because of its brightly delicate distinction. It is clean and open and just pleasantly absurd. It is not more than thirty miles from London as the crow flies, but the North Downs six miles away dismiss with a serene and gracious gesture all thoughts of London from the mind. It is away from the main line out of London, inconvenient for season-ticket holders; there is no direct route for the hurrying motorist over those saving Downs; to Dover and Kent generally he goes to the east of it and to Brighton he goes to the west—if he survive the hills of Westerham and Sevenoaks. Rich men's estates encircle it with accessible parks—Eridge, Bayham, Penshurst Park, Knole and the like—protect it from overmuch breeding of little villa residences. There it lies on a rare piece of rocky soil, dry underfoot, airy and wholesome. And thither came Mr. Preemby and Christina Alberta seeking a boarding house. They set about the search in a systematic way as became a couple one of whom had been partially trained for sociological research at the London School of Economics and partially trained for business at the Tomlinson School. Mr. Preemby had been for beginning with a general look round, just walking round and looking quietly at things for a bit, but Christina Alberta consulted all the agents in order and bought a map and guide to the town and sat down on a seat on the Common and planned the operations that led quite readily and easily to the Petunia Boarding House.

In the guide Mr. Preemby read with approval some very promising words. "Listen to this, my dear," he said. "H'rrmp. 'General Characteristics. Emphasis might very well be laid on the character enjoyed by Tunbridge Wells as a magnet for high-class residents and visitors. The town is never overrun with trippers, nor are its streets ever defiled by the vulgar or the inane. Its inhabitants are composed, for the most part, of well-to-do people who naturally create a social atmosphere tinged by culture and refinement.' "

"*Tinged* is a jolly good word for it, I expect," said Christina Alberta.

"I think my instinct has guided me aright to this place," said Mr. Preemby.

THE Petunia Boarding House looks obliquely upon the Common from where Petunia Road runs into the quaint and pleasant High Street. It has not the towering magnificence of the Wellington, the Royal Mount Ephraim, the Marlborough, or their fellows, which face the sun so bravely from the hill crest above the Common, but it is a house of dignified comfort. The steps, the portico, the ample hall, the name in letters of gold on black, made Mr. Preemby say H'rrmp several times. An excessively chubby maid in a very, very tight black dress and a cap and apron came and looked at Mr. and Miss Preemby with a distraught, evasive expression, answered some preliminary questions incoherently, and said she would call Miss Emily Rewster—Miss Margaret was out. Thereupon Miss Emily Rewster, who had been hovering attentively behind a bead curtain, thrust it aside and came ingratiatingly into the foreground. She was a little high-colored old lady with an air of genteel savoir-faire. She had a lace cap and wore a great deal of lace and several flounces, and she had the most frankly dyed chestnut hair that Christina Alberta had ever seen. "Was it just for a week or so Mr. Preemby wanted to come, or something—perhaps—more permanent?"

Explanations were exchanged. Mr.

(*Continued on page 43*)

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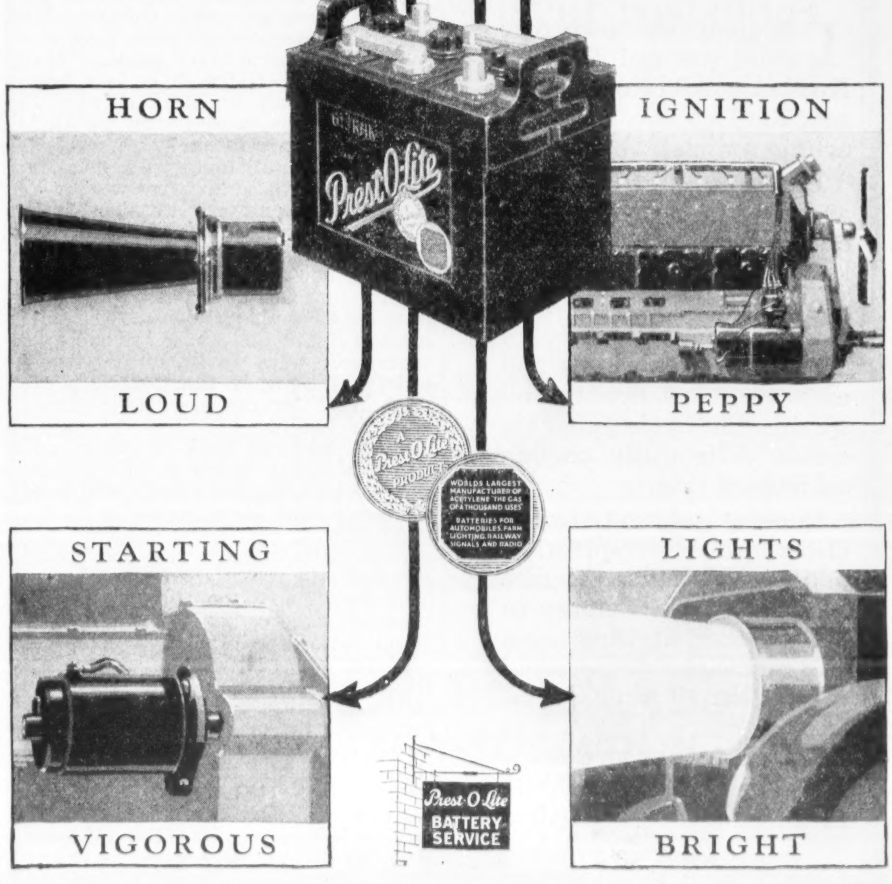
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"There is one near you"

THE UNITED DRUG COMPANY
BOSTON

Calvin Coolidge

Continued from page 6

voice of the people is the voice of God. And Garman taught the same thing in the terms of philosophy.

Consider this bashful, awkward, repressed youth coming down from the silent hills, out of a hard life, wrestling in the hay meadow of a summer, wallowing through the snow in the sugar camps and with logging teams in the winter, reading a few simple books well, wounded and awestricken by the blows of death falling upon his life, dumb and isolated in a gay and festive company of students, who in spite of their high purposes are, after all, young and callow; remember that he is not a pampered child of fortune, that the frugality of a New England home is sending him to college; that he lives in the cheapest boarding house, in the barest room with no social graces back of him, a wall flower at the few freshman functions which college custom compels him to attend; and then, lo! there floods into his life the light of a faith that life is not a blank, that it "means contentment and means good," and this flood came at adolescence, when it should come. It overflowed the springs of his conduct, watered all the shriveled purposes of a hard New England heritage, and sent the sap of ambition throbbing through his life. But it could not change the granite exterior in which blood and environment had enclosed his soul. His destiny was still marked by Vermont. Said he, years later:

"Vermont is my birthright. My people there are happy and contented. They belong to themselves, live within their income and fear no man."

The Girl Proposition

YEARS later, when his life had set upon its appointed path, he declared, "I have never been able to find that any Coolidge ever went West." There you have it—a congenital lack of initiative—third word in the crossword puzzle—Caution! Coolidge speaks briefly, believes deeply, and acts only when he has to. The bluster, the shifting opinions, the intrepid daring, that sometimes give glamour to American leadership, are congealed in Coolidge. So he is strong not as a leader, but as an administrator.

All that life has developed under the wash of circumstance was on the plate there in Amherst. Slowly he injected himself into the college life. As a freshman he was an unnoticed unit of the student body—went along without distinction, without comradeship, without apparent joy—a stranger in a friendly world. As a sophomore he delivered the Fourth of July oration at Plymouth—a callow youth with no particular message, and Colonel John Coolidge, pater, doesn't seem to have remembered it with much pride. "Many people,"said Coolidge dryly to a friend recently, "don't understand why I'm President," he paused and cackled—"least of all my father!" A whole biography of family history lies dried and preserved in those last few words! Yet the love between those two men—father and son—is one of the obvious things one sees when he knows either.

Going back to college for his second year, young Cal tried the girl proposition, but it would not work. The social lures of Smith College, so far as he was concerned, were futile. He gave up society. "None of the Coolidges ever went West" or continued to do things they did badly!

When he came back to school as a junior he began to bloom. His trousers met shoetops, his coats conformed to the common mode. He appeared in the consciousness of his fellow students as a person. His silence was not broken. His lips still pursed as though he had held them closed too long after a big chew of tobacco. His wit—an acid effluvia out of spiritual dry apples—was used for expression, not for diversion. He appeared in the Plug Hat Race of his class in a borrowed topper—and lost, making a speech spiked with caustic wit that raised the laughter of his classmen for him, and their respect for him.

His record shows that he sedulously and in solemn silence attended every class meeting. He became a charter member of a new chapter of a college fraternity, having been omitted from the established fraternities, and, being a charter member, he shared leadership in the business administration.

Turn back your memory and see his type, dear reader, in your own college life; the solid, unsocial, capable lad who did not quite make it and never quite failed—the salt of the earth!

The college was giving him, not on the campus, but in the classroom, a most unusual but highly practical form of education; Garman, the philosopher; Morse, the historian, were making him their apostle, were laying buttresses about his faith. No light person was this serious youth; no romantic figure even in his lonely walks; just a homespun man with some large vision lurching about in his soul and with a practical eye for the main chance, always squinting at a careless world. By way of irony, because they remembered his remarks in the Plug Hat Race, his classmates at commencement elected him the Grove Orator, where he had to make the comic speech! He made it. It was aërated caustic acid!

Sir Philip Gibbs is one of the keenest observers in the world. His article in Collier's next week is called "The Hope Ahead" and in it he outlines the road the world must travel toward permanent peace.

The man who was voted by his class as the most likely to win fame was Dwight Morrow, now of the Morgan banking house. The keen discernment of Dwight Morrow is indicated by the fact that he voted the only vote in that contest for Calvin Coolidge, not dreaming that Coolidge would be President, but previsioning him as a Vermont legislator, congressman and probably life-term senator!

But Morrow did not pretend to know Coolidge even as a fellow classman. The two sprawling on the campus green in their pre-commencement days talked of plans; agreed that they were to be lawyers. But Coolidge declared he had no money to go to law school. Replying to Morrow's query as to where Coolidge would go, the youth answered laconically, "Northampton is the nearest courthouse!"

So there he went. He took the shortest line of least resistance: "None of the Coolidges ever went West." He read law in the office of Hammond & Field—an old firm in Northampton, and there men saw the same lanky, grim, flint-visaged, blue-eyed youth that came down from Vermont to Amherst. He came into the law office characteristically. After he was introduced by an Amherst friend who spoke for Coolidge the Vermonter until he was out of breath, Coolidge let the elder lawyers talk themselves out of breath also. For at the end of the interview they said he could come to the office and try his hand. He contributed just two words to the discussion, "Good morning!"

The next morning he appeared and went to reading Blackstone. A few weeks later Judge Field brought to the young law clerk a newspaper clipping from the Springfield "Republican" which announced that Calvin Coolidge of the law firm of Hammond & Field, of Northampton, had received the $150 gold medal awarded by the Sons of the Revolution for the best essay on "The Principles of the American Revolution."

"Is that you?" asked Field.

"Yes, sir," answered the clerk.

"When did you get it?"

"About six weeks ago," replied the lad.

"Why didn't you tell us?" insisted the judge.

"Didn't know you'd be interested," explained the apprentice. The judge looked his amazement and exclaimed:

"Have you told your father?"

"No. Sh'u'd I?" quacked the prizewinner and, being admonished, notified his father. He said nothing more of the medal until a month later, when he asked the lawyers to put it into their safety deposit vault. Then a year or so later he laconically asked for it.

"We certainly have a queer duck in our office," said Judge Henry Field.

"An odd stick and hard to understand," said the other partner, Judge Hammond. "I had never seen just such a man—especially a young man. I couldn't understand how a man could be so quiet, and seem to care for nothing outside of his work!" He was an odd stick even for New England, and that was in eastern Massachusetts, where they are supposed to make the odd sorts and sizes.

After two years of study Calvin Coolidge was admitted to the bar and began his political career. He quietly got on the city Republican committee from the second ward, a strong Republican ward, and it may be assumed that he didn't accidentally move into a strong Republican ward. He attended organization meetings, soberly, regularly, quietly, as he attended class meetings in Amherst, until the organization got used to seeing him. Then quietly, regularly, soberly he was elected to the city council from his ward. His first act was to introduce a resolution of respect for the death of a Catholic colleague from a Democratic ward.

His law practice grew—also soberly, regularly, quietly. He made a specialty of the business of the small towns near Northampton; picked up their business; was reëlected to the council; got acquainted with the people of his ward; used to hang around the shoe shop and blacksmith shop where Democrats and Catholics who were strangers in Ward Two most often congregated; picked up their confidence, deserved it; did them all good turns when he could —and all quietly, regularly, soberly.

The Odd Stick Holds the Vote

AND then he ran for city solicitor, and because he had been frugal to the point of parsimony, without waste motion, without waste words and without waste friendship, he got all the Republican votes in Ward Two, all the "organization" votes from all over town, and the votes of a lot of Democrats whom he had met around at odd times doing odd jobs in his odd way. The surprise at his election broke out in a protest from a supporter of his opponent:

"Well, by Johnny, I never voted for you!"

"Ne'er mind," cackled Coolidge, quietly, regularly, soberly. "Somebody did!"

He had two terms as city solicitor and was appointed to the dignified office of court clerk, an office that carried money with it, distinction with it, promotion to the judiciary with it—the only appointive office, by the way, which Coolidge ever held. He tried it half a term and quit. The love of money was never in the Coolidge cosmos.

He always has respected money, defended wealth, deferred politically to the rights of property, but never has stopped his quiet, regular, sober pursuit of office to earn money, to accumulate wealth, or to possess any property. His frugality, which is of money—his own and other people's—of speech, of time, of endeavor, amounting often to bald parsimony, never has been turned to the accumulation of material things. His acquisitive faculty is marvelously developed. But it is for political service. Here is the key to his genius: The capacity for doing what he could do; the discernment which stopped him from biting off more than he could chew! Coolidge never tried a long jump.

Yet he held no low ideal of service. Now here we spell out the fourth word of the crossword puzzle; an eight-letter word meaning "All service is alike to God"—Idealism. A scrawny, stunted timber-line growth of idealism, but real. Behold the lanky man who quacks when he talks to save his diaphragm, a man with pursed lips who looks too stingy to spit; a spiritual hermit, greedy of his silence; a hedonist lolling in the lap of industry; a fanatic flagellating his emotions to numbness; a Yankee ascetic in small politics, following dumbly his meager aspirations as though ashamed of their soft impeachment; climbing steadily, slowly, through one little honorary office to another, seeking painfully, as a penitent walking over thorns, one starvation job after another that costs money which he earns by weary work; taking time which he hoards for himself like a miser, and faithfully, even generously, spending the fragrant years of his youth and the fruitful span of manhood in the dull day's work of almost petty political service. What a picture! There stands your ancient Puritan—cold-nosed, hard-hearted, half-abashed, undramatic and wholly miserable, glorifying the main chance into a holy cause and so in the dull routine of a drab life laying the foundation of a noble civilization.

The Singed Cat

COOLIDGE, grinding through his long succession of minor village and state offices, is like that. Perhaps he is not consciously renouncing high honors, great power, desired affluence. Perhaps he is just taking, year by year, the job that he can do, the place that he knows he can fill, bashfully—or modestly maybe—fearing to reach for the larger plums. Poor he goes in. Poor he comes out, and unrewarded by laurels. Yet something inside him holds him to his task—some quenchless thirst for service that he can perform well, some thumping dynamo that will not slip its belt from the engine of his life. His master passion seems to be to do the day's work so well that he may do to-morrow's work better. That is all there is to Calvin Coolidge. It is most commonplace, most unheroic, most humdrum, highly Yankee!—so like the soul of the barren hills of Vermont, prodigal in granite, rich in timber, giving bounteously only for heart-breaking toil.

Calvin Coolidge, refusing the fat and ambitious office of court clerk, ran, the year of his refusal, for the state legislature. There he could serve. "The Scriptural name for service," quoth old Garman in Amherst, "is love!" Then to get down to earth he says, "Property is coined service!" So Coolidge went out to service. And the bond-boy went to the husking in Boston with this note to the speaker of the house of representatives, from a mutual friend: "This will introduce Calvin Coolidge . . . a singed cat! . . . Anything you can do for him will be appreciated." Coolidge was evidently a singed cat. He got no preference from the speaker.

But one thing he knew he could do—so he did it. When he was thirty-three years old, in the full years of his discretion, when it was proper and seemly to do so, after his law practice had grown large enough to warrant it, Calvin Coolidge deliberately married. He chose well—a teacher in the Clark Deaf and Dumb School, inured to silence—Miss Grace Goodhue, six or seven years his junior, a Vermonter, a graduate of the state university of Vermont, a splendid woman, vivacious, highly intuitive, charming and beautiful. She was his complement in every way. The two made a full team. A man who is wise in affairs of the heart need not fear folly in affairs of the head. Such wisdom brings luck. But it is dangerous. It excites the envy of fools, who are in the majority. If ever the fool vote is amalgamated in America, Coolidge's luck will change.

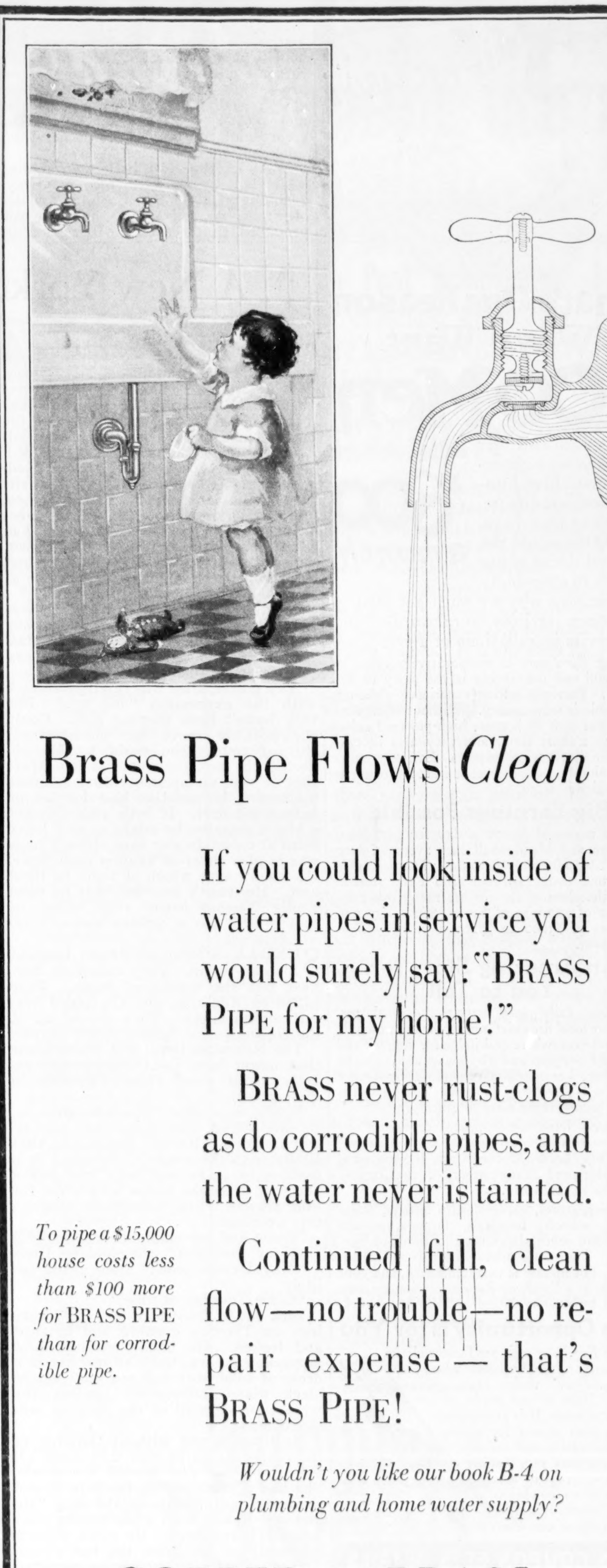
To what extent Mrs. Coolidge has influenced her husband's judgments only two persons may testify. One is too silent to say, even if he realized it; and the other too smart! But Mrs. Coolidge has accepted her husband's ideals and striven with him to realize them. All her life she has been a poor man's wife; has done her own work, sometimes even her own washing, reared her own family and lived the simple life with an honest man, surrounded, in politics at least, by other women whose social greed has made their husbands grasping. But for Mrs. Coolidge, her husband would not have traveled the path he has climbed. If he had turned from it at any point to make money, the charm of his luck would have been broken. But because she was as dear as he was wise, the Coolidges have been able to live in one side of a semi-detached house which they rented for $27 a month for fifteen years, and now pay $36; with the principal of the high school in the other half. Also, while, and because the Coolidges were living in this house on this modest economical scale, they have risen in the political scale from the state legislature to the White House. To have paused one hour to make a dollar, however honest, would have put an element of selfishness into the Coolidge heart that would have spoiled the record and corrupted him.

We have come in this chronicle to a place where a career begins in the life of Calvin Coolidge. It is an astounding career, astounding in the insignificance of its outer details, astounding in the revelation of its interpretation in terms of a man's aspirations. Look at the man—spare, bashful, halting of speech, with suppressed emotions, and with a frost-bitten personality; such a man as Shakespeare described, who might have been cut out of a cheese paring! He goes to the state legislature a couple of times from his home district, is elected mayor of his town by a lucky chance; then being mayor naturally controls the nomination when it is Northampton's "turn" to have a state senator, a powerful office; allies himself with the state boss, aspires to be president of the state senate, gets the job, is promoted to lieutenant governor, holds the place for three terms, is easily and almost inevitably promoted to the governorship, and so, after reëlection, by a natural process becomes Vice President. Then through death becomes President of the United States.

Hidden in His Heart

THAT career spells politics in its amiable moments, with Lady Luck smiling upon a beloved child. That is the outer surface of the Calvin Coolidge career. But if that outer surface were the motive and the mainspring of the career it would have halted far down the line. It was the profoundly hidden things in Calvin Coolidge's heart, the things that perhaps no one but Grace Goodhue, his wife, and a few beloved friends ever have seen, that thrust Coolidge to the Presidency. The key to the Coolidge strength is a passion, a consuming inner fire, to serve—to serve the public and to serve in humble ways; so that he may be prepared to serve more largely.

For twenty-eight years, since he was committeeman of his party in Ward Two, in Northampton, he has been serving, and always unselfishly. There is the key to it—unselfishly. And that is strange too—that a man who has been holding office for twenty-eight years should be unselfish. But here is the proof of his devotion; excepting one office which he left of his own accord, no office he has held in all these years carried a salary sufficient to keep him in decent comfort. And from no office has he got one single emolument, one good client, one stepping stone to affluence. His private income remains that of a third-rate lawyer in a fourth-rate town. To come through a generation of office-holding to the White House, a poor man—yet never knowing the sting of poverty, missing nothing through wanting nothing, living in a rented duplex house next to a school teacher, to let his wife do her own



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BRASS never rust-clogs as do corrodible pipes, and the water never is tainted.

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GREAT FIRE RAGING
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That's One Reason Why I Want 100 Men who can earn $600 a month

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cooking, nursing and washing, to scorn money, to forego social position, to loathe the arts of the demagogue and hold to a slow, harsh, graceless speech, to come clean in a game where others are slimy with legal but ill-gotten gains; that record requires something more than common honesty. That record calls for some kind of hang-dog consecration to service.

He is not merely a little man holding little jobs. Your little man is always grabbing at big jobs. Coolidge avoided big jobs, as jobs, until he was well prepared to do them! Here, unmistakably, is your Yankee mystic, the fanatic New England Brahmin, mad with his dogma but ashamed to speak of it. He has never revealed it. That is the Coolidge who has triumphed over his impediments of temperament, of inheritance, of environment. His belief in the sacramental character of public service has tyrannized over his life.

Perhaps the slow triumph of his creed has made him happy beneath his dour exterior, and so his happiness has made him wise—too wise to be good company for the frivolous.

A New Yorker in the Sticks

Continued from page 18

gang long enough to get their full flavor you would find them uncommonly clever. But she was exceedingly pretty and tremendously flattering. By the time the party moved on to the country club for an informal dance Dick liked her a lot. She was that small, delicately molded, brown-eyed type he had always liked.

And going home in Henry's car, sitting in the back seat beside Laura Lee, he was again the victim of the phenomenon. His conscious intention had been from the beginning to be discreet, especially discreet. But he was not used to being treated like the Prince of Wales. It rather went to his head.

He didn't think at all until, as he was helping Laura out of the car and Henry was thanking her for what a good time he had had, she remarked to Henry that she was one up on Bernice.

As a golfer, Dick was familiar enough with the expression "one up." But they hadn't been playing golf. Could she possibly mean the phenomenon? But of course she couldn't. He reflected the next morning at breakfast that it was an open question whether his second indiscretion had doubled or halved the first. If both girls thought a kiss a promise, he might as well leave town at once. In any case his only hope was to play them off against each other. He wasn't sure which of them he liked best. He wasn't sure but that he liked Emily Newnes better than either of them. She was a quieter sort.

SUNDAY afternoon Henry brought his car round. They called on Bernice, but she wasn't at home. They called on Adelaide, and she added herself to the party. They wound up at the Newneses for Sunday-night supper.

The Newneses lived in a white house that might have been transported exactly as it stood from Fairfield, in Connecticut.

Emily was that dark, languorous, throaty-voiced sort that Dick had always liked. Henry remarked that Emily sang the songs of Schubert in a fashion to make any man who heard her wish that she would sing them for him always. She refused to sing on this evening.

"Come and see me next week and I'll sing for just you," she said to Dick.

"May I come soon?" Dick asked politely.

"Come Tuesday at nine."

Dick sat in front of a fire of hickory logs on Tuesday evening and listened and looked. He hadn't realized how handsome she was until he saw her in a dress of some soft dull red stuff at the black piano, silhouetted against the white-paneled wall of the Newnes music-room.

He listened and without thinking of the consequences he rose and stood beside the piano and turned her music. She had a voice with a throb in it and she sang easily. Finally she sang "Du bist die Ruhe" with such feeling that he could have wept. He stood staring helplessly at her after the last chord. And then the phenomenon occurred again. He knew that in some inexplicable and intangible but perfectly definite way she was communicating the idea that he might kiss her. So he did.

"This," he thought to himself, as he walked home, "is the worst yet."

Dick resolved that hereafter he would stay later at the office, in order to avoid teas, and do several evenings of work in his room at the Misses Smiths', as an excuse for getting away early from dinner parties. And perhaps by Sunday he would have had enough sleep so that he could actually get up and go out to the course when nobody was around and get the feel of a club in his hands again. But he found it impossible. His work did not actually require such devotion, and Henry Jenkins knew it. His life outside the office continued to consist of dinners, teas, dances, and expeditions to Indianapolis. He never saw the country club except to dance there.

If he spent Wednesday evening with Bernice, he was sure to spend Thursday evening with Laura, Friday evening with Emily, and Saturday evening with all three of them. He cultivated an air of reserve whenever he was alone with any of them. But he found it the hardest kind of going. In fact, he was not up to it. They were all, in their several ways, uncommonly attractive women. They were more attractive than any women he had ever known in New York. And they were infinitely more flattering. At moments he became tender, in spite of himself. And when he became tender he said things—appreciative things. And when he said appreciative things the phenomenon hovered in the air—like a shadow on his future freedom. He foresaw that if he was not now actually engaged to any of them he would in time be actually engaged to all three of them.

He got into the habit, while waking up in the morning, of composing telegrams to Colonel Shotwell—telegrams that would compel the colonel to sit down and wire him to come back—back to New York and golf and the simple ways of the metropolis. But when he got wide awake enough to put pencil to paper he knew that nothing he could wire the colonel would have the desired effect. There was no one he could call on for aid, and no one he could talk to. . . .

TOWARD Christmas he had to run up to Chicago on business for the mills. It was so great a relief not to have to dress for dinner every night that he prolonged his stay unnecessarily. He had the daring idea of prolonging it so he would get in too late for the Saturday-night dance at the country club. He wired Henry and Bernice and Laura and Emily that he couldn't make it. Actually he caught a late afternoon train out of Chicago on Saturday and arrived at the Misses Smiths' before ten o'clock.

And going luxuriously to sleep at half past ten, Dick realized that he could wake up the next morning at half past six and reach the country club by half past seven—before anybody had a chance to call him up. He would see what a two months' lay-off had done to his iron shots.

The day was sharp but sunny. It was December, but there was no trace of snow on the ground. Dick dressed happily. He would do eighteen holes. He would have the whole course to himself.

But as the car approached the clubhouse he saw a solitary figure, the figure of a girl, at the first tee. He leaned forward and tapped the driver on the shoulder.

"Stop here," he said.

He takes his pipe 1800 miles into China

And for a very good reason

No, it isn't because his wife objects to his smoking in the house. We don't know that he has a wife, for that matter.

Mr. Mellor takes his pipe far into the interior of the Land of Confucius because he is attached to the good U. S. S. Palos, which, among other waters, sails the upper Yangtse Kiang.

This is what Mr. Mellor writes:

U. S. S. Palos
Chung King, China
January 24, 1924

Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.
G. S. Schloss,
Dear Sir:

I have just been reading a letter that was sent to our canteen yeoman and thought that this would be a good time to tell you of our appreciation of the fine tobacco that your firm shipped us. I feel that I can say the same for the crew of this ship.

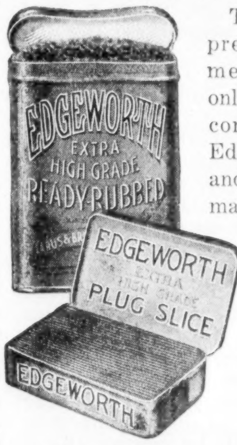
Yes, this sure is an out-of-the-way place and we sure enjoy a good smoke. We feel that we can at least rely on your tobacco always being fresh, especially that in the glass jars.

This ship is now eighteen hundred miles in the interior of China on the upper Yangtse Kiang. One of the greatest pleasures we have is riding ponies out in the hills surrounding Chung King; and there is hardly a man but what carries one of your small tins of tobacco with him on these trips. Every man on the ship smokes Edgeworth and quite a few chew it too.

Another thing that I might mention is that the empty jars make good containers for shaving gear and soap on board ship.

Speaking for all hands and the ship's cook I can say that we will uphold your fine tobacco on this part of the river as every man is for Edgeworth first, last and always. Best regards to Edgeworth from the crew of the U. S. S. Palos on the Yangtse River.

Sincerely yours,
(signed) Robert N. Mellor



This makes it seem pretty soft for the members who have only to drop into a corner store to get Edgeworth whenever and wherever they may run out.

If you would try before you buy, let us send you free samples of Edgeworth and give you a chance to learn at first hand why so many smokers like it.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 5C South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

"Just as you say, brother," said the driver.

Dick got out and waited. He could see the girl clearly, but she wasn't likely to see him. He would wait till she got down to the second or third hole before he teed off.

The girl addressed her ball. There was something in her stance that captured Dick's eye. She stood as if she were a golfer. And when she swung—a full swing with that finish that only comes to a few—Dick could have cheered. He couldn't see the ball, but he heard the little snap as the head of the club caught it, and he knew it had gone straight down the fairway for about a hundred and ninety yards.

Dick walked over to the first tee and dropped a ball. He stood waiting for the girl to make her second shot. He saw her take an iron out of her bag and swing again—crisp and sweet and clean. He smiled—the smile of a stranger in a strange land who has found something he knows and loves.

He overtook her at the turn. She was a slender thing in a tam and a leather jacket over her sweater and a worn tweed skirt.

"Good morning," she said, and looked at him out of a pair of very blue eyes under straight brows. She had a slightly snubbed nose with freckles and a wide mouth and beautiful ankles.

"Good morning," Dick said.

"How goes it?" she asked.

"I'm out in forty-two," he answered.

"Good enough," she said quietly and waited for him to tee his ball.

Dick got close to two hundred yards. She followed with a hundred and eighty-five.

They were old friends as they walked down the fairway.

As they approached the last hole they saw Henry on the hill waving both arms like a human semaphore.

"Look here," Dick said, "when can I see you again?"

"I'm always out early Sunday morning," she said. "I can't play Saturday afternoons. I run a gift shop in Main Street, and Saturday afternoon in the holiday season is not my day off."

"Couldn't I call?" Dick asked. "I haven't talked golf for two months."

She smiled her understanding.

"Of course," she said. "Drop into the shop this evening."

"I've got a date for dinner somewhere," Dick said, "but I'll break away early."

They teed off for the eighteenth hole. Dick sliced his drive into the rough and they spent half an hour hunting for it. But in the end they had to reach the eighteenth and Henry. . . .

WITH a mendacity he hadn't known he was capable of, Dick acquired a splitting headache at nine o'clock that evening. At nine-thirty he knocked at the door of the shop in Main Street. He heard her quick step, and then the door opened.

"Come in," she said hospitably.

There were two long chairs in front of a tiny grate and a fire of cannel coal. They sat and talked as only two golfers can talk, and Dick saw that she had a head of copper curls that had never known a marcel machine and just that touch of the gamin which, added to the feminine gesture, he had been looking for all his life. Here was a person he could talk golf to. Here was a person he could tell anything to.

"Aren't you hungry?" she asked at last.

"I am," Dick said.

She put water to boil on a gas plate behind a screen in the corner of the shop and together they toasted bread and cheese over the grate.

"I wish," he said, "you'd tip me off to this town."

She laughed. "They have been rather ragging you, haven't they?"

Dick leaned back in his chair comfortably. "Just what do you mean by that?" he asked.

"You know what I mean," she told him. "I mean this three-ring circus—Bernice Hunter and Laura Lee and Emily Newnes and you trying so hard to get away and not succeeding."

"How do you know so much about it?" he asked.

"Don't you know that this is a small town—and everybody knows everybody?"

"How did it happen that I never met you before?"

"I was in New York getting in my holiday stock the first two weeks you were here and since then I've been awfully busy—and at best I don't quite keep up with Crawford Avenue. I earn my own living and for the rest—I mostly play golf."

"That," Dick said solemnly, "is my idea of the perfect life."

She looked at him—a cool, slightly appraising glance.

"I saw you play golf to-day," she said, "and so I believe you—in spite of everything."

"In spite of everything."

"Of course," she said, "I thought you liked being rushed so hard and that's why you let them keep it up. To tell the truth, I thought you quite fancied yourself."

"I suppose I did like it a little," Dick said. "But I like golf more. What would you do if you were in my place?"

"I'd quit," she said.

DICK got up and walked back and forth. He couldn't very well tell her about the phenomenon and yet how could he ask what he wanted to know without telling her?

"You see—" he began and stopped.

The girl laughed.

"Well—" Dick said and stopped again.

"Stymie," she said.

"Exactly," said Dick.

"Of course," she said gravely, "there's only one thing to do in your predicament and that's to decide once for all which one it's going to be. The moment you're formally engaged you're free."

"Free?"

"To play golf."

"But I'm not in love with any of them," Dick protested.

"They are all very attractive," she reminded him.

"Very," said Dick.

"Sit down," she said. "As one golfer to another, I'm going to help you out. I feel a little mean in telling you what happened at the club last night. But, then, I think Henry Jenkins went too far. You know, of course, that he's the town's heavy kidder?"

"I was afraid so," Dick said, sitting down again.

"Well," she said, "last night at the country club—I wasn't there, but I heard about it this afternoon—Henry offered to make a book on which one you eventually married. He offered odds of three to one against Bernice; two to one against Emily Newnes; and four to one against Laura Lee."

"You mean that people talk about it—that it's public property."

"Nobody has talked about anything else since your first week in Belleville," she said. "Of course nobody actually made any bets," she added. "It was just one of Henry's ideas of humor."

Dick sat staring at the grate. He hated being a subject of gossip. And yet he saw too clearly how it had happened.

"And now," she said gently, "as soon as you get over feeling like a fool you'll see a great light."

Dick looked at her. A feeling of peace, such a feeling of peace as he hadn't known since he left New York—indeed, more than that, such a feeling of peace as he had never known before—stole over him when he looked at her.

"Explain it to me—in words of one syllable," he said.

"Why," she said, "if Henry Jenkins can pull a stunt like that at the country club, you aren't really committed to any of them. What if you have kissed them all?"

"I have never said I kissed them," Dick interposed hastily.

"No, but they have. And that let's you out."

"I didn't know but that things were different—in Indiana," Dick said.

"The difference," she said, "is that everybody in town knows exactly what's happened. In New York—they wouldn't. New York is too big for anybody to know everybody else."

(*Continued on page 42*)

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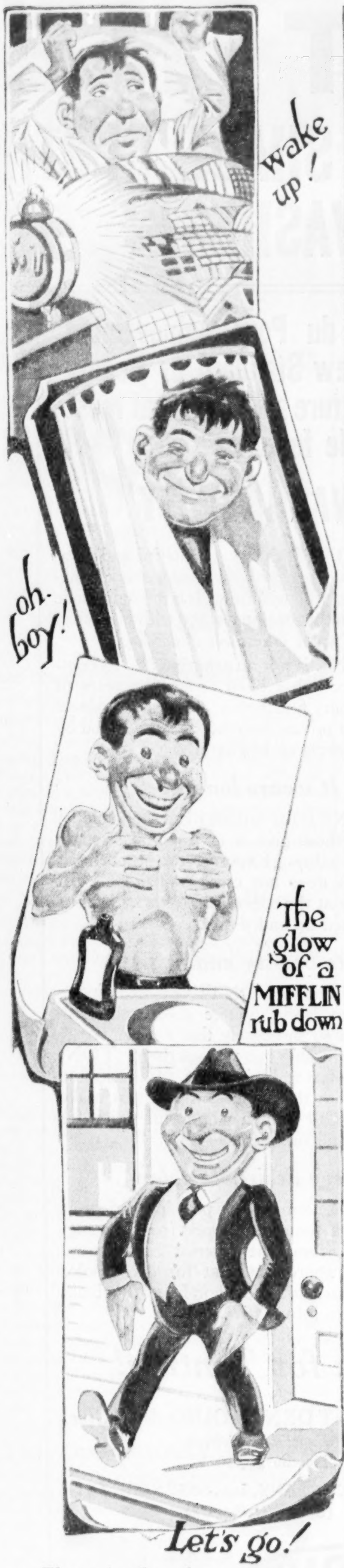
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Picked Out Of The Air

by Jack Binns

Sound Mysteries

HOW great are the mysteries which shroud the action of sound vibrations, how manifold their effects! For instance, the various harmonics and subharmonics of different tones, those mysterious combinations which distinguish a piano from a violin even though both are producing the same note.

Then there is the effect of vibrations upon objects at rest. It has been said that with the proper notes from a violin, and the proper degree of volume, a bridge or building might be shaken down. Perhaps Nero's fiddling stimulated the flames in Rome!

My Compliments to Leah

LEAH MORGAN, 11 years of age, and a resident of Whitestone, Long Island, N. Y., says I erred in reporting the fact that the Radio World's Fair was held in Madison Square Garden. You forget, dear child, that there were two radio fairs or shows in New York last fall—one at the Garden and one at Grand Central Palace.

A Circuit a Day

IF ONE tried to keep up with all the "trick" circuits that are offered to fans in the magazines (this one excepted) as well as the newspapers, one would need to have an assembling plant in which to put them together and would have no time to hear anything.

Moral: S. T. S.—Stick to standards—or, A circuit a day keeps the programs away.

Render Unto Cæsar

IN CANADA, fans must pay a yearly license fee of one dollar before a radio set can be used in the home. There have been such a large number of evasions that the police are now making raids and confiscating expensive apparatus because the owners failed to comply with the formality of giving the government its dollar.

Costly Devotion

THE life of legitimate stage stars is a "tuff" one, especially when they broadcast over the radio. The Duncan Sisters recently donated their services to the Detroit "Free Press" radio broadcast station WCX. For doing this they were fined $250 each by the Theatrical Managers' Association. Hereafter, no legitimate acts will be allowed to broadcast over the above station. Hence, the fans of Detroit will be forced to attend the theatre to hear popular stars of the day. Another case of tilting at the windmill.

This is on the House

H. E. WHITE of Rochester eliminates the squeals and noises of the "thousands" of bloopers in his neighborhood by using the tin roof as a counterpoise between aërial and ground. It must be some tin to overcome the brass of the other fellows.

Squealing on Him

A BURGLAR, who must of necessity remain anonymous, tells me a good story. While plying his trade (non-union) one evening he came to a house from which issued screams, cursing, a woman's voice, and many strange noises. After summoning up his courage he finally decided to enter by the use of his trusty jimmy and save the lady in distress.

He was chagrined to find that it was only a radio fan trying to tune a home-made set!

The Dissembling Set

IN a popular article on radio published in one of the metropolitan newspapers the compositor made a sentence read "the trouble does not always exist at the deceiving end." After listening to some receivers we can only state that in our humble opinion there is more truth than poetry in the typo's error.

Where Sparks Shine

A SURVEY of the international lists shows that there are 11,227 ships equipped with radio telegraph apparatus. Of this number 10,949 have spark transmitters. Until the latter have been replaced with tube apparatus we will always have with us a magnificent universal interference factory. Sparks, however, will never be completely superseded because their value for distress purposes cannot be supplanted by anything else. It is in emergencies that their very broadness, and ability to penetrate the most selective set, is so valuable.

Nickels and Dimes

RADIO parts in surprising variety are obtainable in five-and-ten-cent stores throughout the country. It would appear that these stores are extensively patronized by amateurs and tinkerers who "roll their own" boxes of tricks.

A New Yorker in the Sticks

Continued from page 41

"You really think that's the only difference?" he asked hopefully.

"Of course," she said. "I shouldn't give it another thought if I were you."

"I shan't," he said happily.

"And now," she said, "it's nearly midnight, and I have to be here at eight o'clock in the morning to open this shop."

Dick rose and found his coat and helped her on with hers. She covered the lovely head of copper curls with the tam she had worn on the golf course that morning.

"There," she said, "is that all right?" She meant the tam.

Dick looked at her.

"It's perfect," he said and stopped. Her eyes caught his and they both laughed, and with a sudden rush of feeling, such a feeling as he had never known before, he knew why it was he felt so completely at home with her.

He leaned involuntarily toward her. The phenomenon occurred again.

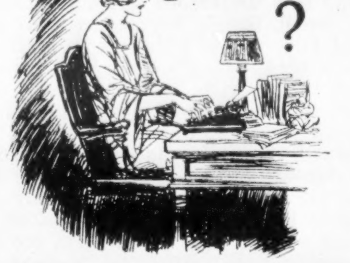
"You know," he said, when he had kissed her. "I can't help laughing at poor old Henry. It never occurred to him to put your name down when he was making a book on which girl I'd marry."

"No," she said, "but it occurred to him this morning the moment he'd seen us playing golf. He walked into the club and told Adelaide he'd missed a bet."

"What odds did he offer against you?"

"Not any," she said—"only even money."

What's wrong with this picture?



OUR young lady is writing her social correspondence on Corona. Is this good etiquette? Lillian Eichler, author of the "Book of Etiquette," after telling how she wrote this famous book entirely with Corona, says: "My 'Book of Etiquette' encourages the use of the typewriter for social correspondence."

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Sargon, King of Kings

Continued from page 37

Preemby was to be "more permanent;" Christina Alberta intermittent—and rather a difficulty. The existence of headquarters in Chelsea was revealed discreetly, but not the fact that they were in a Mews.

Miss Emily Rewster thought Christina Alberta could be fitted in if she wasn't too particular about having the same room or exactly the same sort of room every time she came. "We have to menage," said Miss Emily Rewster.

"So long as the window opens," said Christina Alberta.

The rooms exhibited were very satisfactory (H'rrmp), very satisfactory. A glimpse of a bathroom was given. "You say when you want one," said Miss Emily Rewster. There was a dining-room with separate tables and there were flowers on every table, very refined and pleasant, and there was a large drawing-room with a piano and a great number of armchairs and sofas wearing flounces so like the flounces of Miss Emily Rewster and antimacassars so like her cap and with so entirely her air of accommodating receptiveness that it seemed as though they must be at least her cousins who had joined her in the enterprise. The piano wore a sort of lace bedspread, and there were polished tables bearing majolica pots of aspidistra on mats and little less serious tables for use, and there was a low bookcase with books in it and a great heap of illustrated papers on the top. The hall expanded at the back into a rather modernish lounge, where two ladies were having tea; and there was also a Smoking-room, where, said Miss Emily Rewster to Christina Alberta rather coyly, "the gentlemen smoke."

"We've been very full this season," said Miss Emily Rewster, "very full. We've had nearly thirty sitting at dinner. But, of course, the season is drawing in now. Just at present we're down to nine at breakfast and seven at dinner; two gentlemen in business here. But people come and people go. I've had two inquiries by post to-day. One an invalid lady and her sister. They think of drinking the waters. And there are Birds of Passage as well as Regulars. Just for a night or so. Motor families. They take us *en route.* That's where we have an advantage in being so close to the shops."

She beamed intimately at Mr. Preemby. "Often my sister or I pop out at the last moment and get in things ourselves. When everyone else is busy. We don't mind any little trouble if it makes people comfortable.

"We've been on the separate table system ever since the war," said Miss Emily Rewster. "So much more pleasant. You can keep yourself Quate to yourself if you wish or you can be Friendly. People often Speak in the Drawing-room or in the Smoking-room. and they bow. Sometimes people get Quate friendly. Play Games. Get up Excursions together. Quate Pleasant."

CHRISTINA ALBERTA asked an obvious question.

"Very pleasant people indeed," said Miss Emily. "Very pleasant people. A retired gentleman and his wife and her stepdaughter and two retired maiden ladies and a gentleman and his lady who has been in a forest in Burma, and so on."

Christina Alberta restrained a ribald impulse to ask what a "retired gentleman" or a "retired maiden lady" really meant.

"I've always been attracted to Tumbridge Wells," said Mr. Preemby.

"*Royal* Tunbridge Wells *if* you please," said Miss Emily radiantly. "The 'Royal' was added in nineteennine, you know—by gracious command of His Majesty."

"I didn't know," said Mr. Preemby with profound respect and tried it over: "*Royal* Tunbridge Wells."

"Makes it rather a mouthful," said Christina Alberta.

"A very pleasant mouthful for *Us*, I can assure you," said Miss Emily.

The Petunia Boarding House seemed so satisfactory to Mr. Preemby that it was arranged that he should return the next day but one, bringing with him some clothes and other luggage and that Christina Alberta was to come and stay with him for a few days—there was a little room upstairs she could have—and then she would go back to London and her studies and take her chance of coming again when there was a room for her.

IN THE train back to London Mr. Preemby rehearsed these arrangements and—made his plans.

"I shall come down here the day after to-morrow after I have put my collections in order at the Mew. I shall put the best things so that they can be seen through the glass of the cabinet, but I think I shall lock them up, and I shall bring down a few necessary books; and then when I have quite settled in I shall go and have a good look at these celebrated Rocks here."

"We could come down in the morning," said Christina Alberta, "and go and look at them in the afternoon."

"Not the same afternoon," said Mr. Preemby. "No. I want my mind to be quite fresh and open when I look at the Rocks. I think it will be best to see them quite early—after a night's sleep. When there are no other visitors. I think—I think, Christina Alberta, that for the first time I'd better go to them quite alone. Without you. Sometimes you say things, Christina Alberta —you don't mean to say them, of course —but they put me out. . . ."

Christina Alberta reflected. "What do you expect to find at these Rocks, Daddy?"

Mr. Preemby waved his mustache and the rest of his face slowly from side to side. "I go with an Open Mind," he said. "Perhaps all of Atlantis was not lost. Some of it may be hidden. There are legends preserved by the philosopher Plato. Partly in cypher. Who knows? It may be here. It may be in Africa. A plan. A sign. The Toad Rock must be most singular. In the British Museum there is a Toad Rock from Central America

He mused pleasantly for a time.

"I shall take a notebook," he said, "and several colored pencils."

He continued to meditate. His next remark came after an interval of three or four minutes and was a surprise for Christina Alberta.

"I hope, my dear," said Mr. Preemby, "that among all these artists and people you are not getting Ram Shackle.

"I should be sorry to think you were getting Ram Shackle," said Mr. Preemby.

"But, Daddy, what makes you think I may be getting—Ram Shackle?" asked Christina Alberta.

"One or two little things I saw at the Mew," said Mr. Preemby. "Just one or two little things. You've got to be careful, Christina Alberta. A girl has to take care of herself. And your friends—decidedly Ram Shackle. Don't mind my making a remark about them. Just a word in season."

Christina Alberta's answer came after a little interval and without her usual confident ring. "Don't you worry about me, Daddy," she said. "I'm all right."

Mr. Preemby seemed about to change the subject. Then he remarked, "I don't like that feller Teddy Winterton. He's too familiar."

"I don't like him either," said Christina Alberta. "He *is* too familiar."

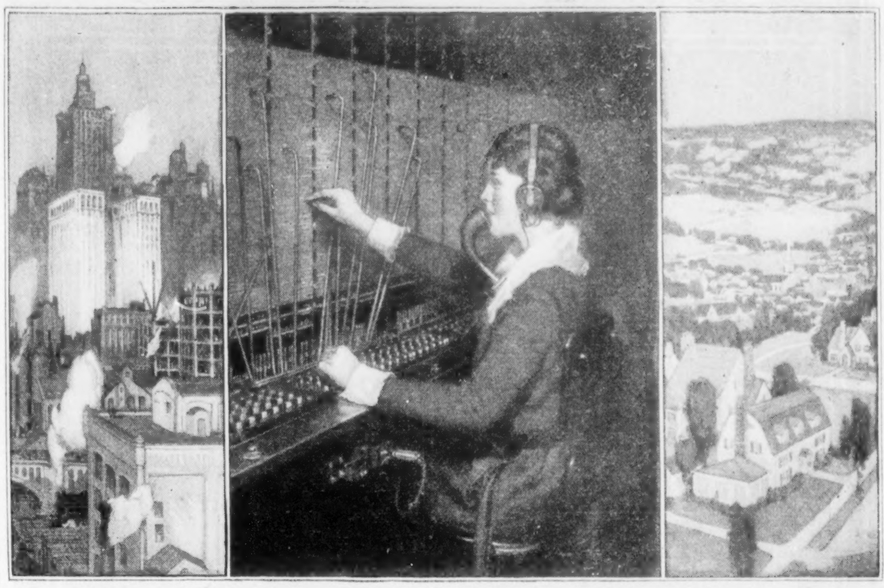
"That's all right," said Mr. Preemby. "I thought you didn't notice," and relapsed into meditation.

But this sudden and unprecedented intervention in her personal affairs made Christina Alberta thoughtful all the way to London. Ever and again she glanced furtively at her Daddy.

He seemed to have forgotten her.

But it was dreadfully true. Teddy Winterton had become—altogether—too familiar.

(To be continued next week)



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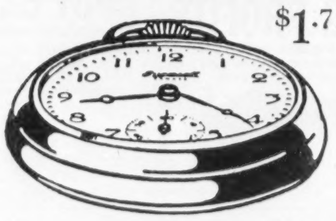

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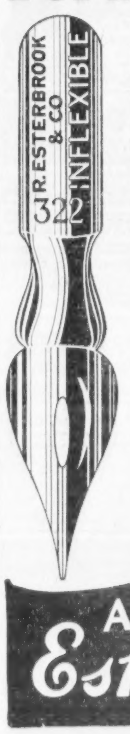

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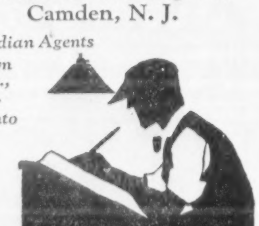

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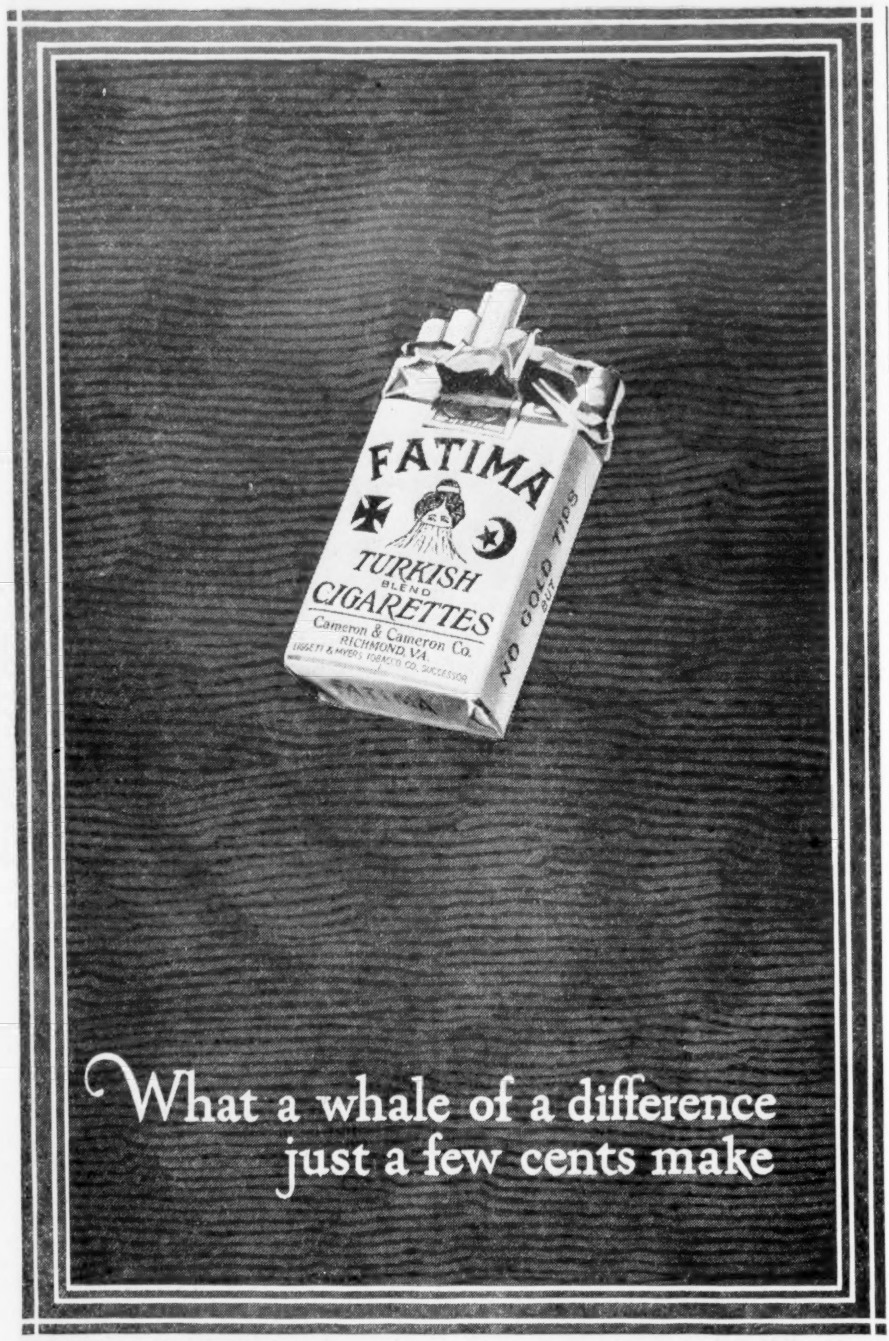
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Birds of the Night Mail

Continued from page 15

Suppose, for instance, that that band of lights is shut out by a first-class blizzard? Below-zero temperature, a seventy-mile headwind attacking you from the front, and the whole black upper world turned into a maze of whirling snowflakes? On the ground or on the sea, a man knows at least whether he is right side up. In the air, if "visibility" is lost long enough, it is almost impossible to tell. You try to climb out of the storm, nose the ship upward, and she goes up, up, with nothing to measure her inclination by, until she loses her grip on the air and falls into a tail spin. Or even if you do climb above the snow, and the storm lasts, there's no way of getting down but to dive through the snow again and trust there's a landing. No, the worst thing to do, unless you're sure that the storm is local, is to try to climb out of it.

It is better to fly low, for even in a hard snowstorm the ground can generally be found with the ship's searchlight—pick up a river or a motor highway or a railroad track and follow that. On the New York-Cleveland run, which, oddly enough, is regarded by most of the pilots as the toughest of the lot in spite of higher mountains and "wilder" country over the Rockies and westward, the Susquehanna is often followed when the plane runs into fog. That is the trouble with the comparatively humid eastern leg—fog, and sixteen different kinds of weather in a four-hour hop.

It was during a snowstorm last December that a Kansas boy, Clarence Gilbert, lost his way on the run between Chicago and Iowa City and fell to his death. Just what happened will never be known. His lights were last seen through the snow by a team-mate flying behind and above him. His body, with the parachute harness literally wrenched from it, was found in the snow, and his plane, not much damaged, wrong side up not far away. Apparently, he had decided that there was nothing for it but to jump, had climbed out of the cockpit, and then either slipped and fallen, or jumped without counting three as the regulations prescribe, and the wild plane, roaring close after, had caught the parachute cords and ripped them off.

Not much fun jumping overboard in the dark and in the thick of a snowstorm and trusting that your parachute will open up. I said as much to one of the pilots. He shrugged. "Only way you can get *me* out is to throw me out!" he muttered.

There's a lot of croaking about our airplane backwardness, and certainly in many ways we are behind Europe; but to anyone who compares our air mail with what it was, say, three years ago, the growth and improvement are obvious enough. The success of the night mail—in '21, most of the night distance was covered by train—speaks for itself.

At that time, when I flew as a passenger with the mail from Salt Lake to San Francisco, I found a good deal of dissatisfaction among the pilots, a feeling that the Post Office Department didn't realize that flying was, as they put it, "a temperamental job," and that pilots couldn't be treated exactly like postmen.

That sort of mood seems to be gone, and, indeed, some of the pilots assure me that the morale "couldn't be better" than it is now.

The machine we use for night flying is still not what it ought to be. Any mail-carrying plane must, naturally, have power and speed, but for night flying, with its tricky landings, a slow landing speed is necessary. A machine ought to be able to develop a speed of 130 miles an hour in the air (the average speed on the mail run is about 100 miles an hour) and at the same time be able to land as slowly as 40 miles an hour. The machine now used lands at about 60 miles an hour, and that is too fast. Increasing the wing area would lower the minimum landing speed but decrease the speed in the air as well.

The solution of the problem is more complex than that and hangs on a synthesis of elements, among the most important of which is wing curvature, not as yet perfectly worked out.

How to Live on $50 a Month

Continued from page 21

"Our ten thousand dollars, working for us days, nights, Sundays and holidays, will have bought our house."

So the money bought the house, and Davis still has the money too. When he arrives at the lean financial time of life, the income from the ten thousand will be enough for him and his wife to live on.

In a Pennsylvania town where a rough detour forced us to pass the night on our way across the country I talked with a real estate man and I asked him, "Are there any people around this town who live on fifty dollars a month?"

"I suppose there are more families who have less than that than there are with more," he answered.

"There's John Hart and family, who came here a few years ago from Philadelphia. He was under fifty, but they let him out of his office job and he couldn't get a toehold again. I believe he inherited a little money about that time—considerably under ten thousand. When he and his wife found they were up against spending all their inheritance they brought the two children and came here to visit her mother. While here they got hold of half an acre on the edge of town, with a house, for twenty-four hundred dollars. The house wasn't what they'd had. A lot of things they didn't like. But it was not a matter of choice.

"The income on the rest of the inheritance has kept the family ever since, with a little extra cash they have earned in different ways. The boys get in some work during the summer, and John has been fussing around with hens and pigeons and a big garden. Now he's got the experience and he figures on getting into poultry on a bigger scale."

In Iowa we heard of several instances that ran true to our previous information—that ten thousand dollars, or sometimes much less, will afford support. In one case the capital was a little over six thousand. A railroad man from Chicago had suffered injuries which incapacitated him for his calling, or for other strenuous work. He went out to a small Iowa town with which his railroad work had brought him in contact. For fifteen dollars a month he was able to rent a cottage, somewhat out of date but in livable condition, with a big yard, fruit and so on. His capital he invested in a guaranteed mortgage; so with his rent taken out he had left twenty dollars a month. This provided food and some of the other household necessities for his family of three, with some employment.

Now let us jump to Wyoming. In a town where a blacksmith made a clamp for one of our springs I got another instance.

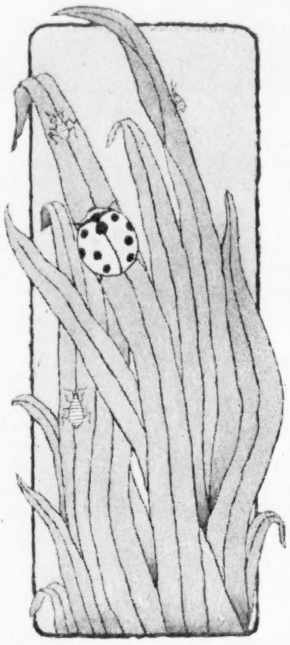
A widow with three children pays eighteen dollars a month for a bungalow. This is just about covered by her income on some three thousand dollars. But she is supporting her flock by a modest catering business. Her tiny income actually provides a base of operation, thus possessing a value far outside its apparent significance.

I think I have covered some of the strata of income money. It would appear that the small income is more than worth the effort to acquire it.

Putting the BUGS *to Work*

By H. A. HARING

"PLANT lice destroying cantaloupe vines. What spray will stop them?" was the ten-word message, a few years ago, from a leading grower of the Imperial Valley to the California Department of Agriculture. "Don't spray," read the immediate reply telegram, "one of our agents will visit you to-morrow."



And on the morrow appeared an employer of the state, whose suit case contained a number of small boxes with meshed tops. These boxes he carried to the melon patch, the agent being followed by the mystified grower who had appealed for help and also by a handful of neighboring farmers who were in similar despair over the destruction of their vines.

From each of his boxes the agent released a succession of red and yellow beetles with black spots. To the spectators he said:

"Keep your eye on those beetles. Just as soon as you are sure which of the four eats the plant-lice fastest, catch that beetle for me. Then pounce on the next best eater. Let the others go free."

At the end of three hours of lively scrambling amid the cantaloupes the expert announced that he was satisfied.

"Those ladybirds," exclaimed one admiring grower, "sure are death to the plant lice. Never saw anything like it. No woodpecker could make a cleaner sweep of the bugs in a dead tree than one of those beetles does of a vine stalk. And they don't hurt the leaves—"

"It's beyond me," interrupted another, "how we'll ever get enough beetles to drive the lice out of the valley. We'd need tons and tons of them. They'd save the crop, but it's like wishing for a ton of gold."

"For this year's crop," interposed the agricultural agent, "not much can be done. The ladybirds aren't to be had. For next season we'll make an experiment. These beetles hibernate in huge masses on the tops of the Sierras in the moss and pine needles. The state can collect you a ton of them this winter, if you want that many. We'll keep them over winter and spring in cold storage—"

"Cold storage? Beetles in cold storage?"

"Certainly. Queen bees are held in cold storage until spring. Cold storage for the beetles will serve the identical purpose—to prolong their hibernation. Then when you release them in your melon patches, they'll be ravenous."

The state of California, as a result of this experiment, gathers each December four to six tons of ladybird beetles in the mountain canyons. They are packed in boxes of wood, with screened tops, loosely filled with dry excelsior—about sixty thousand bugs to a box. The boxes are then put into cold-storage warehouses, where they are held for six months at 40 degrees Fahrenheit without food. They maintain perfect condition, their natural period of hibernation being merely extended to suit the convenience of their captors. At the proper time in early summer they are distributed to the cantaloupe and walnut growers.

Occasionally it happens that enough of the ladybirds are not caught in the Sierras for the next season's requirements. The deficiency is made good by the California Horticulture Department through importation of a related species of the bug from Asia. These are procured in certain ranges of the Himalayas. They are transported to California under refrigeration, and upon arrival are held in cold storage until wanted.

My Greatest Man

Continued from page 9

could bear its self-assumed burden of taxation.

Then, in 1907, McIvor died while still carrying the gospel of education to the people, and Alderman was left to lead the work. By that time Alderman had strong supporters. The vow taken by those two boys in the room at Chapel Hill had become the slogan of the whole South. Andrew Carnegie had given millions. Robert Ogden was wielding his influence and his fortune in the work. John D. Rockefeller turned the power of his millions southward. Later Julius Rosenwald came into the work. The Southern Educational Association grew and grew. The rest is detail.

The greatest result of Alderman's crusade, indirect and almost accidental, I have neglected to mention; yet it made the victory more complete.

From the day McIvor and Alderman started their work they were checkmated by a phenomenon they could not understand. They found a people longing for education for themselves and for their children, yet seemingly too indolent (not indifferent) to make any effort to get it.

Among the strongest supporters of the two crusaders was Dr. Charles W. Stiles, the closest student of medical conditions in the Southern States. Dr. Stiles announced that the great cause of the backwardness of tens of thousands of people in the South was the *hookworm!*

The idea of a bug causing laziness created a great laugh. But Alderman and McIvor did not laugh. They believed.

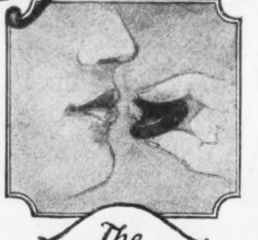
From a joke the hookworm became one of the tragic problems of the country. The upshot was that the Rockefeller Foundation gave one million dollars to start the work of eradicating the hookworm—and millions of people in the South, in India and Africa have been relieved of this curse.

The eradication of the hookworm leveled the last barrier. From then on the revival of the South was rapid. It is in part the big harvest of the seeds of education sown because two boys remained firm in their faith and kept their vow.

There, when I said I had my own "greatest man in the world" you thought I'd say Red Grange or Jack Dempsey, didn't you? They aren't my choice. My greatest man is Ed Alderman—American.

THE SIXTH SENSE OF INDUSTRY

Tycos Temperature Control



If Sense of "Taste" Sufficed the Canning Industry!

FOOD in cans is sterilized by being heated by steam in pressure chambers. The canner cannot depend on the usual senses of taste or sight for knowledge that the contents have reached and are being held at the right temperature. Again the "sixth sense"—again the temperature control, made possible by *Tycos* Instruments, plays its part.

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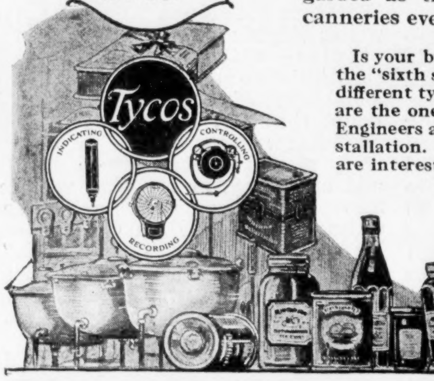
Is your business—your industry equipped with the "sixth sense"? Among the more than 8,000 different types of instruments in the *Tycos* Line are the ones exactly suited to your needs. *Tycos* Engineers are prepared to advise you in their installation. Literature on any type in which you are interested will be sent upon request.



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Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

UNHEALTHY soil kills the best of wheat. Unhealthy gums kill the best of teeth. To keep the teeth sound keep the gums well. Watch for tender and bleeding gums. This is a symptom of Pyorrhea, which afflicts *four out of five* people over forty.

Pyorrhea menaces the body as well as the teeth. Not only do the gums recede and cause the teeth to decay, loosen and fall out, but the infecting Pyorrhea germs lower the body's vitality and cause many serious ills.

To avoid Pyorrhea, visit your dentist frequently for tooth and gum inspection. And use Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean. Start using it today. If gum-shrinkage has set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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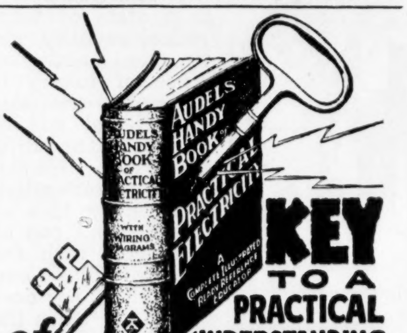
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WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

The First Two Years are the Hardest

To the Editor of Collier's:

WE ADVOCATE higher education for our boys and girls. All right—I'm not a cynic but soon will be if I don't get a position.

I am a graduate of a first-class high school and of a first-class school for training teachers. I qualified as an A teacher in practice and have numerous excellent recommendations. Why, then, can't I get a position?

They want older, experienced girls—where do they think we are going to get experience if some school board won't give us a chance?

There are numbers of girls facing this same problem and as badly in need of work as I. They say "one can find work if he wants it badly enough." Do you think I should go in a store for $6 or $8 a week when someone who has not finished high school can do that?

I'm not after big money—I expect to have to work for a medium salary my first few years. I've specialized in Physical Training—the coming thing in a few years. Pretty poor consolation to have to wait a few years when I am my own support—don't you think?

"OUT-OF-WORK," Wilmington, Del.

The Tangles of Democracy

To the Editor of Collier's:

Why is it the colored servants in the South are not a problem?

I advance the theory that the main servant problem is a clash between the old and the new, between the story-book conditions and those of real life. We Americans live in a state of theoretical equality, yet we read and our sense of luxury is touched at the tales of Oriental and of Continental and British service. We find employers struggling between an idea of fairness and one of a natural wish for service. The employer doesn't know his place, nor does the servant. So how can one teach the other how to act? FRANCIS L. UTLEY,
Escanaba, Michigan.

A Bouquet From Baltimore

To the Editor of Collier's:

Did you ever watch the people who read Collier's and wonder what it is that appeals to so many different sorts of folks?

When I stopped at the news-stand to buy the issue of January 24th, a man who lectures at the university was going off with his copy. As I was leaving, another fellow came up and asked for the same thing—if he isn't a salesman he ought to be, he had a selling voice and a bright, come-hither eye. Going home on the car that evening there was a husky, middle-aged man up front who looked like he was used to working with his hands and also accustomed to authority—a machine-shop foreman or railroad engineer—reading the aircraft article, "We Can Fly to Peace." And a woman not young, who didn't look at all married, was reading "Ten Commandments for Young Wives."

The stories in Collier's are uncommonly good, but I believe that the articles are what give it its influence and its wide appeal. The thing is that the cleverest story begins to fade as soon as it is finished—the best make-believe is never quite convincing; while the facts brought out in a well-prepared article stay in your mind, and prod you, and make you think.

For instance, Mr. William McNutt writes mighty lively stories—attaboy, straight-from-the-shoulder stuff. But I doubt that Mr. McNutt has written any story more readable and absorbing, or one that will be remembered as long as his article on the Chicago gunman, Dion O'Bannion—"A Modern Pirate Walks the Plank." A dependable article gives you something that will stick to your mental ribs, and a lot of people find facts more fascinating than fiction. DAN CROUCH,
Baltimore, Md.

Re-Stocking Isn't Enough

To the Editor of Collier's:

You cannot have your cake and eat it too. At present there is a continual fight between the fish-and-game hogs and the different species of game and fish for existence, and the latter are losing out.

Until we can instill into the minds of so-called sportsmen the value of the square deal toward all that swims, flies or walks, we will not be very successful in increasing the supply of game and fish.

There are other reasons why our trout are disappearing from the many streams that originally were teeming with them, but where there are good creeks that are free from contamination there is no reason why these streams cannot be built up again.

The system of getting fry or fingerlings from the government and putting them in the streams, then letting them survive if they can without any help or protection is, to my mind, not conducive of best results. The greater percentage is lost, eaten up by other fish, starved or carried away or left high and dry on land by spring freshets, etc.

Now, the way to do is this: build a few ponds on the side of the stream, using the water from the stream, to run in and out, with screens at the inlet and outlet; put in 5,000 fry or fingerlings in May, feed them until fall, when they will be 4 to 6 inches long, or leave them until the next May, when they will be 6 to 8 inches long, then put them into the stream and start a fresh batch, in three or four years you will have all the trout you require if you will but obey the regulations as to bag limit and give the fish a chance to reproduce. C. B. HACKING,
Hanover, Ont.

A Job for Mr. Hoover

To the Editor of Collier's:

They say Americans are the most wasteful people on earth, but how can they help it when manufacturers show so little sense?

Take bottles for instance, and prohibition has not made the matter much simpler. There are 57 varieties in my cellar right now—olive, catsup, mustard, pickle, mayonnaise, etc.—and all a different size, shape and breed.

Pop and milk bottles can safely be used again, why can't all bottles? Would it be asking too much of the government to have the bottle standardized?

Another thing is paper. I buy a bottle of prepared food for the baby. It has a paper label pasted on it, a large sheet of directions for using enclosed food, a corrugated cardboard and a heavy paper wrapper. Before the druggist gives it to me he wraps it up again and fastens it with a strip of paper stickum. It takes me half an hour to undo the package.

Groceries pretty nearly ditto. The waste basket gets fuller than the cupboard.

Why do they do it?

MRS. CLARENCE M. BLOUGH,
Fairfield, Iowa.

A Plea for Planes

To the Editor of Collier's:

How long will such men as Lt. Com. G. A. Tinker, Brig. Gen. Wm. Mitchell and Lt. Macready have to drill the importance of aviation into the members of Congress before we get action and have a few planes built that are suitable to protect our coast lines, and thereby act as a means of enforcing peace on earth?

I live out on the prairie where even the prairie dogs have homes. At night I hear the mail planes go over, and hope that the mail carrier's plane is in good shape and not run down as the army and navy planes are said to be. I say, "Let us have a right about face and build up our air defense."

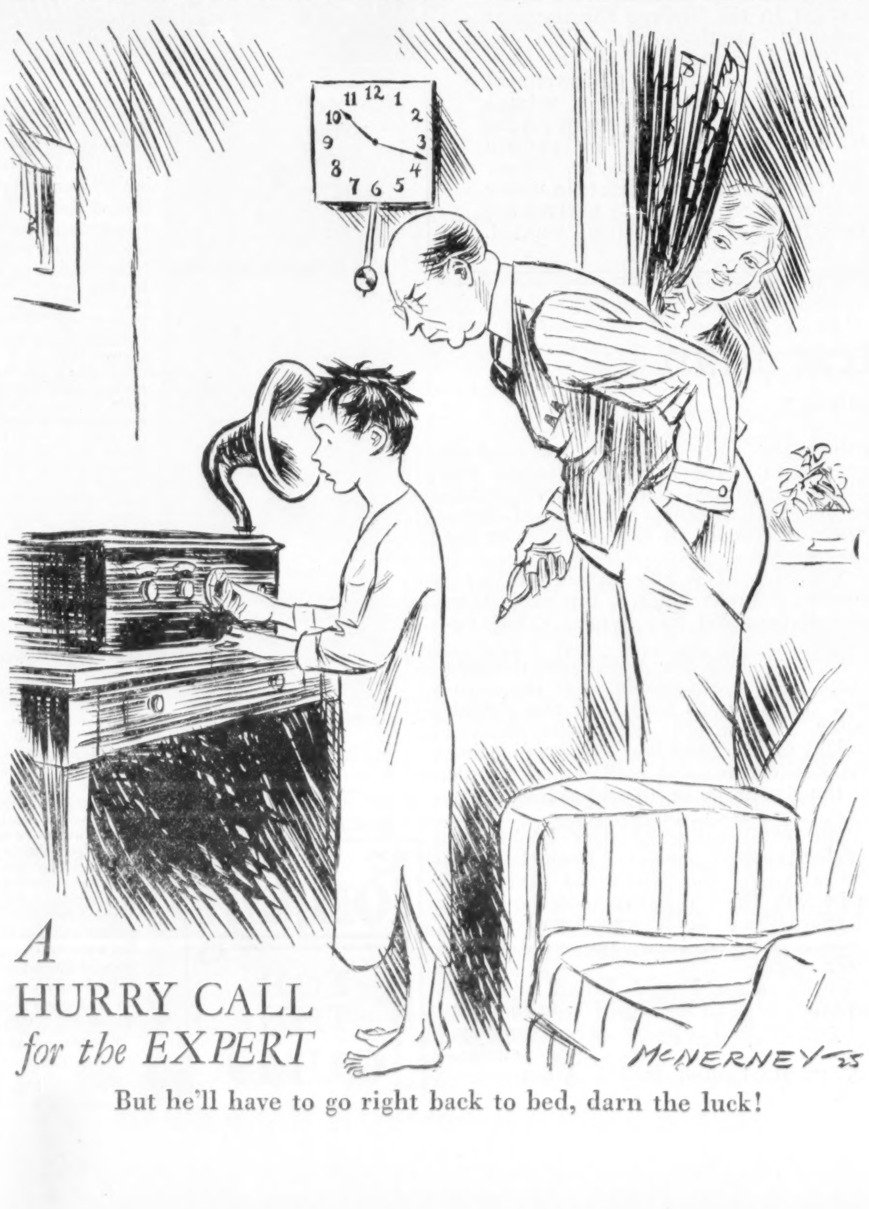
EX-U. S. BLUEJACKET,
Aurora, Neb.

The Last Word in Jackknives

To the Editor of Collier's:

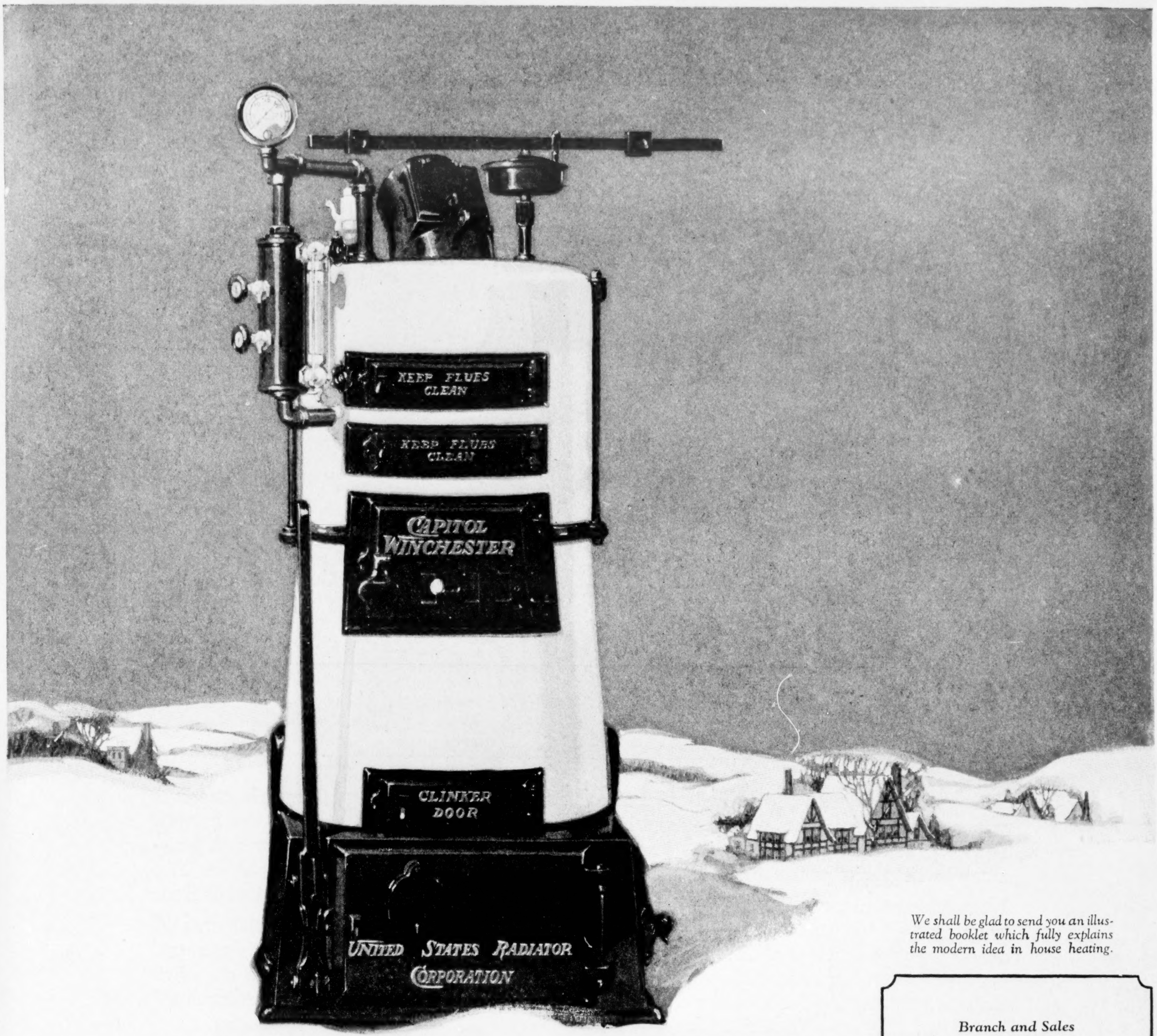
Those people complaining about jackknives are talking through their hats. I have been buying knives from one American firm for forty-three years. Their knives were the best then and they are the best now. If they will send me a self-addressed postal, they can have the firm's address.

H. B. CREEL,
Silverdale, Wash.



A HURRY CALL *for the* EXPERT

But he'll have to go right back to bed, darn the luck!



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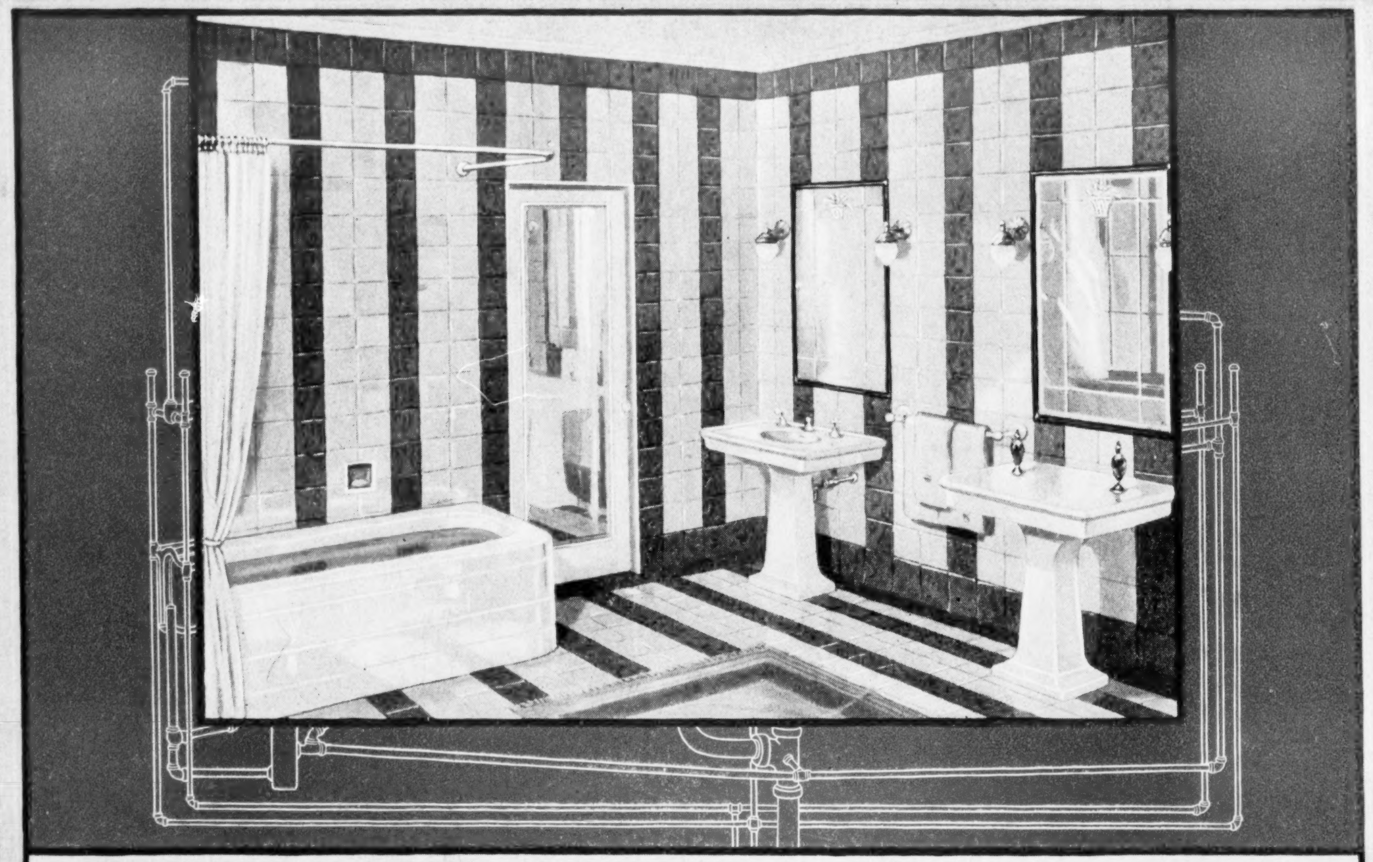

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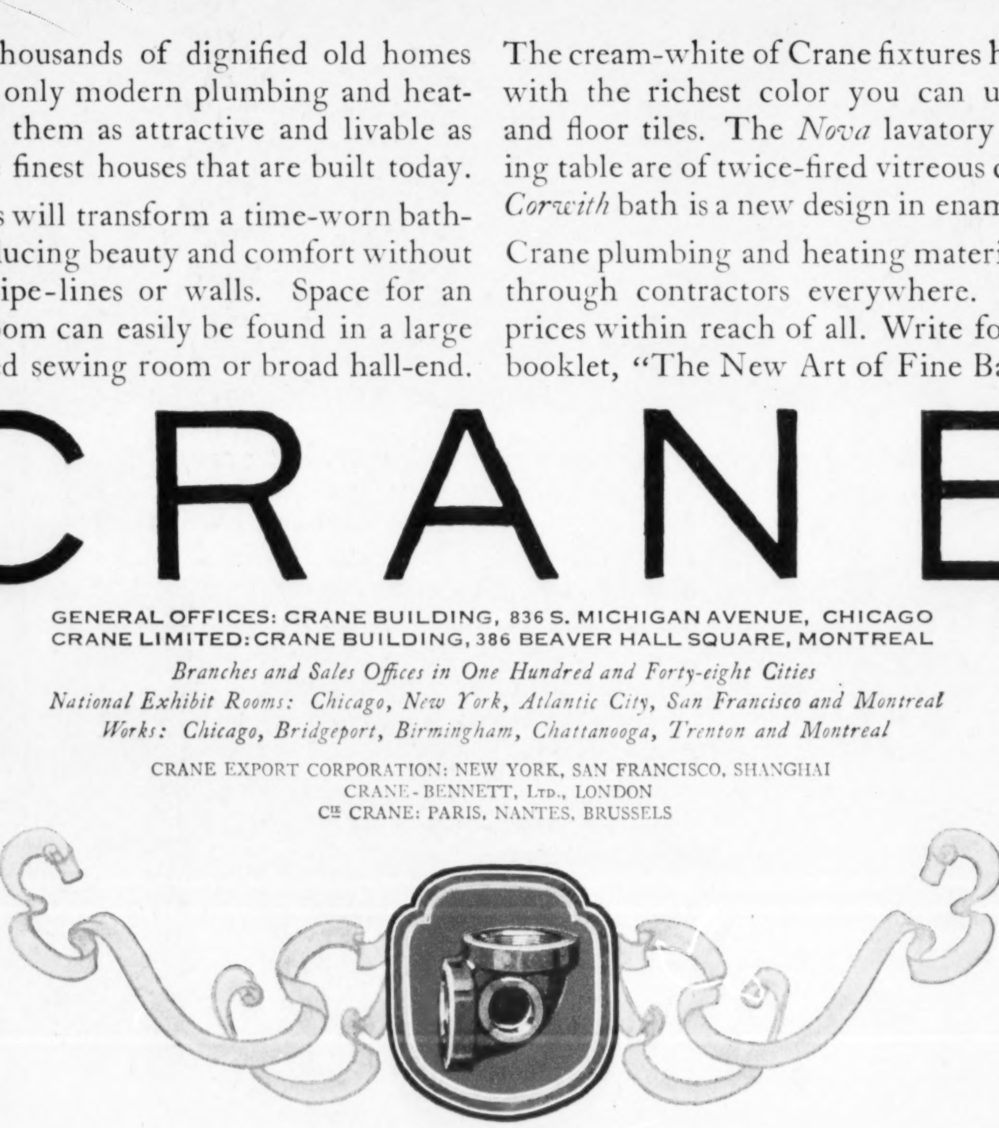

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